



GOURMET FOOD SUPPLIER

BOOK 02

Cat Who Can Cook

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Gourmet Food Supplier

(美食供应商)

by

Cat Who Can Cook

(会做菜的猫)

Synopsis

There exists a strange little stall in the far east that has repeatedly rejected the designation of 3 Michelin Stars.

The prices there are high with a bowl of Egg Fried Rice with soup costing 288RMB. Oh, I forget that it also comes with a plate of pickled cabbage, but even so, many people continue to queue up for it.

That place doesn't accept reservations, only people who line up on the spot are accepted, countless people hire others to queue up for them, and of course, parking isn't provided.

The place has terrible service, and actually asks their customers to bus their own tables, oh and also wipe the table. Oh god! The boss of this place is simply mad.”

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English Translation by Premonition, kookiedreamer, LikyLiky, lovelyxday, LemonPEEL, MissDahfa, Hungry @ [Volare Translations](#)

English Translation by Xiong Guoqi @ [Qidian](#)

Translation Edits by Desmond @ [Qidian](#)

Translation Edits by Khuja, Aruthea @ [Volare Translations](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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Chapter 101: Having Meals

He then set down the spoon and chopsticks before picking up the pen and starting to write something on the notebook with great speed.

This good habit was learned due to the system. Ever since he was requested to shut down the restaurant and go around sampling other places last time, Yuan Zhou had been fond of such means, as he could learn and remember new things from every taste test.

As the new things increased in quantity, Yuan Zhou got into a habit of taking notes whenever convenient. This way, he wouldn't worry that those things would be lost or forgotten.

For example, this time he recorded the aftertastes of the dishes below a heading of Baisheng Porridge Restaurant on the notebook.

“Rice porridge: the rice grains are superior ordinary rice, with attractive fragrance and moderate rigidity. Disadvantages include loss of scent due to overcooking and insufficient viscosity resulting from an excessive two bowls of water.”

“Side dish: it has a unique aroma. House-made chilli sauce was probably added inside to make it spicy and appetizing. Disadvantages include over seasoning and marinating time. “

After taking the notes, he continued to eat the rice porridge along with the side dish and waited for other dishes to be served.

When each dish was subsequently served to the table, Yuan Zhou gave it a try and then took notes.

As for the notebooks, Yuan Zhou had already used up two and this one was the third one.

Whenever the waiter served new dishes, Yuan Zhou put the notebook and pen aside and then began to fully assess the taste before making notes again. Having repeated the process several times, he soon filled three pages with his judgments of the aftertastes of the dishes.

Having finished breakfast in the restaurant, Yuan Zhou continued his journey of broadening his horizons.

It was nice weather, neither hot nor cold, and was quite suitable for visiting friends. In the mirror, Wang Shuyuan tidied the collar of his shirt until all the wrinkles disappeared and then went out unhurriedly.

Walking to the crossing, he fortunately bumped into the bus he was planning on taking. He leaped onto the bus, paid the fare and sat in a vacant seat. With his back upright, this aged man appeared fairly spirited.

The morning rush hour had passed, and the bus arrived at his destination on time.

A grandpa, who was dressed in shorts and T-shirt and appeared to be retired, was waiting at the bus stop.

“Old Zhou, you’re so early. Did you wait for a long time?” Wu Shuyuan asked politely while stepping off the bus leisurely.

“Not very long. You old fogey, why not take a taxi? Taxis are so convenient! On the other hand it takes one whole hour to get here by bus. Only you would have the patience.” though he said he hadn’t waited long, the aged man whose surname was Zhou still reproved him.

“Stop it with your blabbering. I can save some money that way, moreover it’s a greener commute.” Wang Shuyuan was quite frank and straightforward. The reason why he didn’t take a taxi was to save money.

“I really don’t know what to say. You try to save money in every aspect, but spend all of it on eating. Even if you’re retired now, you still seem so busy.” while leading the way, the aged man had a small talk with the other.

“Don’t you do the same as me?” Wang Shuyuan reached out to flatten the shirt hem wrinkling during he was seated and then said slowly.

“I’m not like you, who only know to eat.” the aged man denied immediately.

“It doesn’t make any difference. Food is the god to people.” Wang Shuyuan cited sayings from time to time.

“You old guy, were it not for I telling you there’s delicious food here, God knows when you are coming to see me.” the aged man said with a dissatisfied tone.

“No, you are wrong. I’m here now, right? Shall we go at noon?” Wang Shuyuan had long heard from the aged man that a restaurant nearby here served extraordinarily nice delicacies and the culinary skills of the chef were also god-tier.

“Old guy, you don’t even wanna go to my home?” the aged man turned around and glared at him.

“Yes, of course I do. I’m just asking since it is now almost noon.” when Wang Shuyuan found the aged man got truly angry, he admitted being defeated.

“Look at you. You retired this year. Why do you still love to eat so much?” although the aged man loved to eat, it was within the normal scope. But for this old friend of his, his liking for eating was far beyond normal.

“I know you were a producer of a quite popular cooking show and thus searched for delicious foods everywhere, for which I also showed decent understanding. After all, it was job demand. But I don’t get it well why you are still searching around for tasty dishes ceaselessly even after you retired.”

“I’m indeed retired now. But still, I have a lot of work to do these few months.” stroking his few beard on the lower jaw, Wang Shuyuan said proudly.

“What work do you have after retiring?” the aged man didn’t believe him at all.

“You think I’m lying to you, old man?” Wang Shuyuan stared at him and said earnestly.

“Ok, I believe you. Then tell me, what are you doing now?” the aged man thought that this old guy became more childish with age, to even get angry with him.

“No, I won’t. You’ll find out later.” Wang Shuyuan just kept his friend guessing, unhappily.

“Old Wang, you haven’t been here for a long time. Come on in.” the wife of the aged man was waiting at the door and saw the two old men debating while walking. Then she smiled and greeted them.

“Thank you. Sorry to bother you again.” Wang Shuyuan said with courtesy.

“Ok, ok. Don’t stand at the door, talking. Come on in and sit.” having changed shoes and entered the house first, the aged man said those to the two still giving each other formalities.

“Let’s eat at home for lunch and go to that restaurant in the evening.” the aged man arranged the schedule.

“Let me cook some more dishes.” the grandma immediately said enthusiastically.

“No need. We can just eat something ordinary.” Wang Shuyuan stood up immediately trying to stop the grandma.

“That’s right. Don’t bother cooking. This old guy was specifically waiting to go to the restaurant that with the appetizing Juicy Steamed Pork Buns for dinner.” the grandpa pulled his wife and said matter-of-factly.

“Oh, I see. Ok, go there and eat something yummy in the evening.” the grandma said generously.

After thinking for a while, she frowned and asked the grandpa beside her, “Didn’t you say the little master didn’t open the door?”

“Yes, indeed. I didn’t even manage to eat breakfast.” the grandpa complained first.

“Will he be opening the restaurant tonight?” Wang Shuyuan asked worriedly.

“Of course. That young master informed that he would open for business in the evening in the notice on the door. So we can wait in security.” there was complete trust contained in the tone of the

aged man.

“What if he doesn’t?” Wang Shuyuan was still worried.

After all, even the grandpa said while describing the boss that Yuan Zhou had a peculiar temperament and was very obstinate. Opening hours were short while customers in line were many. Talented people always had their quirks and strange characters.

“No, it won’t happen. I’ve seen him run the restaurant for so long, and he always does as he says. There won’t be a problem.” the grandpa nevertheless showed plenty of confidence.

“Ok, guys. Let’s eat.” after the grandma carried all the dishes onto the table, she began to call the two old men.

“Coming. I haven’t eaten your dishes for so long.” Wang Shuyuan showed an expectant expression on his face.

The dishes cooked by the grandma didn’t require gorgeous culinary skills, but outclassed fine dining in aspects of natural warmth.

“If it’s to your satisfaction, then eat as much as you like. We’ll have to go earlier to line up in a little while, otherwise we won’t be able to get our turn.” while speaking, the grandpa picked up some dishes with the chopsticks and put them into the bowl of Wang Shuyuan, an intimate gesture among friends.

“No problem.” Waiting in line wasn’t a big problem at all for Wang Shuyuan. Previously, when he implored a descendant of a royal cook to cook a dish for him, he waited for 10 whole days, following them around every day. If needed, he even helped with manual labor, while following the chef like a stalker. In the end, that descendant finally agreed after he couldn’t bear the harassment of Wang Shuyuan any longer.

Moreover, since he was already old, he simply told his grandson to cook a dish of Eight Treasure Chicken. That delicate taste was an unforgettable one in Wang Shuyuan’s life. Even so, the descendant of the royal cook declared it was only a simplified version of the dish.

For the authentic Eight Treasure Chicken, he had to prepare ingredients at least one year beforehand. Even the chicken had to be fed specially in order to be able to cook that dish.

Therefore, it was quite an easy task to merely wait in line.

Meanwhile, Yuan Zhou was also learning the techniques and positive aspects of the dishes he tasted, and at the same time learning to avoid the mistakes the restaurants made. The process of taste testing was repeated over and over, the instinctive human desire to pursue perfection displaying itself in full throttle.

He continued to eat.

Chapter 102: Comments

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It was not until 4:00 PM did Yuan Zhou finally finish the taste testing in the five restaurants recorded in the notebook. Every restaurant had its unique characteristics and also some inevitable shortcomings. Yuan Zhou tried to give his comments to the delicacies swallowed into his mouth as objectively as possible.

Having put away the small notebook, half of which had been filled with notes, Yuan Zhou hailed a cab and prepared to go back to his restaurant.

"14 Taoxi Road, thanks," Seated in the cab, he began to think about the combination of different dishes and the heat control during cooking with his eyes closed for rest, after telling the destination to the driver.

"Ok," the driver agreed. Afterwards, he turned the steering wheel and stepped on the accelerator. Then the cab rushed out immediately.

The time was neither long nor short. It was barely 4:00 PM when

Yuan Zhou returned to the restaurant. He had a little rest and straightway opened the door with the sound of “Hua La” for business after cleaning himself again and changing clothes.

In a moment, Mu Xiaoyun also arrived. She then started to do the odd jobs of wiping tables and related work.

“Xiaoyun, you can go back at 8:00 as usual,” sitting in his chair, Yuan Zhou said to her.

“But boss, who’ll do the work after I leave?” Mu Xiaoyun asked habitually.

“I can do it myself,” Yuan Zhou said frankly.

“I can help, boss,” she said earnestly while holding a fist up.

“No need,” Yuan Zhou refused her squarely.

“Alright,” as far as Mu Xiaoyun knew, he basically wouldn’t change any decision he’d already made, therefore she had no choice but to agree.

While they were talking, the grandpa was leading Wang Shuyuan approaching the restaurant.

“What a coincidence today. Boss Yuan opens the door early,” upon entering, the grandpa greeted Yuan Zhou.

Following behind, Wang Shuyuan nevertheless kept silent and observed the surroundings quietly.

The open kitchen was a fault. If any oil smoke came out from the kitchen, it would affect customers' sense of taste while eating. At this point, Wang Shuyuan slightly frowned.

For other aspects, it was yet free from any misgiving. The tables and chairs were all clean enough.

Originally, Wang Shuyuan had wanted to sit at the small table beside the door. However, as the grandpa had already gotten used to sitting at the long curved table, he was seated there and waiting for him.

"The menu is on the wall behind you. Read it and order your dish, only one serving of each per visit," the grandpa introduced expertly.

"You seem to come here frequently, huh?" taking a look at the grandpa, Wang Shuyuan then turned his head and looked at the wall with the menu.

What came into his sights first were the rules. There were quite a few rules written on the wall, each of which appeared to be very unique.

Then it was the glistening Herbal Tea Eggs costing 1888 RMB, the

most expensive dish in the menu. Next were the meat dishes, which were Wang Shuyuan's favorites.

That's right. Despite his age, Wang Shuyuan liked to eat meat over vegetables. However, the price made Wang Shuyuan feel that it was truly not an ordinary small restaurant.

"Ok. Jin'ling Grass, Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet and Phoenix-Tail Prawns, and Egg Fried Rice, one serving of each, please," having already known the expensive dishes in this restaurant, he prepared much money with him to specially eat.

"This old man doesn't have so much money. I will order only one serving of Egg Fried Rice Set and eat some of your dishes," the grandpa said delightedly.

"No problem. Otherwise, I can't finish them by myself either," Wang Shuyuan had originally ordered these dishes for the two of them, thus naturally agreed readily.

"Wait a moment, please," Yuan Zhou didn't really know anything about the new customer. He merely agreed as usual and began to prepare the ingredients as per his strict requirements.

"The hand technique is nevertheless pretty good," when Wang Shuyuan saw how carefully Yuan Zhou washed the Jin'ling Grass, he said that.

"Of course. Also, I heard the young master also had equal

technique in cutting, especially sculpting," the grandpa said as if he were enumerating his family valuables, appearing to be quite familiar with the restaurant.

"I can tell that simply from the manner he prepares the ingredients. But how does he handle the smoke from the oil?" after nodding, Wang Shuyuan looked around and then asked.

"It hadn't occurred to me before until you mentioned it. Although it was an open kitchen, there's not any smell of fumes even when cooking the Egg Fried Rice," the grandpa suddenly thought of this matter. Only by then did he realize the source of the feeling of oddness from his previous visits.

"Not any of it?" Wang Shuyuan got a little unbelievable.

"Yes, it's true. I don't know what kind of range hood he has, but it must be amazing," the grandpa was still thinking hard about the possible brands the range hood could be.

"It's probably specially designed," Wang Shuyuan concluded affirmatively.

"It might be. But it's really effective," the grandpa still stuck to the effect of the range hood.

On the other side, Yuan Zhou had already braised the Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet and began to process the prawns.

"Ah, yes. This is to loosen the prawns first to be able to take out the vein afterwards," Wang Shuyuan looked at Yuan Zhou's actions and said straight away.

"You old coot really know a lot, don't you," the grandpa likewise began to carefully watch Yuan Zhou naturally and smoothly processing the prawns.

"With his experienced and skilled movements, the boss seems to have some genuine talent," Wang Shuyuan commented privately

At that time, Yuan Zhou had started to immerse the prawns into the hot oil. The smell definitely had no essence of oil fumes at all. At this, Wang Shuyuan became assured and began waiting contentedly.

Yuan Zhou processed the ingredients quickly. After only 10 minutes, the dishes were basically completed and ready to be served to the customers.

"Your dishes," Yuan Zhou set the dishes down one by one on the table.

"The color, fragrance, meaning and shape are all well represented. Only the most important point, the smell, is still unknown," Wang Shuyuan was ready to taste the dishes and said expectantly.

"You'll know it after eating," Yuan Zhou was absolutely

confident in his own culinary skills.

"Then this old man will try a bite now," picking up the chopsticks, Wang Shuyuan first targeted the Jin'ling Grass, which seemed to be uncooked and directly carried onto the table.

Naturally, he knew the Jin'ling Grass was actually artemisia selengensis. However, he had never seen it keep such a verdant color even after stir-frying before.

Upon entering his mouth, the delicate fragrance of the artemisia selengensis instantly impacted his taste buds. It was so refreshing that he felt as if a stretch of green was unfolding in his sights, making him pleased in both body and spirit.

While Wang Shuyuan was carefully savoring the dish, the grandpa began to eat adroitly, scooping a spoonful of Egg Fried Rice and also some Jin'ling Grass into his mouth with an awfully blissful expression on his face.

After each dish he ordered was carefully tasted, next was the Egg Fried Rice Set.

As an elementary dish in Chinese cuisine, the dish Egg Fried Rice had requirements that were neither easy nor complicated. However, who could manage to get every rice grain wrapped in egg, and moreover cook the rice to the perfect texture: soft and fluffy, fresh, tender, and with the perfect stiffness?

What's more, the side dishes added extra brilliance to this delicious dish with their refreshing flavors.

Two meat dishes and one vegetable dish, plus two servings of Egg Fried Rice enabled the two old men to eat their fill. Soon, they hit the bottom of their plates.

After taking the last gulp of broth, Wang Shuyuan released a long sigh of relief and then said, "Young master, words can no more describe the excellence of your cooking skills,"

"Even the garnish tastes so refreshing and was both imaginative and beautiful. It's just so perfect," Wang Shuyuan first spoke highly of this never-wasteful boss Yuan Zhou.

"Thank you," Yuan Zhou nodded and thanked him.

"It's indeed delicious. Apart from that, the Golden Egg Fried Rice is superb. It's my first time seeing Egg Fried Rice where every single individual rice grain was wrapped in egg. As for the side dishes, I only have one word: terrific," Wang Shuyuan continued saying.

"The Phoenix-Tail Prawns is contentedly supposed to be the most genuine signature dish of Jin'ling cuisine. I haven't seen such a phoenix-tail as lifelike as this one was in years," he sighed with emotion while looking at the empty plate.

"Regarding the chicken feet with its sharp contrast of cool and

hot, I think it was probably prepared in a special way," he recalled the chicken bones in the feet that were more like cartilage than bone.

"Enough. You're not preparing to comment on each dish one by one, are you?" the grandpa impatiently interrupted Wang Shuyuan's contemplations.

"No, no. It's merely that the young master has such top tier culinary skills at such a young age. Talent and hard work are two indispensable factors for success," Wang Shuyuan recovered from his rumination and looked at the dishes he had just contentedly eaten.

"That's absolutely true. Master Yuan's culinary skills are definitely beyond description," the grandpa said proudly as if it had something to do with him.

Chapter 103: Odd

“I’m actually praising Master Yuan, not you.” Wang Shuyuan felt speechless at the grandpa’s words before he replied him

“But I took you here, didn’t I?” the grandpa revealed a proud expression, feeling that he had good taste.

The two old men, who seemed to become more childish as their age increased, walked out of the restaurant while debating.

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As usual, the restaurant was crowded with customers and many more were waiting in line outside at 8:00 in the evening. However, Yuan Zhou didn’t seem to have any intentions of driving them away. Instead, he summoned Mu Xiaoyun to him.

“You can go back now.” While saying that, Yuan Zhou handed a 100 RMB note to her.

“But I worked for only three hours today. I can’t accept this.” Mu Xiaoyun was also a girl of principle.

“As long as it is caused by me, whatever the reason that prevents you from working for less than 6 hours, I will still pay you as was agreed before. This is my principle,” Yuan Zhou said earnestly, not allowing any sort of refusal.

“But...” before Mu Xiaoyun finished her words, she was again interrupted by Yuan Zhou.

“Go back now.”

Then Yuan Zhou turned around and said to the customers waiting outside, “The restaurant will be open for business until 11:00 at night today.”

“Gee? How comes Boss Yuan increased the opening hours all of sudden?” a man at the head of the line asked in surprise.

“Not really. He didn’t open the restaurant during the daytime, thus is probably making up for the loss of time at night.” a girl standing behind him speculated calmly.

“Anyway, we can finally eat delicious dishes tonight.” Obviously, this was a customer who merely waited for his food regardless of whatever reason.

“Yeah, exactly.” more people behind him chimed in.

“Boss Yuan, you’ve changed a lot. You increased the opening hours so unexpectedly.” Wang Anlu, the chief of the sales department who hadn’t been here in a while, said ironically.

“What do you want to eat today?” However, Yuan Zhou never responded to such teasing. On the contrary, he directly got to the main point.

“Boss Yuan, you can’t do things this way.” Wang Anlu wasn’t actually choked by Yuan Zhou’s aloof manner. He shook his head and said while pretending to be serious.

“Why can’t he?” Even though Yuan Zhou wasn’t interested in this matter but someone else was. For example, Ling Hong.

“Just take a look at Boss Yuan’s appearance. We all know, his culinary skills are undoubtedly perfect but his character is truly rigid. In that case, I’m worrying that his appearance will seem to be even older than his actual age.” Wang Anlu explained seriously as if he had analyzed everything quite reasonably.

“So you have a girlfriend, right?” Yuan Zhou asked straightforwardly.

“We are talking about you. Why are you mentioning about me now.” Wang Anlu tried to evade this question.

“I have much interest in that.” Crossing his arms against the chest, Yuan Zhou showed an earnest expression on his face.

“Wu, tell us.” Ling Hong nodded, indicating he likewise agreed. This fellow was the kind of a person who liked to watch the fun. The merrier, the better.

“Boss Yuan, I’ve chosen my dishes. Please cook for me one serving of Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet and Egg Fried Rice,”

Wang Anlu pretended not having heard Yuan Zhou and began to order his dishes immediately.

“Alright.” Yuan Zhou raised his eyebrows and stopped questioning him. He then went to prepare and cook the dishes.

It had been quite some time since Yuan Zhou opened the restaurant until so late last time. To his surprise, the business at night was much better than during the daytime. Some people even called more of their friends to come over.

In just one night, the percentage of mission completed increased a lot.

For the next consecutive days, the business of the restaurant remained stable. However, something odd seemed to be happening during the recent two days. While Yuan Zhou was cooking, he often noticed people discussing something while looking at him.

Yuan Zhou had long gotten used to being watched while cooking. However, this was still the first time he heard such a weird discussion.

While frowning a little, Yuan Zhou paid little attention to that.

“Boss, these Phoenix-Tail Prawns cost 1288 RMB?” a young and bright youth with some pimples on his face asked in astonishment.

“Yes.” Yuan Zhou nodded.

Then the youth just looked at Yuan Zhou in astonishment, as if he wanted to circle around Yuan Zhou for a closer look.

Yuan Zhou merely stood behind the countertop, letting him watch freely.

“Boss, is it really appetizing?” Although the young youth was curious, he didn’t reveal any intention of eating the dish.

“Yes.” Yuan Zhou nodded again, not preparing to give any more explanations.

“Alright. Anyway, I can’t afford it. I’m just asking. Anybody who wants to eat, just order it. I’m merely having a look,” the young man shrugged the shoulders and said to those who were waiting behind in line.

At that time, a girl rushed into the restaurant again. She was dressed in a white shirt and pleated skirt, and wore white knee socks with black shoes, exposing her white thighs. With the ponytail tied up high and the youthful and beautiful face, she was just the girl who had came previously and liked to say odd words.

Just like last time, she apologized while rushing into the restaurant hurriedly.

“Boss Liu, Boss Liu, something big happened. Someone is challenging you.” the girl approached him and said immediately.

“Oh.” Yuan Zhou just raised his eyebrows. Frankly speaking, he wouldn’t have thought the girl was talking to him due to the ‘Boss Liu’ coming from her mouth if she had not been constantly looking at him.

“Eh? You don’t even care? Have you known about it already?” This time, the girl still continued her distinctive manner of abrupt and meaningless babble.

Of course, Yuan Zhou didn’t really intend to further question it.

“Boss Liu, do you know?” The girl looked from left to right while opening her eyes wide.

“My surname is Yuan.” Yuan Zhou responded with an irrelevant answer.

“Yuan? Ok, that has nothing to do with me. But do you know about it or not?” the girl first gave a startle before saying carelessly.

“Then that’s also none of my business.” Yuan Zhou nodded, indicating they have the same attitude on this matter.

“Gee, someone is challenging you. Aren’t you going to accept it?” The girl didn’t seem to know what ‘giving up’ meant, thus she said straightforwardly this time.

Standing still in his same position, Yuan Zhou just waited for customers behind to order their dishes. However, the customers nevertheless seemed to be more interested in the quarrel.

“Exactly. This event has been broadcasted on TV some days ago. From the address, I got to know it’s the restaurant of Boss Yuan,” another curious girl stepped out and said.

“True. I have also seen that. He is really arrogant and aggressive.” Yuan Zhou’s restaurant wasn’t short of female customers. It was again another one.

“They are right. What do you think of this matter?” a curious man asked Yuan Zhou.

“What?” there appeared a little confusion on Yuan Zhou’s solemn face, which gave others a sort of quirky cute feeling.

At least those female customers thought that way.

“Boss Yuan, don’t tell us you have no idea about that?” someone asked tentatively.

“No, I don’t know.” Yuan Zhou was rather frank and honest.

“Such a big event, Boss Yuan, you don’t even know anything? Come, let me show you the broadcast.” While speaking, a customer prepared to take out his the phone and play the video for Yuan Zhou.

“Wait a moment, please. It’s time for lunch now. Let me watch it after lunch,” looking at the time, Yuan Zhou directly refused.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. We can’t waste the originally short lunch time. Eat first.” The customer quickly kept his phone and waited in line quietly to order dishes.

“Humm. When the opening hour is over, Boss Yuan, you can shut the door later and watch the video and then you’ll understand,” a girl suggested carefully.

“No problem. Now everybody, please order your dishes first.” Yuan Zhou nodded, indicating that he had accepted their kindness.

“Boss Yuan, how about if I tell you about it verbally now?” the girl looked at Yuan Zhou’s tranquil face curiously and said excitedly.

“No need.” Yuan Zhou refused straightforwardly. He didn’t like to be bothered while cooking.

“Alright. Then I’ll wait until lunchtime is over then.” After saying that, the girl walked aside and waited there obediently.

That young man, nevertheless, also looked at Yuan Zhou curiously, as if he were looking at a rare creature.

Even with such a situation that was closely related to him, Yuan Zhou could suppress his curiosity and continue to do the job at hand. He must be an extremely earnest man...

Chapter 104: Challenge

Even with such a situation that was closely related to him, Yuan Zhou could suppress his curiosity and continue to do the job at hand. He must be an extremely earnest man. The young man thought that way.

Then Yuan Zhou began to accept the orders and concentrate on cooking without showing any fluster.

Two hours of lunch time soon passed, yet there were still a group of customers staying there in the restaurant; more specifically, the customers that had just informed Yuan Zhou about the challenge.

“Boss Yuan, can we watch the video now?” Holding her phone in one hand, the round-faced girl appeared a bit shy.

“Thank you.” Yuan Zhou nodded.

“You’re welcome. This is just the interview two days ago.” The girl handed the phone to Yuan Zhou after getting the video out.

Yuan Zhou received the phone and directly tapped on Start button.

Dressed in a white chef uniform, a middle-aged man in his forties was being interviewed on camera with several microphones in front of him. The big smile on his face made him appear fairly easy-going.

“Don’t know him.” After giving a preliminary assessment in the heart, Yuan Zhou continued to watch the video.

While smiling, the apparently easy-going man opened his mouth, “Thank you all, my friends from the press. These are the snacks of Begonia Desserts that I prepared for you all today as a little gift.”

“Thanks.”

“Chef Yu, thank you.”

“This is really like a work of art.”

Cheers came from below the stage while the man called Chef Yu just stood there on stage with a confident smile, waiting for everybody to finish their discussion without revealing an impatient look.

“Chef Yu, what are your thoughts about the award you have gotten today?” after they quieted down, a journalist took the microphone close to him and asked formally.

“Of course I’m grateful for the affirmation from all the judges. Others contestants have also shown decent and professional culinary skills.” Though he appeared quite modest, his tone contained much arrogance.

“Chef Yu, so are you preparing to win the National Golden Ladle Award next?” another journalist then asked.

“Thank you for your affirmation, again. I indeed have that intention,” Chef Yu said while smiling.

“That means you really intend to take part in the contest, right? I heard the Golden Ladle Award has some fairly tough competition. Do you have the confidence?” Another journalist changed the topic straightforwardly to the national contest.

“You must be joking. I’m only a chef of the municipal level and I still have a long way to go. There’s no hurry.” The smile on the face of Chef Yu never disappeared.

“Chef Yu, you are too humble. So what’s your next plan?” Taking a box of Begonia Desserts, the journalist asked with a smile.

Yuan Zhou felt slightly puzzled to this segment of the interview. However, he didn’t reveal his puzzlement in his expression. He was still as solemn as usual. It was, nevertheless, the others beside him that began to worry.

“Boss Yuan, don’t be impatient. This guy is going to boast without shame soon,” a young man said anxiously.

“I see Boss Yuan is not as worried as you are,” the round-faced girl said while smiling.

“No, no. I just feared that Boss Yuan would become impatient,” the young man scratched his head and explained in embarrassment.

“Humm, I’m not.” Yuan Zhou took the phone and remained calm.

Even the little loli Mu Xiaoyun who had planned to return home was watching the video attentively at the side.

The scene returned to the video.

“I truly have something to do next.” Chef Yu answered while smiling, giving off a harmless vibe.

“Chef Yu, can you reveal something about it?” a journalist asked curiously right away.

It might be because of the elaborately prepared Begonia Desserts that all the journalists were not so aggressive. Instead, they spoke rather politely.

“Sure. I have yet to thank all these friends from the press for offering me this opportunity,” Chef Yu said with a smile in a leisurely manner when he saw that the journalists all showed some interest.

“I had heard from a respected elder that the dish, Phoenix-Tail Prawns, which I prepared today, is not the most genuine one.”

Chef Yu directly started a horrifying topic.

The journalists under the stage began to discuss the topic.

“Is Chef Yu questioning the judges?” a frank journalist asked another one beside him.

“Yeah, I think so. It seems to be breaking news.” The journalist beside him instantly got excited.

“Then I have to take some detailed notes,” the frank journalist muttered to himself.

“I heard there is a restaurant at No.14 Taoxi Road where the boss is said to be able to prepare a more genuine dish of Phoenix-Tail Prawns. I don’t know if he has the interest in coming over and exchanging some pointers.” Chef Yu immediately threw out his purpose without hesitation.

“Chef Yu, you are preparing to challenge that nameless chef, right?” The journalists had no more time to attend to the exquisite Begonia Desserts now.

“If he believes it to be a challenge, then it is.” Chef Yu didn’t deny. He just admitted it in another form while smiling, except that his attitude had become more arrogant.

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Yuan Zhou stopped watching the latter part of the interview and handed the phone back to the round-faced girl.

“Thank you.” Yuan Zhou showed gratitude.

“Not at all. Boss Yuan, what do you think?” the girl asked anxiously.

“It doesn’t matter. You guys can go back now.” Yuan Zhou still remained calm and paid little attention to that.

“Boss Yuan, then what do you think of the challenge?” the girl was a little worried of him.

“It’s ok. Thank you all, guys.” Yuan Zhou thanked them quite sincerely, however, he really didn’t care about the so-called challenge.

Yuan Zhou never did troublesome things. Furthermore, the chef didn’t mention him by name in the challenge despite having mentioned the address. Therefore, Yuan Zhou wouldn’t bother rising to the challenge.

“Master Liu, it’s time to reveal your ace.” the girl with a high ponytail, dressed in white shirt and pleated skirt, stepped over suddenly and said seriously.

“What?” the round-faced girl looked at her in puzzlement.

“Humm, Master Liu, don’t conceal your identity anymore.” this girl said while pointing at Yuan Zhou’s arm that had nothing there.

“Hey, guys. Opening hours are over. Please come back in the evening.” Yuan Zhou was helpless against this girl who stuck to calling him Master Liu, hence he could only send her away in a different way.

“Ai, he seems to be reluctant to accept the challenge. The challenge might be too weak or this Chef Yu is not excellent enough to be worth Master Liu’s willingness to accept it,” the girl who always spoke weirdly analyzed while walking out of the restaurant.

“What’s wrong with her?” the round-faced girl asked her friends beside her curiously.

“She has probably watched too many cartoons and became obsessed, hence came here to be a joke,” her friend said as if she had known her well.

“Ah, got it. It’s supposed to be Cooking Master Boy, the special-grade chef?” the round-faced girl suddenly recalled this cartoon.

“Yes. Speaking of which, Boss Yuan’s culinary skills are unexpectedly amazing. If not I have eaten the dishes, I would never

believe that.” Her friend held her head in both hands and said while sighing with emotion.

“Absolutely. That Chef Yu simply overestimates himself.” The round-faced girl got a little indignant.

“Take it easy. Boss Yuan seems to care little about the challenge.” Her friend tried to comfort her immediately.

The crowd gradually dispersed while discussing heatedly whether Yuan Zhou should accept the challenge or not.

“Boss, are you going to accept it?” Mu Xiaoyun looked at Yuan Zhou curiously with her eyes open wide.

“You are still here. Hurry up and go back. Don’t be late in the afternoon.” Yuan Zhou drove the little loli away.

“Alright. But I’ve never been late, boss.” Mu Xiaoyun said as per what she thought.

“Humm.” Yuan Zhou indicated he had heard her, without any other reaction.

At this, Mu Xiaoyun had no choice but to go back home speechlessly. She was really unable to figure out what Yuan Zhou was thinking.

Chapter 105: The Dignity Of A Chef

Following the “hua la” sound, Yuan Zhou shut the door and stretched himself before preparing to go upstairs to wash himself and take a rest for a while. However, there would be always someone who didn’t want him to be at leisure. For example, the system.

The system displayed, “A chef needs to maintain his own basic dignity.”

[Temporary mission] Obtain victory in the contest with Chef Yu

(Mission Tips: Now that others have challenged you, as a future master chef, you should begin to cultivate your pride and dignity from now on, young man.)

[Mission reward] One piece of Master Chef Set

“I can’t even get one single moment of peace.” Yuan Zhou touched his forehead speechlessly.

Having carefully checked the mission, Yuan Zhou asked after a while, “What is the Master Chef Set?”

Yuan Zhou cared more about the rewards.

The system displayed, “You won’t know what it is until the mission is completed.”

“I hope it’s not another lie.” Instantly, Yuan Zhou recalled the event that he obtained the title of the Master of Cooked Wheaten Food. He then began to check the mission carefully again, examining for any small print that might be concealed.

After checking over and over again three times, Yuan Zhou finally confirmed that was all about the mission.

However, he was a little helpless at being urged to take part in the contest. Yuan Zhou didn’t like communicating with others and moreover hated to have conflict with others. This Chef Yu, nevertheless, was apparently looking for trouble.

In this case, it would do him no good to step forward and accept that challenge.

Seated in the chair, Yuan Zhou spun a whole circle unconsciously. He then suddenly thought of his own mission.

Immediately, he tapped open the mission and checked it again.

[Third Stage of the Mission] Fame of the Restaurant Over Ten Thousand

(Mission tips: As a chef possessing the Master Chef System, host you have to keep striving to enhance your culinary skills. Young man, go and get the fame of the restaurant to surpass ten thousand.)

(Notes, self-motivated advertising is not allowed.)

[Time of Mission] Thirty Days (starting from tomorrow)

[Reward of Mission] Methods of Cooking Rice

(Mission status, 8500/10000, unfinished)

“It looks I have almost completed most of the mission.” While touching the forehead, Yuan Zhou thought for a moment. Suddenly, he stood up and went directly upstairs.

Information about the opponent was absolutely indispensable if he was to complete the mission. If he didn’t know what, where and when was the challenge, how could he accept it?

He turned on the computer and immediately searched for the video that he had watched just now but not finished. This time he was prepared to finish watching the whole video, hence he fast forwarded it to where he had stopped watching and then pressed the Play button.

“I hope that boss can come over and exchange some pointers

with me. I will wait for you at World Foodie Hotel at 3:00 PM three days later, and of course, I will prepare all the ingredients for the dish, Phoenix-Tail Prawns,” Chef Yu said earnestly to the camera.

“Then Chef Yu, are there any prizes for the contest?” To the journalists, the bigger the event was, the better it was for them. So one of them asked straightforwardly.

“Yeah, of course.” Chef Yu kept the audience in suspense. After a while, he opened a wooden box and said, “Since I have gotten the champion with the dish, Phoenix-Tail Prawns, of course, I will compete with him on this dish. This knife of mine will be the prize, ok?”

“Isn’t this a beloved knife that Boss Yu has treasured for a long time?” A journalist recognized this gorgeous knife with the gold-plated knife handle immediately.

“You are right. This is the first treasured knife I bought. It has been years, but the knife is still incomparably sharp,” Chef Yu said lovingly while closing the wooden box.

When Yuan Zhou heard that there was even a prize, he got a little interested. After pausing the video and checking the knife carefully, he nevertheless found that the knife was merely similar in appearance to the one presented to him by the system. It was not a genuine treasure knife.

“Eh...” Nevertheless, it made sense. If it was a genuine treasure knife, how could Chef Yu agree to offer it as the prize? Thinking of

that, Yuan Zhou smiled mockingly.

But why didn't anybody come to interview him since this event had been broadcasted on TV?

Suddenly, Yuan Zhou recalled that Chef Yu had mentioned the address of his restaurant.

Usually, journalists gathered wherever there was breaking news. No matter what, this situation could be considered a piece of news, yet not even a single person came to interview Yuan Zhou. It was really awfully strange.

This showed Yuan Zhou's limited knowledge towards the truth.

There were originally only five journalists in all, of which two came from the same press. Calculated in this way, there were totally 4 media channels here on site. It could be speculated from this fact that the so-called municipal level cooking contest was basically not popular on TV.

The journalists present on the site were mostly sent here by their companies for the sake of the judges.

After the interview, the journalists indeed applied for an interview with Yuan Zhou but the chief editors of the several companies responded with almost the same answers.

"Such a program with such low audience ratings isn't worth an

interview."

These words undoubtedly rejected the possibility of Yuan Zhou being interviewed, thus no one came. Nonetheless, the video of the interview that had been recorded definitely needed to be broadcasted. This was the reason why there was peace at Yuan Zhou's side.

As for the reason why Chef Yu suddenly declared Yuan Zhou as his rival, it actually had nothing important to do with Yuan Zhou.

This contest was basically held once each year. Restaurants would choose their best chefs to take part in it. After three rounds, the contestants competed in the fourth round, namely the final round.

This time, organizers of the contest specially invited Wang Shuyuan to act as one of the judges.

And the rest of the judges were all retired chefs who had been famous before, hence it could be considered just and fair.

The final round required the contestants to use prawns as the main ingredient, regardless of the breeds.

Chef Yu was the top chef recommended by the World Foodie Hotel, which was originally a three-star hotel. As a top chef of a three-star hotel, Chef Yu truly had some decent capabilities. Moreover, he himself did awfully well in Jiangsu Cuisine.

In response to the request of using prawns, Chef Yu recalled the signature dish, Phoenix-Tail Prawns of Jin'ling Cuisine, and decided to showcase his exquisite culinary skill in this particular dish.

The dish cooked by him absolutely conquered all other judges except for Wang Shuyuan.

Wang Shuyuan didn't actually choose Chef Yu during the vote and furthermore, let him carelessly overhear his conversation with another judge after the contest.

"Why did you vote for another restaurant? The dish of Phoenix-Tail Prawns tasted sweet and fragrant and still totally retained the delicate flavor of the prawns," a retired chef who was over 60 but still spirited asked in puzzlement while conveniently recalling the flavor of the Phoenix-Tail Prawns.

"There is nothing wrong with this dish that I can point out, whether on aspects of knife skills, flavor or appearance," Wang Shuyuan answered honestly.

However, his words yet made the retired chef even more puzzled.

"But I have eaten the most delicious Phoenix-Tail Prawns once. Each prawn cooked by him is incomparably exquisite, and even the sculpted flowers were perfectly detailed. What's more, the flavor and taste were more superior in contrast." Wang Shuyuan remembered the Phoenix-Tail Prawns cooked by Yuan Zhou.

“Compared with that one, this dish is not so perfect. It focuses too much on the appearance and has obvious traces of artificiality. Likewise, I could even taste the oil from the Phoenix-Tail Prawns that were fried.” when he discovered nobody was around, Wang Shuyuan spoke his true feelings.

“It can’t be true. Is there a better one? Where is it? I’m going there for a taste some day.” The retired chef instantly got curious.

“At No.14 of Taoxi Road, there’s a nameless small restaurant. That’s it.” Wang Shuyuan was quite pleased to share nice foods.

“Ok, I’ll bear it in mind,” the retired chef said happily.

Having heard almost all their conversation from outside, how could Chef Yu be convinced of that? He returned to the changing room while frowning discontentedly and thought in his heart that nobody was likely able to cook the Phoenix-Tail Prawns better than himself.

Chef Yu was pretty confident in his skills. He believed even if other first-class chefs prepared this dish, he could still outclass them on some aspects with his excellent skills.

Yet, now, it turned out this was not true from the conversation he heard. Wang Shuyuan had apparently said just now that the boss of the nameless restaurant outclassed him by one grade in every aspect.

Chef Yu felt he was unable to accept the fact. Therefore, he flung down a challenge against Yuan Zhou without any fear of success or failure!

Chapter 106: Yuan Zhou's Response

Chef Yu felt he was unable to accept the fact.

He was restlessly walking up and down in the changing room when the general manager of his restaurant came into the room.

“Chef Yu, you are so awesome and, as expected, won the contest. Congratulations!” dressed in decent and well-fit suit, the general manager said cheerfully.

“Thanks.” Chef Yu, nevertheless, didn’t show much pleasure and only answered perfunctorily.

“What’s wrong with you, Chef Yu?” the general manager asked considerately.

“It’s nothing.” Chef Yu didn’t actually want to publicize this matter, as it would not seem to do him much good.

“Then why aren’t you happy being the champion?” the general manager still cared much about the head chef of his hotel.

Speaking of the champion, Chef Yu frowned more severely.

“You might as well say it out and see if I can help to solve it,” the general manager said mildly.

Having thought over this matter in his mind, Chef Yu finally decided to say it out; otherwise, it would have been quite uncomfortable to keep it in his heart. More importantly, the general manager was on his side.

Thinking of that, Chef Yu revealed the conversation between Wang Shuyuan and the other judge that he had heard, thoroughly. Of course, he also mentioned he wasn't fully convinced of those words.

"I expected it to be more serious. Look, it's such a simple problem." After hearing all this, the general manager immediately indicated it wasn't a big problem.

"Oh?" Chef Yu was a little suspicious. Could the general manager make the old man change his mind?

Naturally, the general manager wasn't able to let people take back their words. But he had a plan that could shoot down three birds with only one stone.

That was how, finally, Chef Yu said all those words to the press.

After his statement was publicized, Wang Shuyuan would immediately know his words that were said behind the back of Chef Yu had been heard and would surely feel embarrassed and apologetic. Then he would definitely accept the invitation from the general manager to act as the judge again in the coming contest.

Chef Yu would also defeat Yuan Zhou face to face. After all, he had never thought of being defeated, at least based on this Phoenix-Tail Prawns dish.

The third bird was to advertise his hotel for free.

The plan of the general manager could be said to be quite successful. Except for the fact that Yuan Zhou had not said anything, his expectations were met in all other aspects.

Even Yuan Zhou now felt that he had to accept the challenge for the sake of his dignity.

Evening came soon and Yuan Zhou's restaurant was once again opened for business.

"Boss Yuan, I heard you have been challenged." Wu Hai was the first to gloat at Yuan Zhou.

"No." Yuan Zhou denied it.

"Boss Yuan, it's wrong to tell lies. I already knew about that." While speaking, Wu Hai pointed to the several customers coming with him.

"It's an exchange of pointers, rather than a challenge." Yuan Zhou preferred this term for the unofficial contest.

“Eh...,” Wu Hai first choked a bit and then said, “Are you gonna accept that exchange of pointers contest?”

As soon as Wu Hai asked, customers that were entering the restaurant all curiously looked at Yuan Zhou. Even Mu Xiaoyun was also looking at him expectantly.

“Yes.” Yuan Zhou’s answer was as concise as usual.

“Didn’t you say you wouldn’t want to take part in the contest in the afternoon?” looking at the customers behind him, Wu Hai asked in puzzlement.

“It’s true. Boss Yuan didn’t seem to be willing to take part during the afternoon,” the round-faced girl stood out among the crowd and said that.

“Look, Boss Yuan, now many of us want to know why you have changed your mind and prepared to take part in the contest.” Wu Hai spread his two hands and indicated it was the common concern of every customer, not merely his own.

“He looked rather sincere,” thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou said that.

“Ho Ho, Boss Yuan, I’m not very knowledgeable, but can challenging you be called sincere?” Wu Hai implied Yuan Zhou was, again, talking nonsense.

“No, it’s an exchange of pointers,” Yuan Zhou corrected him again.

“Alright. Boss Yuan’s logic of thinking is really distinctive.” Wu Hai admitted defeat and decided to eat some nice dishes to comfort himself.

The conversation between Yuan Zhou and Wu Hai also ended the curiosity of the customers behind.

Subsequently, the customers began to order their dishes harmoniously. Of course, they also surfed the internet and conveniently made some comments of some sort.

The round-faced girl acted the most proactively. She went straightly to the official website of World Foodie Hotel and left a comment, [The chef you were challenging has just accepted it. You can just wait to lose the contest.]

The remark had no trace of politeness. After all, during the two days when Yuan Zhou didn’t respond to the challenge, the World Foodie Hotel had tasted the sweetness of free publicity and thus began to instigate the onlookers which resulted in a higher notability of the hotel.

The regular customers of Yuan Zhou’s restaurant were naturally quite indignant about the messages saying that Yuan Zhou did not dare accept the challenge. However, they were not even qualified to quarrel with them as they didn’t even know what Yuan Zhou’s attitude was on that matter.

Now that they had gotten Yuan Zhou's confirmation concerning the contest, the customers all conveniently went onto the official website of the World Foodie Hotel and wandered around.

Afterward, the matter that Yuan Zhou would take part in the contest eventually passed to the ears of Chef Yu and the general manager. The two of them had different responses.

The general manager directly instructed his assistant. "Tell the kitchen to prepare top quality ingredients, two identical servings each; notify the Public Relations Department to get someone to record the contest and meanwhile arrange a Lucky Draw activity before choosing only ten devoted customers from it and sending them to closely watch the contest."

The two orders were directly issued to the two departments and were carried out smoothly as requested.

Chef Yu was very glad that he could erase the former insult. Having heard the conversation of the two judges, he always felt that the former championship title was given to him charitably. Now that there was such a good chance for him to justly win that back, he was naturally delighted.

After closing the restaurant at night, Yuan Zhou first checked the official website of World Foodie Hotel on his phone and found that there appeared to be a Lucky Draw activity on the homepage. Whoever got the first ten numbers will be able to closely watch the two chefs cook.

At this, Yuan Zhou confirmed the World Foodie Hotel had known about his acceptance of their request for exchanging pointers.

Yes, Yuan Zhou intentionally didn't tell them directly. Anyhow, he was the future Master Chef. He felt it troublesome and degrading to proactively go and tell them that he would take part in the contest, hence took this roundabout method to let his customers help to unintentionally notify the other party

Having known that, Yuan Zhou settled down to prepare dinner. It was again Clear Broth Noodle Soup, followed by an extra Herbal Tea Egg to supplement some additional nutrition for him.

As usual, after eating the noodles, Yuan Zhou carried the remaining broth out of the back door and went where the mixed fur Maltese stayed.

The Maltese was now a furry bundle, looking fairly smart and lovable. Besides, the fur appeared to be pretty clean. It was yet unknown how the dog cleaned itself so well.

Just like normal days, he poured the broth into the dog's bowl. This time, Yuan Zhou didn't turn around and walk away immediately. Instead of that, he stopped to have a look at the mixed fur Maltese.

"You drink up all the noodle broth every time, don't you?" Yuan Zhou said fairly confidently.

The Maltese just lied on the ground and quietly looked at Yuan Zhou without any reaction.

“Speaking of which, I’ve prepared a name for you.” Yuan Zhou merely continued speaking alone.

“I’ll call you Broth, that’s it. Since I feel you love to drink it a lot.” While holding the bowl with one hand, Yuan Zhou touched his forehead with the other, revealing a resolute expression.

If the Maltese were able to understand and speak, it would probably drink up the broth and then turned the bowl upside down on Yuan Zhou’s head.

After all, it was Yuan Zhou who fed it with only the broth, rather than the Maltese itself that chose to drink it. However delicious the broth was, it was still broth.

“So if you don’t oppose, your name will be Broth.” Watching the Maltese not responding like always, Yuan Zhou made the decision quite happily.

Now that he had accepted the challenge, he would have to show them his genuine capabilities.

Chapter 107: Start

Having teased the Maltese, Yuan Zhou happily went back to sleep.

Tomorrow was the day of the agreed time to exchange pointers. However, Yuan Zhou didn't change his opening hours. It was really strange.

Furthermore, Yuan Zhou even set the clock at 6:30 in the morning and decided to prepare the Soup Dumplings that he hadn't done for a while.

"Ling Ling Ling", it was still the old-fashioned phone beep. Yuan Zhou then got up and began to clean himself.

Once he arrived downstairs, Yuan Zhou began to knead the dough. He was immersed in a cheerful state of cooking delicacies until 8:00 AM. Then, he turned on the tap and out came a "Hua Hua" sound as he washed his hands beneath the flowing water

Mu Xiaoyun was waiting uneasily at the entrance with the tips of her toe gently scuffling on the ground when he opened the door.

"Come on in." After saying that, Yuan Zhou turned around and walked away, doing exactly the same thing he did every morning.

"I had thought Boss Yuan wouldn't open the restaurant in the morning." Following Yuan Zhou, she grumbled in a low voice.

“The duster is over here.” Yuan Zhou pointed at the washed duster on the countertop and ignored Mu Xiaoyun’s muttering.

“Oh.” Peeking at Yuan Zhou, she found that he was still as solemn as ever and, thus, heaved a sigh of relief before starting her own work.

A little while later, the scent of the Soup Dumplings started drifting in the air. As a result, Mu Xiaoyun had no desire to think about anything else as she focused all her attention on not salivating. After all, there were no customers here that could distract her attention then.

Just at that time, a young girl, with her hair in a bun and dressed neatly in shorts and a baggy white shirt, entered the restaurant, taking occasional hops while walking.

Yuan Zhou subconsciously frowned upon the sight of the white shirt but when he saw such a way of walking, he relaxed.

“Boss Yuan, I specifically came here to make a live broadcast.” Meng Meng approached Yuan Zhou and looked at him expectantly.

“Ok, what do you want to eat?” Yuan Zhou asked after nodding.

“No, no. I’m talking about the contest in the afternoon. My audiences and I are all here to cheer for you,” while saying that, Meng Meng ended her sentence with an adorable curl at the end of

her sentence.

“No problem.” Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod. After all, it did him no harm.

“Thanks, Boss Yuan.” Meng Meng joyfully sat down and her eyes lighted up immediately as she sniffed.

“Boss Yuan, what’s this fragrant flavor? I want to eat this fragrant thing.” Meng Meng, namely Wang Meng, was also very cute even when she was not in live broadcast. It was for this reason that her audiences liked the genuinely lovable girl so much.

Nobody was stupid. If Meng Meng merely pretended to be so cute, she’d already have been discovered and abandoned by the audiences.

“Ok, do you want vinegar?” Yuan Zhou nodded and asked.

“Yes. But even when Boss Yuan is asking a question, it sounds so sure,” Meng Meng said curiously.

“Humm, wait a moment.” As usual, Yuan Zhou still couldn’t get used to handling excessively enthusiastic people, especially if they were females.

After a while, Meng Meng began to eat the Soup Dumplings with a blissful expression.

The arrival of Meng Meng was like a signal. More customers began to come one after another. Soon an hour passed, indicating that the opening hours of the morning were finished. However, Meng Meng didn't have any intention of leaving.

"You are still here?" Yuan Zhou tilted his head and looked at Meng Meng.

"Yes. I prepare to go to the contest with you, Boss Yuan," Meng Meng said peacefully while sitting there.

"I'm not going now." Yuan Zhou's words contained a rather obvious meaning. "I'm not going right now, so you can leave."

"Never mind. I can wait for you. I heard you practice sculpting skills every day now. I wanna have a look." Meng Meng revealed a look of curiosity.

"Opening hours has already ended," Yuan Zhou still refused mercilessly.

Then, Meng Meng began to wait outside in front of the entrance. While Yuan Zhou practiced sculpting the radishes, she moved around to the side and conveniently watched the process.

Mornings was short. Before Meng Meng saw enough of those marvelous sculpting skills that changed the simple radishes into miraculous work of art, Yuan Zhou had already headed back to the

kitchen to prepare some of the ingredients required for the lunch.

“The serious Boss Yuan looks so handsome.”

Today was a little strange. No one came for lunch until 12:30. However, Yuan Zhou didn’t seem to be worried and merely sat in his special seat leisurely.

The two girls, nevertheless, appeared a little more anxious, hence looked outside from time to time.

“Ba da Ba da”, it was Wu Hai who was coming over from the opposite with slippers.

“Boss Yuan, why are you still opening the restaurant at noon?” after sitting down with a swagger, Wu Hai asked.

“Yes. It has been opened ever since this morning,” Yuan Zhou stood up and replied.

“You have a contest today. Why is it still open? Be careful not to be late.” Although he said that, Wu Hai nevertheless began to order his dishes unreservedly, “One serving of Egg Fried Rice Set and Phoenix-Tail Prawns.”

Having finished ordering the dishes, he said to Yuan Zhou in a supposedly helpful tone, “One serving of Phoenix-Tail Prawns so you can practice before the contest.”

“Wait a moment.” As usual, Yuan Zhou automatically turned a deaf ear to the meaningless words of Wu Hai.

Nonetheless, due to Wu Hai, Yuan Zhou finally knew why there was no business this afternoon. Most customers should have thought he wouldn’t open the restaurant at noon in order to prepare for the contest.

“Hey, little girl. Why are you here?” When he found Yuan Zhou wasn’t interesting at all, Wu Hai turned to ask Meng Meng.

“I’m here to broadcast the triumphant victory of Boss Yuan.” Meng Meng said earnestly while clenching her small fists.

“Humm. Boss Yuan will definitely win. That chef who challenged him is just average.” Wu Hai gave the impression as if he had known everything.

“Gee? How do you know, small mustache? Hurry up and tell me.” Meng Meng was so excited that she yelled out Wu Hai’s private nickname.

“You called me small mustache? No, you should call me uncle.” Wu Hai pretended to be angry.

It was not until the two people started quarreling did several other customers enter the restaurant from outside.

“I originally thought Boss Yuan wouldn’t open the restaurant at noon but still wanted to come to confirm it. To my surprise, it’s open for business. I’m so happy,” the man walking ahead said that.

“But would it affect the chances of Boss Yuan winning the contest this afternoon?” another one behind him asked worriedly.

“Don’t worry. With Boss Yuan’s superb culinary skills, that guy can’t even be compared with him. Let’s eat quickly. I’m starving to death.” Naturally, there were more people who didn’t worry about the contest. They just waited there to have lunch.

Only then did business start to get better...

When it was almost 2:00 PM, Yuan Zhou still did not seem to be leaving. It was by then that the customers started to worry and began to persuade Yuan Zhou one after another to go quickly in order not to be late.

Nonetheless, Yuan Zhou waited until business hours for the afternoon were over before shutting the door and going upstairs to clean himself and change his clothes. Of course, this time he cleaned up quickly and managed to get everything done in ten minutes.

“Hurry up, Boss Yuan, otherwise we’ll be late. It takes half an hour to get there by taxi.” Meng Meng urged him at the side, hopping and skipping.

“There’s still time.” By the time Yuan Zhou walked downstairs, there were only 50 minutes left, barely enough to get there by taxi.

“Boss Yuan, I finally understand a proverb now,” while Meng Meng was anxiously waiting for a taxi at the junction, she said suddenly.

“What is it?” rarely, Yuan Zhou got curious.

“It’s ‘The emperor is calm, while the eunuchs are anxious’. Right now, I’m like a eunuch.” Meng Meng naughtily stuck out her tongue.

“We can make it on time.” Yuan Zhou went up and hailed a cab.

With a “Zi” sound, a cab stopped in front of the two persons.

While Yuan Zhou had just gotten on the cab, Chef Yu was still waiting patiently. However, the general manager started to get slightly worried...

Chapter 108: Exchange Of Pointers

While Yuan Zhou had just gotten on the cab, Chef Yu was still waiting patiently. However, the general manager started to get slightly worried.

“Chef Yu, do you think that guy will come?” The general manager paced around Chef Yu twice and in the end, couldn’t help but ask.

“He will.” Chef Yu said firmly.

“How would you know?” The general manager looked at Chef Yu’s expression curiously.

“Yesterday, my senior, Wang Shuyuan, told me everything about him. So I know he will definitely come.” While speaking, Chef Yu recalled Wang Shuyuan’s comments about Yuan Zhou.

At that time, Wang Shuyuan told him frankly, “Master Yuan is a top-class chef who isn’t short of talent, skills or efforts. Moreover, he takes his work very seriously. In comparison, although you likewise have excellent skills, you are not genius and also do not have the seriousness that gives rise to a top-class chef.”

“If he can get such high comments from that senior, he would surely come.” Chef Yu thought inwardly.

Chef Yu was rather convinced about the comments of Wang

Shuyuan. However, it was impossible for him to completely believe Wang Shuyuan as he had his own pride.

“Alright.” Seeing that Chef Yu was not willing to talk anymore, the general manager could only instruct another staff member behind him. “Go and prepare all the ingredients required.”

The efficiency of the big hotel was pretty good. All the ingredients had been well prepared twenty minutes before the contest started.

Seated in the middle, Wang Shuyuan was both excited and embarrassed. Originally, this matter had nothing to do with Yuan Zhou but due to his mistake, things became this way.

Fortunately, the contest didn’t seem to be official and was really like an exchange of pointers, which made Wang Shuyuan feel a little relieved.

Looking at Chef Yu who was already in front of his own kitchen stove and again at the other vacant kitchen stove in the opposite direction, Wang Shuyuan became a little worried whether Yuan Zhou would come or not. After all, his old friend had told him before this guy was an extremely principled individual.

The audience at the side who came to watch also got slightly rowdy.

“Why hasn’t the other chef been here? Don’t they say the contest

starts at 3:00?” a devoted customer of the World Foodie Hotel said to another one beside him in a whisper.

The one beside him was also quite curious. When he turned his head and found that there really wasn’t anybody appearing, he answered, “I have no idea. He’s supposed to arrive any minute.”

“But the time is up,” somebody checked the time and said curiously.

While the audiences over here were anxiously waiting, Yuan Zhou was leisurely walking into World Foodie Hotel along with Meng Meng.

“Boss Yuan, there are only 10 minutes left. Can we make it for the contest?” Meng Meng kept asking while circling around Yuan Zhou.

“Yes, we can. Just in time,” Yuan Zhou answered calmly.

Yuan Zhou’s time of arrival was perfect. He didn’t come over from the kitchen but directly from the lobby. Therefore, the audiences didn’t see him until he approached the kitchen stove. Meng Meng, nevertheless, dutifully stood outside where Yuan Zhou wouldn’t be disturbed.

“We didn’t see him just now and yet, here he is. The chef is fairly young.” The regular customers of the hotel sized up Yuan Zhou curiously.

“True. He doesn't look bad.” Though not so handsome, the unflappable temperament of Yuan Zhou was still striking.

“But the timing of this young man must have been precisely calculated. He arrived just ON TIME.”

When Yuan Zhou just put on his simple chef uniform, the hour hand had just reached 3:00, neither one minute more nor less.

“You must be Master Yuan, right?” When Chef Yu realized Yuan Zhou didn't intend to greet him, he had to speak first.

“Shall we start?” Yuan Zhou didn't respond to the courtesy of Chef Yu.

“Master Yuan turns out to be short tempered.” Likewise, Chef Yu didn't seem to stand on courtesy either, of course, only on the aspect of culinary skills.

Yuan Zhou stood there quietly, not answering his questions and just waited for Chef Yu to start first.

Seeing that Yuan Zhou really was not prepared to say anything, Chef Yu became rather speechless and had to make an opening remark himself, which implied the start of the exchange of pointers, namely the contest.

"Thank you all for coming here to attend this private exchange of pointers meeting. This time, we two chefs are going to cook the dish Phoenix-Tail Prawns separately. I hope everybody could favor us with your constructive advice while savoring them later."

Chef Yu spoke in a fairly civil way but all the people here knew that the atmosphere was not that harmonious as it appeared.

Nonetheless, it was worth it to be able to watch a distinguished cooking contest like this one. All the 10 people on the sides were chosen from the devoted customers through the Lucky Draw. They absolutely deserved the name of a senior foodie.

Another one was Wang Shuyuan, the former producer of a cooking show. It seemed pretty fair with these judges.

[This is Meng Meng live broadcast. The contest between Master Yuan and Chef Yu is beginning right now. Which side do you guys want me to broadcast?] The atmosphere was quite solemn. Meng Meng didn't dare to utter any words for the live broadcast. Therefore, she directly muted the phone and started typing.

[The live broadcast is finally here. Of course, I would want to watch Boss Yuan, not that Chef Yu.], from Irritable Me.

[I wanna watch Boss Yuan. This is an unfair contest. I strongly request Master Yuan to pull his punches since I have eaten the dishes of Chef Yu before.], from Amisa

[Ah, I found a wealthy guy here. World Foodie Hotel is a hotel with stars. I'm envious.], from Squad Leader Loving Watching CCTV News. Just from his name, others could tell how patriotic he was.

[Hey, wealthy guy. Do you lack an attendant?], from Lian Xuan.

[Don't change the topic. I also want to watch Boss Yuan but strongly request for Master Yuan to cook with only one hand. After all, I have eaten dishes of Boss Yuan and know his culinary skills.], from Boundaries of Firmament.

As soon as Meng Meng posted subtitles, her audiences began to refresh the screen rapidly, basically all for asking to watch Yuan Zhou cook. Chef Yu was nevertheless ignored.

[Then I'm starting the live broadcast.] After sending this message, Meng Meng began to move the camera lens to face Yuan Zhou and likewise covered Chef Yu a little. It was impossible to totally not video any part of him.

Finally, Chef Yu finished his words of gratitude and said while looking at Yuan Zhou, "So let's start now. The ingredients are all on the table. If you need any special kitchenware or ingredients, you can request for them now."

Yuan Zhou's eyes swept around and said straightforwardly, "No need. It's good."

“Ok, so let’s start.” Chef Yu made a gesture of ‘please’ and then the two of them started immediately.

Chef Yu also had his own skills. On the aspect of choosing prawns, for example, the hotel provided three varieties of prawns. These included cultured white prawns, shrimps, and Chinese penaeid shrimps. Chef Yu chose the cultured white prawns, which were the medium-sized ones rather than the biggest.

After the prawns, he chose green peas, a few fresh corn kernels, and some chicken soup.

The way Yuan Zhou chose the ingredients was much easier. He directly chose to use the biggest Chinese penaeid shrimps. After aiming well, he caught 8 shrimps which were approximately the same size with a small fishing net.

With only the skill of catching the shrimps, he appeared more professional than Chef Yu who appeared to be much slower. While the audience of the live broadcast began to compliment him in various ways, the audience watching at the side nevertheless remained quiet.

The tail of both the different prawns required cleaning. Such meticulous work definitely had to be done with the help of a small brush. Yuan Zhou picked up the small brush and began to clean each shrimp gently by brushing them.

On the other side, Chef Yu also finished picking his prawns but with a number twice as many as those of Yuan Zhou’s. It seemed

that Chef Yu didn't intend to clean them one by one.

He took out some salt and scattered it into a clean glass container and then he put the prawns inside and poured a drop of oil onto the salt. Afterward, the white prawns inside started to throw up silt and sand from the mouth...

Chapter 109: Skills Of Chef Yu

He took out some salt and scattered it into a clean glass container, and then he put the prawns inside and poured a drop of oil onto the salt. Afterward, the white prawns inside started to throw up silt and sand from their mouth. This marvelous move simply made the prawns much cleaner.

The Phoenix-Tail Prawns wasn't originally a dish for displaying culinary skills. But in the hands of the two chefs, it nevertheless had the visual effects of the splendid performance.

Yuan Zhou meticulously brushed down each of the shrimps, placing them into a glass basin filled with clear water after cleaning.

His upright back and the flexible actions of his wrists gave an aesthetic feeling every time Yuan Zhou put the shrimps into the basin, giving the impression to all the people watching at the side the comfort the shrimps were in.

On the other hand, the audience of Meng Meng's live broadcast increased.

[Boohoo. I wanna become a shrimp just to accept Boss Yuan's brushing.], from Little Chivalrous Swordsman.

[I just want to eat it. I feel the shrimp will be very delicious judging by the way Boss Yuan prepares it.], from I'm A Foodie.

[That's right. I think Chef Yu is also an excellent chef now. Of course, Boss Yuan still outclasses him a little.], from Amisa.

[Who wants to form a team again to go to Boss Yuan's restaurant together?], from Irritable Me.

Instead of replying these messages, Meng Meng was attentively watching the two chefs respectively displaying their astounding culinary skills.

“It feels like this young man indeed has some true capabilities,” the customers on the sides whispered to each other.

“Yes, absolutely. But the dish of Phoenix-Tail Prawns cooked by Chef Yu is one of a kind. I didn’t even manage to eat such genuine prawns when I went to Jin’ling City.” of course, some of them still trusted Chef Yu more as they had already savored his dish before.

“Yet, I’m looking forward to the works from that new-comer chef. Look at the shrimps he is cooking now.” Some others became quite interested in Yuan Zhou’s skills.

The audience of the live broadcast and the audience at the side were all the same, they were just looking forward to eating. However, the latter could only go to Yuan Zhou’s restaurant to eat while the former would be able to taste it in a little while.

Chef Yu had been busy preparing other ingredients, like boiling

the green peas and other vegetables. About 10 minutes later, he began to fish out the white prawns that had been throwing up silt and sand.

He took out a pair of bamboo chopsticks and stirred the water clockwise until it formed a small whirlpool. Then he changed to another pair of bamboo chopsticks to fish out the white prawns from the whirlpool. With careful actions, he managed to keep the white prawns away from the oil; therefore, the white prawns that were fished out didn't have any bit of oil on them. After washing and cleaning them again, Chef Yu prepared to deal with the prawns.

Nevertheless, the way Chef Yu processed the prawns was totally different from that of Yuan Zhou. While pinching the tail of a prawn with one hand, he pinched a piece of shell in the middle of the tail with his thumb and forefinger of the other hand and pulled backward. An intact shrimp line was then peeled off. Subsequently, the head of the prawns was removed.

The technique was quick and sharp. All the prawns were quickly dealt with well. Only then did Chef Yu begin to show his knife skills. As the white prawns were originally not big, it was difficult to deal with them on the chopping board. Therefore, Chef Yu directly processed the prawns one by one after leaving them on his hand and using a cooking knife with a narrow back.

Basically, he could finish processing a prawn with two sharp and clean slices, one slice for dividing the tail and the other for picking out the prawn meat. Moreover, the blade was chopped vertically from the top-down, resulting in the prawn having the same

thickness of both sides.

Such meticulous handling of the prawn meat and other vegetables gave him the well-deserved title of Head Chef. Now all remaining was to savor the taste of the Phoenix-Tail Prawns.

On the other hand, Yuan Zhou was the same as usual. He pressed down a shrimp with one hand and cut open the back with the knife with the other hand, not hurting the shrimp line and taking it out completely. With another slice, he opened the dorsal section. The shrimp line was very thin this time; hence he straightforwardly picked it out with the knife.

After cutting open the back, along the central line, the shell became easier to peel off. Yuan Zhou had always feared that the knife might hurt the shrimp meat; therefore he usually peeled off the shell manually.

With only the shell on the tail left, the shrimps were neatly laid out on a white plate as usual. Although the meat quality was not as good as that provided by the system, the shrimps were, nevertheless, quite fresh. Yuan Zhou used a few skills and got the shell of the tails to stand upright.

Then he cracked an egg with one hand while scattering salt with the other, making the egg white wrap precisely around the salt particles and immediately wrap around shrimp meat the instant it was dropped.

In contrast, the means by which Chef Yu processed the prawns

was different. He pulled the prawn meat out of the shell and directly put it in the glass basin, not seeming to prepare to use egg whites. Instead, he used cornstarch. He then added a few grains of salt and cooking rice wine to marinate and allow the flavors to immerse themselves into the prawns.

After finish marinating, both chefs started to sculpt, both taking the same actions without any prior consultation. As the skills of Chef Yu did not lie in his sculpting abilities, he just made a rabbit out of a tomato and matched it with a real flower.

Yuan Zhou nevertheless had much to show to the customers. He picked up the knife and chose a crisp and tender radish. Since radishes were mainly used for making flower garnishes in the restaurant, the restaurant didn't usually use good ones, only the normal radishes. In this situation, Yuan Zhou would choose the middle part of a radish to sculpt.

Yuan Zhou had already learned the sculpting skills by heart. In his hands, a shape of a flower gradually came into existence from the original dark purple radish. What's more, he even sculpted a string of flowers along the remaining part of the radish.

There laid gently on the plate were the soft and tender flower petals, which were as thin as cicada's wings which even carried a slight feel of silk.

After filtering off the water, Yuan Zhou fished out a boiled chestnut and first peeled off the outmost brown hard shell, leaving only the brown soft shell outside. After peeling it all off, the chestnuts were still boiling hot. At that time, Yuan Zhou again

peeled off the complete soft shell and then pounded the chestnut into the sauce. While pounding the chestnuts, he added some boiling broth into the sauce.

On the other side, Chef Yu began to fry the peeled prawns in the frying pan filled with hot oil, bringing about strong fragrance.

The translucent flower garnishes of Yuan Zhou's work and the fragrance of the fried prawns cooked by Chef Yu immediately attracted all people on the site, causing them to salivate.

"I'm so hungry. When exactly can we eat?" a young man couldn't help asking.

"It's supposed to be ready any minute. The Phoenix-Tail Prawns dish doesn't need much time. It was merely because both chefs have such terrific culinary skills that we are all hungry just by watching." After swallowing the saliva, another person analyzed calmly.

Of all people on site, only Wang Shuyuan remained seated in the chair, staying as still as a mountain. He mainly fixated his attention on Yuan Zhou, whom he had only seen once. Yuan Zhou acted like he was working on a great piece of art while cooking. His wholeheartedness was revealed in every detail.

Taking the used kitchen stove, for example, Chef Yu obvious was used to the junior chefs helping him tidy up while Yuan Zhou put everything back whenever he finished using it. As a result, despite the various steps and procedures, every motion of Yuan Zhou was

natural as he left everything in a clean and orderly fashion.

Soon, Yuan Zhou likewise started to scatter the pea starch on the shrimps and fry them in oil. Surprisingly, there was strong fragrance filled in the whole room when Chef Yu fried the prawns but there was no fragrance of any sort when Yuan Zhou did the same.

The remaining actions of the two people were basically the same. These include frying in oil, stir-frying and tray loading. Soon, their dishes were both ready for eating.

At that time, the general manager who had stayed at the side announced, “Now the masterpieces of the two chefs are both ready. Wow, the fragrance itself is making me hungry, so I won’t hold up everybody from savoring. Little Wu, go to carry the two dishes here and split them into small plates.

“Great words, general manager. I’m indeed hungry and will have to eat something else later. Otherwise, I won’t be able to go back home.” Somebody followed up with some joking words.

“Absolutely. General manager, you must offer some discounts. It’s all because your head chef does a great job, making me hungry again not long after lunch,” another person said while smiling.

While they were leisurely joking over there, Meng Meng also started to speak in a low voice to her audiences, “Oh no, Meng Meng is so hungry. Are you all hungry?”

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Chapter 110: The Meaning Of Being A Chef

While they were leisurely joking over there, Meng Meng also started to speak in a low voice to her audiences, “Oh no, oh no. Meng Meng is so hungry. Are you all hungry?”

[I was hungry ages ago. The second gathering for dinner is happening now. Come on. Get on the car,] from Boundary of Firmament.

[Hi, rich man. Where are you gathering for the dinner? Can I join in?] from Amisa.

[You are also a rich man. Come and join us,] from Boundary of Firmament.

[You honorable rich men, tell me the address, please,] from Accompanying You.

[Let me get the topic back to what it was. Meng Meng, we are all hungry. Would you join me for the dinner?] from Shime.

[This is a cunning guy. Meng Meng, come join us. Help yourself to any of Boss Yuan’s dishes,] from Boundary of Firmament. Electronic currency, a gift in the form of a plane, was then transferred across the screen to Meng Meng.

[That’s right. You should join us. Come on, come on,] from Amisa. This wealthy man also transferred her with another plane.

Then the topic totally changed to waiting to treat Meng Meng to eat in Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

The customers and the judges, nevertheless, started to savor the dishes.

There were only 8 shrimps in Yuan Zhou's Phoenix-Tail Prawns dish. Wang Shuyuan directly picked up one shrimp and several phoenix tree flowers, cruelly ruining the decorative phoenix bird resting in the phoenix tree on the plate. Even so, Wang Shuyuan still cared about his reputation so he didn't take all the decorative items away.

"Why did you take away the decorations? Look, the style is immediately damaged." Those who liked the appearance of the dish were taking photos with their phones when they realized Wang Shuyuan actions.

Little Wu allocated a few shrimps to each plate for everyone accordingly. The amount of the prawns in Chef Yu's Phoenix-Tail Prawns dish was larger, basically sufficient to allocate everybody with two. However, there were totally 8 shrimps in the dish cooked by Yuan Zhou, hence it was troublesome for Little Wu to evenly allocate them to the customers.

Seeing this awkward situation, some customers said to him considerately, "No need to give me that one. I just want some prawns cooked by Chef Yu."

Only that way could the shrimps cooked by Yuan Zhou be allocated evenly to each of the remaining customers.

Wang Shuyuan first savored the prawns cooked by Chef Yu, which were basically alike to those cooked in the previous contest. The outer surface was brown and crisp while the meat was fine and tender. The abundant freshness and the non-oily ingredients just brought about the special flavor of the Phoenix-Tail Prawns.

As for the shrimp from Yuan Zhou's Phoenix-Tail Prawns dish, Wang Shuyuan savored it meticulously. As the kind of prawns used was changed this time, the taste was also different from that he had experienced in Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

The prawns in Yuan Zhou's restaurant almost push the word "freshness" to its limit. Moreover, it tasted extremely elegant and was free from any other disturbing scents. The existence of vegetables seemed to be only an ornament and even the elasticity of the prawn meat seemed to serve as a foil to the delicacy of the prawns.

Now, although without the utmost freshness, this dish nevertheless had a more crisp and tender taste and felt like it combined several different flavors into one. It's not easy to say which one is better. But on the aspect of taste, it was definitely the prawns cooked in Yuan Zhou's restaurant that outclassed the current one. As for the taste, both had their own merits.

The outcome of this contest is quite apparent to Yuan Zhou and Wang Shuyuan. As for other people, the empty plates that didn't even have the decorations left, proved everything.

“Seriously, where does this young master come from? Even the decorative radish could be made so delicious. Yet, we didn’t notice how he flavored it just now even though we were all watching personally,” a customer who had just taken the last bite of the dish asked eagerly.

“How should I know? Anyhow, the marvelous taste immediately conquered me in that moment.” While speaking, he touched the arm of the one beside him and continued saying in a low voice, “In comparison, the prawns cooked by Chef Yu were a little greasier, not as fresh and cool. Right?”

“I think so, too. Formerly, I felt that Chef Yu cooking Phoenix-Tail Prawns was absolutely beyond comparison but now...” another man approached them and likewise agreed.

“Enough. Don’t say that anymore. Luckily, we don’t need to make the final decision; otherwise, Chef Yu wouldn’t have a nice expression.” At any rate, Chef Yu had been their favorite chef.

The face of the general manager wasn’t so happy, either, as the results were much too obvious. There were still some prawns left in Chef Yu’s dish while the plate containing Yuan Zhou’s dish was just a few steps away from being cleaned by the customers. They were merely waiting for Wang Shuyuan to announce this known-to-all result now.

“This old guy knows it’s only an exchange of pointers today, thus the result doesn’t actually matter. If talking seriously, both the

chefs had their own merits. It's merely that Master Yuan does it slightly better." Noticing the time was more or less appropriate, Wang Shuyuan straightway stood up and announced that in a rather polite tone.

The customers who were on the site for the taste test actually felt what Wang Shuyuan said made sense. However, the expression of the two masters still appeared alright. Yuan Zhou was still as solemn as before and didn't have any difference from when he first came, giving people a feeling that he did everything earnestly.

Chef Yu also behaved with grace and ease, although with a slightly unhappy expression.

"Master Yuan is truly amazing as expected. Though I didn't manage to savor the taste personally this time, I got to know it from the reaction of the customers. If I have the chance, I will definitely go to your restaurant and savor your dishes," Chef Yu said politely while revealing a smiling face.

"Ok." Yuan Zhou nodded and accepted it solemnly.

"Regarding the knife, I give it to Master Yuan. I hope you like it. It's not a magic weapon but is quite comfortable to use," Chef Yu took out the wooden box and said unwillingly.

If Yuan Zhou accepted this reward, Chef Yu would be considered as generous while Yuan Zhou would give people a forceful impression."

Almost everyone knew that this was a knife, more specifically, a treasured knife that Chef Yu had bought for the first time after he worked as a chef. Regardless of its price, it had a special significance to a chef.

While reaching out to press and hold the box, Yuan Zhou raised his head, looking at Chef Yu, and said earnestly, "No need. Exchanging pointers does not require a reward."

"No, no. Boss Yuan, This is where you are wrong. I promised to offer the knife as the reward to the winner. Besides, you have just won the championship from me. Now even the champion's place is yours, not to mention this small knife." Chef Yu got a little angry with Yuan Zhou's refusal and eventually said in a discontented tone.

"Champion?" Yuan Zhou answered indifferently as if he hadn't paid much attention to the word.

"Yes, champion, the new municipal level champion. With the title, you can attend the provincial level cooking contest and if you win, you can further take part in the national contest." Chef Yu spent his lifetime improving his culinary skills. Nevertheless, the newly obtained champion title, namely the opportunity for advancing, was about to be given to others, causing his title of head chef to become more in name than in reality. Thinking of that, Chef Yu instantly became downcast.

"There's no champion in the field of cooking," Yuan Zhou said with an earnest expression on his face. "If you say there indeed is, it's merely the compliments from the customers when they were

satisfied.”

“Eh...”

Chef Yu became speechless and instantly got defeated by Yuan Zhou’s meaningful tone.

Regardless of his levels, the ultimate purpose of a chef was merely to let the customers be satisfied with his dishes. These words would probably be known by every cook but also probably known by none.

Sometimes, fame mattered more than skills but after removing all the superficial stuff, it was only about taste.

“Master Yuan absolutely makes sense. We are nothing more than a cook. I was wrong.” Instantly, Chef Yu felt that he had straightened out his thinking a lot. Though defeated, the customers were still satisfied with his dishes. This was also another kind of success.

After Yuan Zhou noticed Chef Yu’s excited manner, he just turned around and left without saying anything.

It was Meng Meng, who had been broadcasting the contest that followed in quick steps. “Boss Yuan, wait for me.”

The conversation between Chef Yu and Yuan Zhou was heard by several persons. Immediately, Yuan Zhou’s image was no longer a

master who cooked well but a genuine cook instead.

“Boss Yuan, can I ask a question?” Meng Meng was still puzzled about Yuan Zhou coming for the contest only after doing the business at noon.

“Sure.” Yuan Zhou walked quickly ahead of her.

“Why didn’t you come earlier at noon? It seems like you don’t respect your rival,” Meng Meng asked frankly.

“Respecting other cook is indeed a courtesy but respecting customers is the fundamental quality of a chef which means more than courtesy. When the courtesy collides with the fundamental quality, I would prefer to give up the usual courtesy.”

“So, it’s not that I don’t respect my rival. It’s just I want to come after opening hours are over. Although I don’t like it but I don’t mind being an uncivilized cook with no courtesy for once.”

What a chef should respect most were his customers.

Meng Meng became stupefied.

The audiences watching the live broadcast were likewise astounded...

Chapter 111: Reward Of The System

The righteous words of Yuan Zhou first astounded Meng Meng and then the audiences of the live broadcast. After all, everybody would want to be respected.

Of course, there were some who agreed and also some that disagreed, for example, this person from the audience.

[I think this is merely Boss Yuan's excuse. Although it sounds great, it's no more than an excuse. If he really respects us, why doesn't he serve dishes as per customer's demand? Instead, he regulates that each customer can only eat one serving of each dish per meal,] from An Pang.

The words were sharp. Once the message appeared on the screen, it drove away the screenful of compliments to Yuan Zhou. After quite a little time, another audience replied him.

[I don't think so. Leaving aside Boss Yuan's manner of speaking just now, let's talk about the matter of rules. A chef naturally has his own habits and rules. And I feel that Boss Yuan laid down that rule of ordering only one serving in case we get tired of eating the same dish, although I don't think I will ever tire of his dishes,] from Amisa.

[Moreover, one serving is enough for one to eat his fill. And we can also order another serving of different dishes for a taste now. Besides, Boss Yuan really treasured foods and even told us not to waste it,] from Shime.

[I have seen Boss Yuan feed a stray dog. I know he is a loving man,] from Boundary of Firmament.

[Every time I see Boss Yuan cooking so earnestly, I then feel all these rules are acceptable,] from Warwolf Thunderclap.

[Fine, let's skip over the rules. But sometimes, he opens in the morning and sometimes not. What do you say about that?] from An Pang.

This person seemed to have many complaints about that. In some ways, it made sense. Whoever waited outside the entrance in the early morning wouldn't be happy when he found the restaurant was closed all along.

[I feel you guys are too demanding. Boss Yuan runs the restaurant alone and he needs to make great efforts to get everything done, which are mostly invisible to us. I don't think it a problem not to open the restaurant in the morning occasionally,] from Red Candle Devil.

[Boss Yuan is always working seriously during business hours. I think the respect is revealed when Boss Yuan will consciously make up for the loss of business time if it was due to his own reasons. I remember one day when it was raining, Boss Yuan, as a person who undoubtedly loves money, provided a new towel for free and recommended the hot Clear Broth Noodle Soup dish to each of the customers. I believe this is just the respect of a chef to his customers,] from Full Flowers In this Invisible World.

The sincere narrations caused everybody to fall silent as some of these audiences had personally been there. Despite his aloof manner and unpleasant words, they could feel the earnestness of Yuan Zhou whenever he cooked.

Nevertheless, Meng Meng likewise kept silent while looking at the messages. Everything her audiences talked about was indeed true.

Yuan Zhou never cared much about others' opinion to him. After all, with his emotional intelligence, he wasn't likely to understand that. Therefore, he directly walked out of the entrance. Having checked and found that there was still sufficient time before dinner, he decided to head to the bookstore.

As a young man that loves reading, Yuan Zhou would buy some books occasionally, which meant on the members day of the bookstores or when the bookstore offered discounts.

Of course, it happened to be the members' day of the bookstore today.

Lagging behind of Yuan Zhou, Meng Meng didn't catch up with him. Instead, she went back home after saying goodbye to her audiences.

The bookstore that Yuan Zhou often dropped by was called BuK Book City, a chain of bookstores where there were a large amount of books inside. If there was none, the staffs would have it

delivered from the other chains.

It was fairly close, hence Yuan Zhou decided to go by foot.

It was the members' day of the bookstore and one could have a big discount of 20% with the member card. Yuan Zhou prepared to carefully choose some book to enrich his spiritual life.

As the BuK Book City bookstore was located not far from World Foodie Hotel in the downtown area, it was the largest main store among the BuK Chains. There were a total of four floors. On the first floor, one-half was used for the construction of cashier counters while the other half, behind the stairway, was made into a book bar for customers to take a little rest and read books on the rattan chairs. On the whole, it gave people a sense of quiet among the bustling din.

The second, third and fourth floor were all filled with various books. Naturally, the second floor was filled with the spiritual foods of students. These include various reference books, tutorial materials, and textbooks. On the third floor, however, were mainly reference books for every professional category. Yuan Zhou directly skipped over the two floors and went to the fourth floor.

On this floor were all kinds of literary novels, published web novels, youth literature, and some biographies, etc.

Having passed by all these kinds of books, Yuan Zhou walked straightway to the area for inspirational books.

He conveniently took up a book, looked at the title and checked the price. Then with a nod, Yuan Zhou indicated that these were what he just wanted. After taking up three similar books, Yuan Zhou began to search for other kinds of books.

When he found other varieties didn't conform to his requests, Yuan Zhou decisively took up the three books and returned to the first floor, preparing to pay.

The cashier separated them. The first was 99 Tips to Become a Prince Charming with a white cover. The original price was 20 RMB, while with the discount, it was only 16 RMB; the second was 108 Methods to Get Up Early, with a modest price of 23 RMB and 18.4 RMB with the discount; the last was A Valuable Book for Curing Late Stage Cancer of Laziness, despite the seemingly normal red cover.

It seemed that Yuan Zhou had a rich and colorful spiritual life. Looking at the discounted price, Yuan Zhou walked swaggeringly out of the Book City accompanied by the weird sights of the cashier.

While Yuan Zhou was walking back, the reward of the system was already available. However, Yuan Zhou would usually receive it after getting back to the restaurant.

Just like before, Yuan Zhou took a taxi back to the restaurant.

With a straight face, Yuan Zhou was actually curious about what exactly the Master Chef Set was. The name sounded like some sort

of armor in online games.

The abilities of Yuan Zhou playing online games were more or less the same as an elementary school kid, to be more specific, not as good as them.

“Here we are.” the taxi driver said as he stopped the car with a sound of “Zi”, and then turned his head.

“Thank you. Here is 23 RMB in all.” After paying the fare according to the price shown on the taximeter, Yuan Zhou got off the taxi.

Having returned to the restaurant through the back door, Yuan Zhou went to the second floor and put down the books before sitting down and tapping open the system.

[Temporary mission] To win a victory on the contest with Chef Yu

(Mission tips: Now that others have challenged you to your face, as a future master chef, you should begin to cultivate your pride and dignity from now, young man.)

[Mission status] Completed

[Mission reward] One piece of Master Chef Set (available to be received)

“Receive.” Yuan Zhou realized he had made a stupid decision again just after saying that. It seemed that every time the reward would be obtained in the kitchen, while right now he was on the second floor.

“Dong Dong Dong”, he had only to move quickly to the kitchen to take a look.

There appeared a conspicuous flat wooden box about 25 cm long on the clean azure stone countertop. The padauk color and the white countertop formed a sharp comparison.

The box was so perfectly sealed that Yuan Zhou even didn’t know where he could open it. After playing with the box in his hands for a while, he eventually found a tiny bulge. Upon pressing it, the box was opened with a “Pa” sound.

“System, what’s this?” Yuan Zhou couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

The system displayed, “Taste-Free Chopsticks of the Master Chef Set.”

“Ho Ho. I know they are chopsticks. Are these the so-called Master Chef Set?” Yuan Zhou felt that even the blue veins on his forehead were ridiculing him.

The system displayed, “The chopsticks are made of Fragrance-

Free Wood, which won't be contaminated with any sort of taste. That's why they were called Taste-Free Chopsticks. It will help the host to savor the dishes."

"Thank your f*cking grandma!"

The system displayed, "Host, the system is not your grandma. Please clearly recognize the relationship between the system and you."

"...Thank you for your kind reminder."

Yuan Zhou's tone revealed the feeling of gnashing his teeth in anger while talking. He speechlessly glared at the chopsticks that appeared to be a pair of ordinary wooden chopsticks.

Chapter 112: Taste-Free Chopsticks

Yuan Zhou's tone revealed the feeling of gnashing his teeth in anger while talking. He speechlessly glared at the chopsticks that appeared to be a pair of ordinary wooden chopsticks. Every time he receives a reward from the system, it was a novel experience.

With a “Pa” sound, he closed the wooden box and decided to go upstairs for a little rest before coming down to open the restaurant.

Once the door was opened, he found many customers had gathered at the entrance, including his staff, Mu Xiaoyun.

“Master Yuan, how was the contest? There wasn’t any problem, was there?” Of the tens of people, the grandpa first asked.

The grandpa only got to know about the exchange of pointers this morning when he came to have breakfast. That old friend of his had also mentioned the contest once and probably it’s him who told that Chef Yu the detailed address of the restaurant. After all, other judges had never been to Yuan Zhou’s restaurant.

“No, no problem. Thank you.” Yuan Zhou gave him a nod, indicating everything was good.

“Boss Yuan, does that mean you won?” immediately, someone from the crowd asked.

“Yes. Business hours start now.” after giving an affirmative answer, Yuan Zhou continued saying.

“Let’s go and eat. Look, didn’t I say already? How is it possible that Boss Yuan will encounter any problems?” Having gotten the affirmative answer, Wu Zhou immediately spoke happily while walking inside.

“I’m not worrying, merely confirming.” Indeed, the regular customers basically didn’t worry as they had all personally witnessed the culinary skills of Yuan Zhou.

“It feels like my wallet is going to lose a lot of weight today,” somebody covered his wallet and bemoaned.

“Come on. You haven’t been here for half a month.” immediately, another man ridiculed him.

With a solemn look on his face, he then said at once, “Eh...., I have been saving money. I can order two different dishes today.”

While turning around and walking ahead, Yuan Zhou revealed a tender smile on his face. It was such a nice feeling to be sincerely cared for.

Yuan Zhou’s restaurant was crowded with many regular customers tonight, who were basically asking about the contest in the afternoon and then let their wallets slim down by buying some of their favorite dishes. Therefore, the restaurant appeared to be

extraordinarily boisterous.

The next morning, after the one-hour business hour, Yuan Zhou straightaway went out of the restaurant towards the small vegetable market not far away. Naturally, he didn't forget to take his hand cart.

While the hand cart was moving on the ground and emitting slight creaking “Zi Zi” sounds. Yuan Zhou went directly to a grocery store instead of the vegetable market.

The items in the grocery store were fairly complete with reasonable prices.

Yuan Zhou spent hundreds of RMB on a full cart of stuffs, making the boss of the grocery think he was a wholesaler, yet not exactly appearing to be one.

How could a wholesaler buy only one of each kind of item?

Since the hand cart was full of all kinds of bottles and containers this time, Yuan Zhou had to pull it with great caution on the way back. Fortunately, the boss was very nice. He helped to put some cushions between the items, hence reducing the risk of anything breaking if handled carefully.

Usually, Yuan Zhou would enter the restaurant through the front door when he purchased things. This time was no exception.

After entering, Yuan Zhou immediately went to the kitchen and moved all the items in the hand cart onto the azure stone countertop. Next, he took out a stack of small plates and laid them out in a row.

He began to pour different flavorings into the small plates, one of each kind. The remaining plates would then be taken back and placed into the cabinet.

The row roughly amounted to more than 20 small plates. Seated in the chair, Yuan Zhou took out the reward of the system that he had felt disgusted the previous night, the Taste-Free Chopsticks.

There was still half an hour before the restaurant would open for business. Yuan Zhou felt the period of the time was just good to try the effect of the chopsticks.

The oil, salt, soy sauce, vinegar, and tea were respectively in the first few plates, which were quite normal. The remaining plates basically contained all other kinds of flavorings while a glass of water was prepared at the side.

He first tried the oil. Having slightly dipped the chopsticks in the oil and then put them in the mouth, Yuan Zhou found the taste to be the same; it had no change. Then, he dipped the chopsticks in vinegar and put it into his mouth again. There was, indeed, only the taste of the vinegar with no trace of oil. One should know that Yuan Zhou didn't specifically wipe them.

No matter how clean they were wiped, ordinary new chopsticks

carried a sort of intrinsic taste while used ones had even more of those taste. This was because the taste had mostly soaked into the inside.

Now it seemed that this pair of Taste-Free chopsticks were worthy of its name. At this, Yuan Zhou showed more interest and began dipping them in each of the plates, playing around extremely happily.

“Duk Duk Duk”, a sound of high-heels could be heard approaching the restaurant.

Raising his head and taking a look, Yuan Zhou saw a girl with clusters of wavy hair over her head. With an oval shaped face and a pair of peach blossom eyes, this fair-skinned girl was beautiful. The only blemish was her expression that did not seem good.

Though having noticed Yuan Zhou raising his head, she didn't actually respond to him. Instead, she took a seat nearby, reaching out her long white fingers and tapping the table with a sound of “Dong Dong”.

“Non-business hours,” Yuan Zhou directly said that and then lowered his head, continuing to savor the tastes.

“If a boss like you plays that way, how could he get any customer? I'm just here to have a rest.” The arrogant look of the beautiful girl couldn't cover the dim expression on her pretty face.

“Oh.”

Yuan Zhou didn't want to receive customers outside of the opening hours. Nevertheless, since business hours were almost arriving, he said nothing more and merely continued to play with the Taste-Free Chopsticks, stirring them in each plate.

The beautiful girl first curiously watched him play for a while. When she found his actions to be quite repetitive, she then lost interest and then became irritable.

As a matter of fact, she had a fairly outgoing character. However, it really was a bad day today for her, which was why she was so irritable.

To the beautiful girl, Yue Yueli, it was an extremely terrible day today. She was originally in a bad mood and took a drive to release some stress. However, she had gotten a flat tire while driving outside. After parking the car and making a call to inform a repair company, she wandered around and got lost.

Then she entered this small and simple restaurant which nevertheless appeared clean, but now felt that the boss was definitely out of his mind.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Yue Yueli couldn't bear the silent atmosphere hence asked a question.

“...” Yuan Zhou's reaction was that he didn't react. He was

making the best use of the remaining time in playing with the chopsticks, actually experimenting.

“I want to order some dishes,” she didn’t actually know what food was served in the restaurant but just said that casually.

“It’s not the business hours right now.” Yuan Zhou would still answer all questions of the customers.

While turning her head and preparing to look at the exact business hours of the small restaurant, Yue Yueli got to see the prices on the wall and couldn’t help laughing. “Is there anybody who would come to eat with these prices?”

“I’m sorry. If you want to eat, please wait until the business hours start. If not, please leave.” Yuan Zhou was rarely in good mood thus spoke a long sentence.

However, his utterance sounded different when heard by Yue Yueli. No matter what, she was still quite a beautiful girl. Though she didn’t use her beauty to gain advantages, Yue Yueli nevertheless enjoyed quite a few preferential treatments. Nonetheless, this guy seemed to be ignorant of that and moreover wanted to drive her away.

“You open a restaurant but don’t accept any business. Besides, the price of your dishes is so high. I’m afraid not many people could afford them. For the sake of my bad mood, I will reluctantly order one serving of Watermelon Juice.” while revealing a manner as if to pity Yuan Zhou, Yue Yueli said discontentedly with her

brows frowning.

“You have to wait until the business hours start and only then, have lunch.” Not having been swayed by that, Yuan Zhou gave the same reply again.

“If so, I’ll just sit here for a rest. You can continue playing with your chopsticks.” with an angry face, Yue Yueli said impolitely.

“My restaurant is too small that there won’t be enough seats for my customers in a while. Why don’t you go to other places for a rest?” with his never-changing solemn expression, Yuan Zhou was reluctant to give her any opportunities.

The rule of Yuan Zhou was that rules are rules, regardless of who they were.

Chapter 113: 100 Styles Of Rice Cuisine

Anyhow, Yue Yueli was a girl. Being requested repeatedly by the boss to leave, she would naturally turn around and get out while still murmuring in her mouth, “With such expensive dishes and such a small restaurant, how is it possible that people would come to eat?”

However, after saying this sentence, she was immediately astounded by the crowd that instantly squeezed into the restaurant.

Stunned, she found the small restaurant was truly filled to brim with customers after standing at the entrance for a little while.

“Luckily that my words weren’t heard by the boss just now.” With this, Yue Yueli didn’t have the mood to wander about anymore. Therefore, she asked for directions and walked out of the street.

This group of people was the audience of the live broadcast yesterday. They were organized by the wealthy Amisa to come to Yuan Zhou’s restaurant for a meal.

With the help of the contest and the ten customers’ enquiries, Yuan Zhou eventually completed the third stage of the mission and, afterward, received the reward of 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine.

“What kind of rice is provided this time?” Yuan Zhou was in urgent need for top-notch ingredient rewarded by the system in

order to comfort his wounded heart which was caused when he had just obtained the Taste-Free Chopsticks.

The system displayed, “The rice provided this time is Yang Xi Zao breed of the Jing Shan Qiao Rice. The harvest was likewise the least among all local breeds.”

“As a specialty of Jiangshan County in the Land of Jingchu, Jing Shan Qiao Rice got the name from its place of origin in Sunqiao Town of Jingshan County. The rice particles are long and slender, shiny and clean, tasty and non-sticky, and fragrant and delicious. Therefore, it was designated by the royal house to be used to pay tribute from as early as in Ming dynasty.

“Of the Jing Shan Qiao Rice, the Yang Xi Zao breed was characterized by its dryness, completeness, maturity and whiteness. The green stem of the rice was jade in color and its white belly was extremely small. Besides, the long and slender, shiny and clean quality makes the rice a treasure that was seldom encountered. The steamed rice cooked by the grains is loose and soft, tangy and fragrant, delicious and non-sticky. Furthermore, it had an abundance of nutrients and was best fit for making the diversified rice foods.”

“As expected, it’s again the rice for the royal house.” Yuan Zhou felt himself to be quite a calm person. If not for his excited actions in turning the kitchen upside down to look for the rice, it would have been more convincing.

Written at the upper part of a cabinet next to the one for the wheat grains for Egg Fried Rice were several words, 100 Styles of

Rice Cuisine, which was considered to be the rewarded rice this time.

As for the 100 cooking ways of rice, Yuan Zhou had already tacitly understood each of them, thinking that he would eat one particular type each day later. For some of the cooking ways, Yuan Zhou had never even heard of them, which in turn widened his experience.

The several words of “100 Styles of Rice Cuisine” were also added in the menu on the wall.

100 Styles of Rice Cuisine, 98 RMB per serving

At 5:00 in the afternoon, Yuan Zhou started to do business. It seemed that he forgot one thing, that is, it was Saturday today and the two people who basically came regularly every Saturday came again today.

“Mu Mu, listen to me. Last time, Boss Yuan won the cooking contest. It was said to be quite spectacular. When we go back home, I will look for the video for you to watch. Just don’t be angry, ok?” The duck-like quacking voice of Wu Zhou could be clearly heard even from a distance.

At least, Yuan Zhou had always felt the voice of Wu Zhou could be compared to the quacking voice of ducks when he intentionally lowered his voice and pretended to be charming.

“Then are you going to be good to me from now on?” while pinching the soft flesh on Wu Zhou’s waist, Zhuang Xinmu threatened.

“Yes, absolutely,” pretending to be in severe pain, Wu Zhou agreed ceaselessly with a pathetic expression.

The two people approached Yuan Zhou’s restaurant while shouting and laughing. Yuan Zhou nevertheless asked seriously, “What do you want to eat?”

“Boss Yuan is still as serious as before. It’s not good for you. You should be happy and smile more frequently.” With his girlfriend beside him, Wu Zhou appeared to be showing off a lot and even began to make jokes about Yuan Zhou.

“No need,” having decisively refused him, Yuan Zhou’s tone became more solemn.

“Ok. Hurry up and sit down; otherwise, the number of customers will increase in a while,” standing at the side, Zhuang Xinmu pulled the edge of Wu Zhou’s clothes.

“Alright. Mu Mu, check the menu and tell me which one you want to eat.” With a complaisant smile on his face, Wu Zhou immediately turned his head and waited for Zhuang Xinmu to choose her favorite dishes

As a ranking member of FFF league, Yuan Zhou disdainfully

glanced at Wu Zhou's doggy manner towards his girlfriend and continued maintaining his usual seriousness.

“Gee, 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine? Is this a new dish? What does it mean?” Zhuang Xinmu was quite familiar with Yuan Zhou’s menu, thus immediately found the new dish.

“It might mean a name for cooked rice?” Wu Zhou asked tentatively.

His girlfriend didn’t trust his speculation and thus prepared to ask Yuan Zhou directly.

“Boss Yuan, what does that mean, the one called 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine?” Zhuang Xinmu asked.

“It’s literally what it’s supposed to mean.” Yuan Zhou straightforwardly answered.

“Eh, is it really the name of a particular rice cuisine?” Wu Zhou still believed his speculation was right.

“It should be the 100 ways of cooking rice?” After thinking for a while, Zhuang Xinmu said to Yuan Zhou.

This time, Yuan Zhou gave her a simple nod, affirming her speculation.

If one were to say that there were a 100 ways of cooking rice, most people would probably believe that. They just didn't know which method it was.

"What kind of cooking ways? Does it include porridge?" Actually, Zhuang Xinmu preferred to drink porridge. As her mom was from the south and their breakfast was always porridge, with Southern snacks sometimes.

"No, it doesn't include that. It's limited to only the cooking ways of rice. You can add flavorings but cannot add side dishes." Yuan Zhou gave a supplementary explanation to her.

"That's fine. I want a serving of Fried Rice Patties. Boss Yuan should know the way of cooking, right?" Zhuang Xinmu asked with a mischievous expression.

This place was located in the southwest. Therefore, this dish name, which sounded to be a kind of snack, was rather unfamiliar. Obviously, Zhuang Xinmu did this on purpose.

She just wanted to see the expression of Yuan Zhou when he wasn't able to cook it.

She would never have thought that Yuan Zhou still remained calm and say, "Sure, wait a moment, please."

When she found Yuan Zhou actually knew how to cook it, she got a little surprised. Thinking of the Jin'ling cuisines, however, she

immediately understood.

Wu Zhou just stood at the side and watched them. He hadn't eaten the Fried Rice Patties before either, hence said hurriedly, "I want a serving of that dish too." Only after ordering his dish did he sit down and wait there.

Fried Rice Patties was matter-of-factly a traditional snack which was especially popular in the area south of the Yangtze River. It was a deep fried pastry, usually cooked for breakfast.

Of course, Yuan Zhou had a good knowledge of the snack. Perfect Fried Rice Patties were characterized by the golden yellow external layer along with the snowy internal layer of cooked soft rice, giving it a fragrant taste and crisp feeling when being bit. Chewed in the mouth, the Fried Rice Patties gave crisp, salty and fresh texture without any greasy feeling even though it was fried with oil.

He took out some Jing Shan Qiao Rice, washed them clean and threw them into a high-temperature ceramic rice cooker. After that, he added some water until the water level was 5 cm above the rice and added some fragrant well salt. Having heated the cooker on high heat first, he then turned down the flames and kept heating the cooker for another 10 minutes. At this time, the lid of the cooker needed to be removed, thus the fragrance of the cooked rice naturally floated slowly into the noses of the several people.

"What kind of rice is it? With such a fragrant flavor, it feels that I can even eat at least two bowls of the plain rice," while inhaling the scent of the rice, Wu Zhou asked directly.

However, Yuan Zhou pretended not to hear that and didn't give him any answer.

"It's likely to be some new crops of rice. My mum has once said some new crops of rice in the area south of the Yangtze River were quite fragrant to cook," Zhuang Xinmu said hesitantly.

"Yeah, yeah. Mu Mu is always right," Wu Zhou responded primly.

"With such heavy fragrance, it must have been cooked with new crops of rice and spring mountain water." Now, Zhuang Xinmu's expression appeared to be more firm.

On this point, Zhuang Xinmu definitely speculated correctly. It was indeed new crops of rice being cooked with spring mountain water. It was just that this spring mountain water was the flowing spring water from deep within the mountains, hence free from any pollution or peculiar smells, while the rice was Yang Xi Zao, a breed of the Jing Shan Qiao Rice.

Soon the rice was well cooked. He then poured them into a square wooden plate and made them into two shaped pastries of identical size. After setting them down in a special place for cooling, Yuan Zhou began to prepare the oil and wok for frying.

The oil that Yuan Zhou had poured into the wok was just enough to submerge the two rectangle soap-sized shaped pastries. When the oil was heated until it boiled, the shaped pastries had also

cooled properly. Then, Yuan Zhou slid the two pastries along the verge of the oil into the wok and began to fry them.

During the process, he stirred the oil lightly with the spoon. At that time, the main hall was again free of any greasy smell.

After turning to golden yellow color, the Fried Rice Patties took shape. Yuan Zhou directly scooped them up and shook his hand quickly during the process. When they were laid out on the square plate, there was no excessive oil, leaving only the golden yellow and delicious Fried Rice Patties emitting a tempting fragrance.

It greatly stirred some appetites...

Chapter 114: Diversified Ways Of Cooking

Against the green lotus leaf edges, the golden yellow Fried Rice Patties appeared pretty refreshing. While emitting a faint fragrance, it was carried to the table.

"Enjoy your meal, please," Yuan Zhou said lightly.

"Boss Yuan, you are so experienced and knowledgeable and even able to make this. Please provide us with two cups of Watermelon Juice as well." Zhuang Xinmu was quite familiar with the food of Fried Rice Patties, which was better to be eaten with broth. If not, it would stick to the throat due to its excessive dryness.

"Ok, one moment, please," Yuan Zhou answered with a nod.

Yuan Zhou took out two watermelons from the cabinet and prepared to extract the juice.

"Mu Mu, so this is the Fried Rice Patties, right? It looks like the glutinous rice cake," while poking the golden yellow Fried Rice Patties on the plate, Wu Zhou asked in curiosity.

"They are different. This food is made of rice and has a different taste. Savor it yourself." Knowing that Wu Zhou hadn't eaten that before, Zhuang Xinmu explained carefully.

"Everything Mu Mu says is right. I'm gonna eat now." Only after complimenting Zhuang Xinmu first did Wu Zhou turn his head

and prepare to savor it.

The Fried Rice Patties cooked by Yuan Zhou were approximately the same size as to those sold outside but its appearance was much better.

Nevertheless, this dish cooked by Yuan Zhou didn't have any fragrance.

Wu Zhou picked up one of the patties and stuffed it directly into his mouth before giving it a bite.

With a sound of "Ka Cha", he bit off one piece and then found that only the outer layer may be yellowish and crisp but the inside of the patties was actually tender and white, soft and tasty, with also a bit of viscosity that came from the rice.

After careful observation, he further discovered the yellowish and the white both existed on one rice grain.

Half the rice grain was in golden yellow and the other half was in tender white. Plus the slightly salty taste inside blended together with the typical fragrance of rice, it brought about a special texture, crisp, soft and tender.

"Pia Pia"

A strange sound came from inside his mouth. Wu Zhou couldn't help taking another bite with a bigger mouthful this time. One

could taste a clearer texture and even the moisture that emitted from the rice, making the food free of any underlying dryness.

One bite after another, the Fried Rice Patties were soon eaten up by Wu Zhou.

"Mu Mu, you are so amazing. The rice is so delicious and tasty after being cooked this way," Wu Zhou swallowed the last mouthful and said in admiration.

Zhuang Xinmu, nevertheless, had no time to answer him at that time. She only responded vaguely with a sound of "Oh" and was immersed in eating without caring about her ladylike appearance.

Actually, Wu Zhou just felt the patties were merely delicious. Since every dish in Yuan Zhou's restaurant was pretty delicious, he felt it quite natural for the Fried Rice Patties to taste so good.

But it was different for Zhuang Xinmu. She often ate the homemade Fried Rice Patties at home, thus had a deeper understanding of it.

The Fried Rice Patties were essentially a kind of snack. Making it was of some difficulties, yet not too much. Originally, it required soybean milk to be eaten with as it was fairly greasy and too dry if eaten separately.

Those cooked by Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, didn't have all these defects.

First, every rice grain had absorbed sufficient moisture which was released along with the intrinsic fragrance of rice when they were chewed, and thus gave it the perfect texture. As for grease, there was none on the chopsticks and the plate.

The swift movements when the Fried Rice Patties were scooped up ensured that there wasn't any superfluous grease over them, only leaving the aroma and crispness after frying.

This aroma and crispness were all wrapped inside the golden yellow outer layer. As a result, the finished Fried Rice Patties didn't emit any fragrance.

"Boss, have you ever been to the area south of the Yangtze River?" Zhuang Xinmu couldn't help asking.

"No, never," Yuan Zhou answered decisively.

Zhuang Xinmu was greatly astounded in her heart. How did he manage to cook this food that tasted even better than those cooked by the natives if he hadn't been there before? That was really inconceivable.

"If I had known the taste of the patties, we should have ordered something else rather than watermelon juice." Zhuang Xinmu regretted slightly. Two servings of patties and watermelon juice cost them on average 200 RMB per person and naturally, they were unlikely to continue ordering other dishes now.

"Never mind. Mu Mu, just order another serving if you like eating," Wu Zhou knew his girlfriend best, hence immediately said to her considerately.

"No. We can wait until we come next time to order other dishes." Zhuang Xinmu refused him flatly. Seeing Wu Zhou get a little wounded, she continued saying in a soft and low voice, "The next time we come will be a date."

Naturally, the latter half of the sentence was said in a low voice, but of course, it was totally out of the question for Yuan Zhou, who had good ears and eyes, to hear.

The consequences were terrible. Yuan Zhou even carefully thought of how to refuse these two lovers coming here for a date. He had a well-planned reason, saying that lover's dining together would take up too much time.

All these thoughts happened in a flash. Of course, he was only thinking about it casually. Still, he handed the two glasses of the extracted watermelon juice to them.

"Please enjoy."

"Little Master Yuan, is there a new dish today?" the grandpa's voice, full of energy, came from outside the door.

"No." Yuan Zhou answered squarely.

"Boss, don't we have the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine?" Mu Xiaoyun tilted her head and looked at Yuan Zhou in puzzlement.

"Little Master Yuan, how can you treat me like that? Do you want to keep the new dish from me?" the grandpa asked with a smile without getting angry at all.

"That is rice, not a dish," Yuan Zhou answered directly.

"Eh... that really isn't a dish." the grandpa choked a little. However, he was a broad-minded person and didn't really care about embarrassment this, saying, "Rice is better. Please serve me a plate of Jin'ling Grass and a bowl of plain white rice.

"Please look at the menu." Yuan Zhou signaled at him to check the menu behind.

"Grandpa, the boss provides only rice food from the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine." Only after thinking for a while did Mu Xiaoyun eventually bring out the name of the food.

"Then offer me the plain cooked rice, please," the grandpa still said persistently after checking the price.

"One moment, please." After he found that the grandpa had known about the price, Yuan Zhou agreed.

Cooking rice was definitely easier and quicker. Yuan Zhou merely washed the rice once and poured it into the pressure cooker to steam the rice.

The pressure cooker could prevent the nutrition from the rice grains being lost and moreover contain it inside the grains. The taste and scent would also be the best this way.

While cooking the rice, Yuan Zhou began to process the Jin'ling grass. Actually, Yuan Zhou didn't like cooking this dish as it required great care and wouldn't allow the slightest bruise. Of course, it was also a good way for Yuan Zhou to practice his control.

After stir-frying the Jin'ling Grass dish, the plain cooked rice was also done and was ready for consumption. Not more or less, the rice just covered the bottom of the pressure cooker and would perfectly fill a small bowl after being scooped up. Without the need for changing to another bowl, Yuan Zhou would be able to scoop the rice into the bowl and could make it form a round top, giving it an extraordinarily neat and tidy appearance.

"This rice looks great," the grandpa paid a compliment to Yuan Zhou when he saw Yuan Zhou scoop the rice like that.

"Please enjoy your meal." Yuan Zhou carried the bowl of the rice to the front of the grandpa.

The egg-shell white porcelain bowl was painted with golden yellow rice ears, as if the plain cooked rice in the bowl were cradled

with two coarse hands, making the slender rice grains appear clearer as jade while twinkling with a beautiful luster.

Wisps of heat rose up along with the fragrance of the rice. No wonder it was known as the Yang Xi Zao breed of Jing Shan Qiao Rice.

"Nice bowl and good rice." The grandpa very much liked the pattern resembling the farmers' hands.

After giving the compliment, he started to eat.

Jing Shan Qiao Rice enjoyed great popularity among the people due to its strong aroma and its delicious but non-greasy taste.

"It seems I am coming at the right time." The clear and melodious voice of Yin Ya came from afar, outside the door.

"What do you want to eat today?" Yuan Zhou greeted her personally before Mu Xiaoyun opened her mouth and said something.

"I see there's rice. I also want one along with the side dishes," Yin Ya said with a happy smile.

"Humm, it's 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine," Yuan Zhou said directly without mentioning the menu.

"Does the word style really mean 100 ways to cook the rice?" Yin Ya reacted rather quickly.

"Yes, what do you eat?" Yuan Zhou nodded.

Chapter 115: Strange Methods

"What about [Fenli](#)?" Yin Ya thought for a moment while tilting her head.

Fenli are essentially Rice Cakes, one of the traditional specialty snacks of the Guangxi Province. The name of "Fen Li" comes from the specific pronunciation of the distinctive dialect, which means to have a good start or to wish one prosperity for the next year.

"Sure," Yuan Zhou agreed.

"Boss Yuan, you can even cook this?" Yin Ya had only eaten this food once which was brought by one of her colleagues.

At that time, she just felt it was smooth, tender and soft; in one word, very delicious. After enquiring, however, she only knew it was a kind of snack made of rice, which couldn't be found locally. Right now when she heard of rice products, she immediately recalled the snack subconsciously and thus asked casually, without holding any expectations.

"Yes, I can," Yuan Zhou said affirmatively.

"Then I'm going to eat it today," Yin Ya said happily.

"Of course. Just come tomorrow at this hour," Yuan Zhou answered with an earnest expression.

"Humm... what?" Yin Ya first agreed subconsciously before

reacting to what Yuan Zhou was saying.

"Why?" Yin Ya became puzzled.

"Fenli requires a night of preparation. So it's unavailable today," Yuan Zhou straightforwardly said that.

"Eh... haven't you said that reservations were not allowed?" Yin Ya felt rather speechless. She then asked Yuan Zhou while pointing at the rules on the wall.

"That's why I ask you to come tomorrow at this hour," Yuan Zhou answered offhandedly.

"You sure it's not available today?" Yin Ya asked again as if for confirmation.

"No." Yuan Zhou answered firmly.

"Then what are the dishes that I can eat today?" Yin Ya asked after thinking for a while.

"It depends on what you want to eat." It felt like the conversation between these two people had returned to the start.

Yin Ya couldn't help but support her forehead with her hand.
"Oh, my god. Just forget it. What about Lotus Leaf Rice?"

"No problem," Yuan Zhou frowned, not quite understanding what was wrong with YinYa, but still he gave a positive answer.

"In addition, a serving of Jin'ling Grass and beef mince." Yin Ya frugally ordered the dishes and emphasized the allocation of meat and vegetables.

"One moment, please."

Yuan Zhou directly turned around and began to prepare the food.

Lotus leaves were included among the flavorings; therefore, the system had already prepared it.

The Lotus Leaf Rice could trace back to 1300 years ago. Earliest records of the Lotus Leaf Rice in regions of Guangdong could be seen in the book New Talks of Guangdong during the transitional period from the End of the Ming Dynasty to Early Qing Dynasty, "There is a dish called Lotus Leaf Rice in Dongguan, where local people used lotus leaves to wrap the fragrant rice, fish, and meat, etc. and then steamed them together, emitting fragrance from both the exterior and the interior."

In addition, there was another poem mentioning the Lotus Leaves Rice, "In the Pantang area, there is a pond filled with lotus leaves; sisters arrived at dawn to busy with picking them; they don't pick the lotus flower but the lotus leaves instead; as the scent of Lotus Leaf Rice is more fragrant than the lotus flowers itself."

The Lotus Leaf Rice cooked by Yuan Zhou was just like the one mentioned in the poem, more fragrant than the lotus flowers. He didn't actually prepare to put other ingredients in the rice. It was no more than just the Lotus Leaf Rice.

Due to the restrictions on the time, Yuan Zhou directly put the rice into a pot prepared by the system to soak after washing it clean. The pot had an effect of accelerating fermentation and hence could shorten the original two hours' time to within 5 minutes.

During the period of time, Yuan Zhou began to rinse the lotus leaves.

Taken out from the cabinet, the lotus leaves seemed like they had just been picked. There were even still some filaments hanging around at the fracture sections and there were also some crystal dewdrops over the leaves.

The newly picked lotus leaves weren't subject to immediate use, not only because of the cleanliness but also because they had an astringent taste that needed some prior treatment. Yuan Zhou directly used the dewdrops taken from the lotus leaves to rinse them, which could not only prevent the intrinsic fragrant taste of the lotus leaves from being ruined but could also wash them clean that way.

Subsequently, he took out some dewdrops and boiled them with a pot. The lotus leaves were then placed inside for blanching. When they turned darker in color and became slightly soft, Yuan Zhou directly fished out and aired them to dry.

At that time, he took out the rice grains that were well soaked and began to wrap them using the lotus leaves.

Yuan Zhou acted quite meticulously while wrapping the rice. Even the filaments used to bind the lotus leaves were the lotus stalks that had become soft in the boiling water. This was to prevent any foreign flavor from affecting the Lotus Leaf Rice.

The Lotus Leaf Rice needed to be steamed. Therefore, Yuan Zhou used the pressure cooker to steam the food quickly, which guaranteed the taste while retaining the nutrition.

During steaming, Yuan Zhou cooked other dishes that were ordered and in about 10 minutes, the Lotus Leaf Rice was steamed and ready to be consumed.

He took out a plate before quickly sculpting several lotus flowers out of a daikon and putting the 3 of them into a circle on the plate. Then Yuan Zhou picked the Lotus Leaf Rice up from the cooker and put it in the middle of the lotus flowers.

Only then did he find the upper part of the lotus leaf wrappings also seemed like a half-blossoming green lotus flower, appearing extraordinarily beautiful along with the white and clear lotus flowers at the side.

"These are all your dishes." Yuan Zhou carried them onto the table.

"It's so so so beautiful." Girls looked at the appearance first when they bought fruits. Even then, they had nothing bad to pick out about this dish of Lotus Leaf Rice based on its appearance.

"Gee? Boss Yuan, you aren't going to help me to open it?" Looking at the well wrapped Lotus Leaves Rice, Yin Ya didn't really know where she could start from to open it.

"Just use the chopsticks to break it." Yuan Zhou pointed to the knotted place on the wrapping.

"To break it?" Yin Ya asked in puzzlement.

It was when Yuan Zhou nodded that she dared reach her chopsticks to try to break the seemingly firm knot.

With a mere gentle touch, the knot instantly opened. Moreover, the lotus leaves that seemed to tightly wrap the rice were gradually unfolding like a lotus flower.

The unfolded leaves barely covered the white lotus flower made of the daikon, revealing the white rice grains therein. Likewise, the rice was also shaped into a lotus flower bud, which appeared to be an unbloomed lotus flower among the blossoming ones.

"Boss Yuan is so amazing." Amazed by the romantic lotus flowers, Yin Ya slightly opened her mouth and muttered to herself.

Having eaten Lotus Leaf Rice for nearly 20 years, it was yet her first time to see such a beautiful one.

Only from its appearance and the miraculous way of blooming, Yin Ya felt the Lotus Leaf Rice well deserved the price. Besides, she knew the food was definitely unlikely to taste bad judging from the fragrance.

Holding the spoon for quite a little time, Yin Ya gently scooped the top of the lotus flower and put it in her mouth for a taste.

A blast of fragrance from the lotus leaves mixed with the flower instantly rushed up her nose. The rice grains were soft and moist, fresh and fragrant. Along with the fragrance and refreshing flavor of the lotus leaves, it really brought about a novel experience to one's palate.

The feeling was like she had just eaten a lotus flower that had distinct layers into her mouth. However, this lotus flower was made of rice and hence carried the particular fragrance of rice.

Yin Ya enjoyed eating it while savoring the taste carefully.

At this moment, Man Man also arrived after being absent for a whole week. As soon as she entered the restaurant, she saw Yin Ya. Just as she prepared to greet her, she was stopped by Yin Ya's gesture without saying a word.

That made Man Man more curious. She carefully looked at the

table and found the lotus leaves but failed to see anything else. Adhering to the principle of asking whenever not understanding, she directly inquired.

"Little Yun, what's she eating now? Look at her intoxicated manner."

"Sister Man Man, what she's eating now is the Lotus Leaf Rice from the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisines." Mu Xiaoyun answered obediently.

"100 Styles of Rice Cuisines? What's that? A new dish?" Man Man turned her head and carefully watched.

"100 Styles? Boss Yuan, did you really master one hundred ways of cooking rice as indicated?" Man Man was quite familiar with Yuan Zhou, hence asked pointedly.

"Yes, what do you want to eat?" The answer from Yuan Zhou was simple and straightforward as if to say, "I can show you by cooking one."

"I think you are much too cocky. Let me think for while." Seeing the confident look on Yuan Zhou's face, she couldn't help but think of an evil idea.

"Let's do this. I wanna eat Litchi and Buckwheat Porridge." Man Man was a bakery expert and sometimes she liked to make sweet snacks for herself.

Man Man had found this recipe only after looking for a long time. This porridge was specifically served to those girls who liked eating litchi but suffered from excessive internal heat due to eating too much. She didn't believe a grown man like Yuan Zhou would have that knowledge, too.

"I can't..." even before Yuan Zhou finished speaking, Man Man revealed a smile and prepared to interrupt when Yuan Zhou stopped her first and said, "The main ingredient must be rice and other ingredients should be only flavorings, rather than side dishes or other main kinds of food."

"Eh... ok. Then let me change another one, Buttered Rice." Rolling her eyes, Man Man changed to a western-styled food.

"Ok."

When she found Yuan Zhou agreed, Man Man still wasn't pleased with her defeat. Seated in her chair and watching Yin Ya eating so blissfully and then looking again at the name 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine, she finally decided to entrap Yuan Zhou. Therefore, she took out her phone and began to post a Moment on Wechat...

① Fenli are essentially Rice Cakes, one of the traditional specialty snacks of the Guangxi Province. The name of "Fen Li" comes from the specific pronunciation of the distinctive dialect, which means to have a good start or to wish one prosperity for the next year.

Chapter 116: Genuine Capability

When she found Yuan Zhou agreed, Man Man still wasn't pleased with her defeat. Seated in her chair and watching Yin Ya eating so blissfully and then looking again at the name 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine, she finally decided to entrap Yuan Zhou. Therefore, she took out her phone and began to post a Moment on Wechat.

[Today, I encountered a pretty arrogant guy who said he can use rice to cook more than 100 different edibles without any side dishes. Totally unbelievable, right? To my surprise, I didn't manage to give him a hard time. I am now asking for any rare and odd edibles as long as they are cooked with the rice as the main ingredient.]

In Man Man's Wechat Moments, she often posted photos of the appetizing cakes baked by her; therefore, those who interacted with her were either her friends or foodies. Upon being posted, this message was like a tossed stone that raised a thousand ripples.

Undoubtedly, most replies were rotten ideas, basically unpractical. And some were even desserts.

However, there were still several foods that seemed useful, for example, the Rice Pudding of Sophora Flower and Cranberry. It sounded like it would smell delicious and hence made Man Man tempted to try.

Nonetheless, she had already ordered another type of food.

The Buttered Rice was simple but also difficult. It used the least ingredients. The fewer the ingredients were used, the simpler they were. Only then could their importance and their freshness be reflected.

Based on the amount of one bowl, Yuan Zhou steamed the rice in a small pressure cooker, which cooked it quickly. In no more than 5 minutes, the rice was well steamed. Meanwhile, Yuan Zhou took out the butter and cut a small piece in preparations with the ceramic knife.

While scooping the rice, Yuan Zhou left a small hole in the middle and quickly put the butter inside before covering it again with a layer of good-looking white rice. Afterward, he poured out a spoonful of soy sauce and directly scattered it onto the rice before covering it with another layer, letting it form a round bulge.

When the ice-cold butter touched the boiling hot rice, it gradually melted and then oozed inside of the rice. At the same time, the soy sauce also flowed out slowly and came into contact with the soft and smooth butter, emitting a fantastic fragrance along with the delicious rice.

Delicious!!! Only this word could describe the taste.

"It's the Buttered Rice you ordered." Yuan Zhou carried the rice to Man Man.

"Alright, thank you, Boss Yuan," she said with a smile while carrying the bowl of the rice herself.

"Enjoy your meal."

"Ok, then I'll start right now." Man Man picked up the chopsticks and prepared to eat.

At that time, Man Man saw the butter and soy sauce slowly flowing out until it almost covered most of the rice. They flowed on the surface of the white rice, making the rice grains appear more delicious. If one smelled it carefully, the creamy fragrance of the butter and the sauce scent of the soy sauce, blended with the aroma of the rice, formed a miraculous and tempting aroma.

Without any hesitation, Man Man scooped up a mouthful of rice and stuffed it into her mouth. Due to the mixture of the butter and soy sauce, the fragrant rice was soft and delicious. When stuffed into her mouth and chewed, a blast of intense creamy fragrance and the scent of rice rushed down her throat. After chewing carefully, there was also a hint of salt inside, which balanced out the greasiness of the butter.

"It's awfully yummy." Man Man felt she had never eaten such scrumptious Buttered Rice, which made her feel that the Buttered Rice she had cooked only deserved to be eaten by the cat.

The customers in the small restaurant were talking while waiting in line to taste Yuan Zhou's skills.

Nonetheless, the lights were still on in the office of the Investment Attraction Department, which usually started and got

off work on time.

Shuxiao was still working at night when the phone suddenly rang in the quiet office with "Ding Ling Ling" sound.

"Pa", Shuxiao was so frightened by the abrupt sound that he flung away the ball pen in his hand.

He heaved a sigh of relief and adjusted his glasses before answering the phone, "Hello, who's that?"

"Shuxiao, you are still working. How are you doing with the preparation work?" A male voice, full of energy and with a strong bureaucratic tone, came from the other end of the phone.

"Director Qi, the materials are almost done already. I will put them on your table in a while." Upon hearing the voice, Shuxiao stood upright subconsciously and answered quite seriously.

"Humm. Little Shu, you must do it well this time. If that person comes to invests in us, we would have then completed another task. Do it well," the voice at the other end carried apparent satisfaction, with which he comforted Shuxiao.

"I will. Don't worry, Director Qi. I have carefully checked all the documents and also made a detailed list of all our advantages. Just rest assured," Shuxiao reported thoroughly.

"I'm still quite assured of the careful work you do. By the way,

have you found the restaurant?" After giving some praise first, he continued asking.

"Not yet. Do I need to go and have a taste test first?" He asked. This could be considered to be the only benefit of completing the task, enjoying banquets using public funds.

"Of course, you should go there for a taste test first and book a place. Then on that day, you bring the investors there," the director said quite happily on the phone.

"Got it, Director Qi. Thank you," as soon as he heard that he would be taken along with, Shuxiao instantly felt the one-week overtime was worth it as it was a good opportunity for him to expand his social connections.

Now that Director Qi had promised to take him, the hard work throughout the entire week was finally worth it. Of course, the precondition was that they could succeed in persuading the big businessman to invest here.

"Ok. Get to your work and don't get home too late," the man comforted him with scripted words.

"Ok, Director Qi. I'm leaving right now," Shuxiao said joyfully.

Shuxiao felt he was physically full of energy now and was able to continue working for another two hours.

Having returned back to his desk, Shuxiao briskly began to finish up the final part of the documents.

Half an hour later...

"Hu..."

"Finished, finally." leaning against the chair-back, Shuxiao heaved a deep sigh of relief and brought up the documents for a final check to see if there were any errors.

Having finished all the work so quickly, Shuxiao earnestly placed the very important documents, which his future prospects relied on, onto the table of Director Qi meticulously and checked them over and over again to see if there were any wrinkles on the paper.

This document was repeatedly laid out on the table at least four or five times. Only after that did Shuxiao return to his position with satisfaction. With another careful look from a distance, he finally felt relieved and then turned on his computer, searching for distinctive Jin'ling restaurants.

Nowadays, everything could basically be found with the help of the computer. As soon as he entered the name into the search engine, numerous restaurants appeared on the screen. As an experienced guy when it came to surfing the internet, he knew those official introductions on the website were not trustworthy; therefore, he directly searched for private microblogs or forums to check the ratings according to the names of those restaurants.

Quite easily, he went to Meng Meng's live broadcast. The messages made Shuxiao fairly dumbfounded as they were all favorable comments, requests of gathering for meals, finished requests or photos of the dishes presented. The interest of Shuxiao got immediately evoked.

He clicked on the PLAY button and prepared to watch the previous live broadcast to check how delicious the dishes exactly were.

"Today, Meng Meng's Live Broadcast comes to Yuan Zhou's restaurant again, which is said to have very delicious new dishes. Are you guys starting to look forward to those dishes? Then let's go and have a meal there," the lovable and fascinating voice of Meng Meng with a faint curl at the end sounded extraordinarily cute.

Subsequently, the scene shifted to the inside of Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Since it was not the first time the live broadcast was done here in the restaurant, Meng Meng didn't capture the entire scene. Shuxiao could only see the girl Meng Meng and the wooden tables and chairs that appeared rather clean and tidy.

The following scene was Meng Meng ordering dishes and having meals. Only then did Shuxiao recall that he had probably forgotten something. It was that he hadn't actually taken dinner until now. Watching Meng Meng eating the Jin'ling Grass and Phoenix-Tail Prawns dishes in the live broadcast, Shuxiao felt as if he could already smell the appetizing fragrance on the other side of the screen. His belly was growling with a "GuGu" sound and he even felt his stomach started to ache...

Chapter 117: Jin'ling Cuisines

Shuxiao felt as if he could already smell the appetizing fragrance on the other side of the screen. His belly was growling with a "GuGu" sound and he even felt his stomach started to ache.

Therefore, under the microblog of Meng Meng, appeared another message asking for the address of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

[Please tell me the address. I'm preparing to go there to eat tomorrow. Or right now. Is it closed now?] from Sound Sleep without Knowing of Dawn. Yes, the ID of Shuxiao was a sentence from a poem, which was easy to remember and free from the concerns of any duplications of the name.

Fans of Meng Meng's microblog were fairly helpful. Just during the short period when he went to buy instant noodles, somebody had already replied him.

[You seem to be new. It's another stupid human being that was conquered by Chef Yuan. No. 14 of Taoxi Road. It's already 11:00 PM, the restaurant is definitely closed now. You could go there tomorrow,] a person with the ID I'm Lei Hong replied Shuxiao below.

[Thank you. It seems I can only eat the instant noodles for my dinner,] from Sound Sleep without Knowing of Dawn.

[As a person who had been eating the instant noodles to fill my stomach for days, I don't want to say anything. But you can

imagine that you were eating the dishes cooked by Boss Yuan,] came the reply of I'm Lei Hong. He seemed to be rich in experiences.

[OK. I'll try...] from Sound Sleep without Knowing of Dawn.

He played the video and watched Meng Meng doing the broadcast while eating instant noodles. After that, Shuxiao was more determined to go to Yuan Zhou's restaurant tomorrow.

Early next morning, Shuxiao went to report to Director Qi that he had found a well-reputed restaurant which was said to serve pretty delicious Jin'ling Cuisines.

"I approve 300 RMB for you to go there and have a look. Take the payment slip and go to Xiaoli for the cash." Director Qi waved his hand and directly said that.

"OK." Shuxiang agreed, took the slip and then went to Xiaoli.

Shuxiao was actually using public funds for the meal. He enjoyed this kind of benefits very much; besides, it was more meaningful as he was doing it for business.

He went out of the office and directly boarded the bus. As a cautious and meticulous person, Shuxiao had already checked the nearest route last night after he got to know the address, so he could go there straightaway today.

When Shuxiao got there, however, he was a little dumbfounded.

In front of him were towering office buildings. After passing through them, he found several old residential buildings behind. The only advantage of this place might be the peace. While looking for the route, he comforted himself, "The surroundings of the restaurant are probably excellent."

Located in the middle part of the narrow street, Yuan Zhou's restaurant was not difficult to be found; therefore, Shuxiao found it soon. However, only after checking the street number several times did he dare to confirm this was the right place. After all, this so-called Yuan Zhou's restaurant that was highly rated on the internet was actually a tiny restaurant without even a name in reality. It was truly a tiny restaurant with double glass doors that were wiped quite clean.

Shuxiao really wanted to turn around and leave immediately. But when he saw the crowd waiting in line outside the entrance, he became slightly hesitant.

"The businessman is from Jin'ling City. He isn't used to eating the hot and spicy food here. Go find a restaurant serving genuine Jin'ling dishes. It needn't be too luxurious. Only one thing, the dishes must be genuine and delicious," the words of Director Qi still echoed beside Shuxiao's ears.

Grinding his teeth, Shuxiao nevertheless joined the line and prepared to savor the dishes first before making his decision. The interior surroundings of the restaurant shown in the video appeared nice and the dishes likewise appeared fairly delicious.

Of course, Yuan Zhou didn't know there was a person who was entangled with these issues in front of the entrance of his restaurant, hence still earnestly continued cooking his dishes.

When it was Shuxiao's turn, he became totally speechless. Could this restaurant that seemed to be less than 30 square meters really cook the genuine and delicious Jin'ling cuisine? Shuxiao was greatly suspicious of that. However, he didn't leave immediately. Anyhow, he had waited for almost half an hour for his turn.

Besides, Shuxiao had inquired about the restaurant conveniently when he was waiting in line and chatting with others. He heard it was a much-visited place every day and felt it might indeed have some unique features. Shuxiao believed he had to think that way; otherwise, watching the video last night would be a complete waste of time.

"What do you eat today?" Mu Xiaoyun came over to greet him.

"Ehh... where is the menu?" Shuxiao asked subconsciously.

"The menu is on the wall behind of you. You can take a look," the soft loli voice of Mu Xiaoyun sounded quite comfortable.

Having subconsciously looked back at the menu, Shuxiao was really startled. The 300 RMB that was approved by Director Qi in the morning was barely enough for only a bowl of Clear Broth Noodle Soup, not even sufficient for a set meal.

He noticed the customers sitting at their spots were eating with appetite and, moreover, the little loli was waiting beside him, thus Shuxiao had to start ordering dishes. He felt it lucky that he didn't need to pay for it himself.

"Jin'ling Grass and 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine, one serving for each," Shuxiao ordered two of the comparatively cheaper dishes quietly.

"Ok. Which style do you want for the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine?" The little loli asked dutifully.

"The style made like the ones south of Yangtze River if possible." Shuxiao still remembered his task.

"Ok, one moment, please," the little loli agreed directly and then sent his exact words to Yuan Zhou.

In the mere 10 minutes, Shuxiao saw his dish. He felt to be in a permanent state of astonishment today. Wasn't this a plate of grass? Although it had a verdant color like jade, it was nevertheless similar to grass.

Shuxiao felt he was actually rather dutiful. Before coming here, he had already checked and hence known the Jin'ling Grass was a kind of fresh and tender vegetable enjoyed by Jin'ling people. The raw ingredient was artemisia selengensis, which was not grass in any case. If it wasn't for the slight fragrance being emitted bit by bit, he would have thought it was carried to him without being

cooked.

The other ordered dish was weirder. It was square with a golden yellow color and was laid out on the plate, of which the edge was painted with lotus leaves. Both the two dishes had excellent appearances. After a careful observation, Shuxiao prepared to start savoring them.

As for the taste, Shuxiao was immediately conquered.

.....

Time passed quickly.

Unconsciously, three days passed. It was Friday today and also the day when Director Qi prepared to treat the Jin'ling businessman to a meal. He already gave the task of arranging the decent meal to his subordinate Shuxiao, who had told him that the restaurant had already been selected.

Chinese people liked to talk about business during the meal regardless of where they are. After all, it was more convenient for some words to be spoken over the dining table.

"Shuxiao, you lead the way ahead. Mr. Guan and I will follow after you," accompanying the Jin'ling businessman with the surname Guan, Director Qi said that.

"OK," Shuxiao agreed bluntly before going out to drive.

"Brother Guan, shall we go now?" the Director Qi was fairly friendly and courteous to this Boss Guan who was preparing to invest in a giant project concerning the entertainment and food and beverage industry at this local place.

"Director Qi, you are too courteous. Let's go." Boss Guan was quite familiar with dealing with these government officials. He acted humbly and carried a faint smile on his face, showing a pleasant manner which would be better for earning wealth.

"Brother Guan, would we take my car or drive yours to get there? The road conditions are awfully good here." Director Qi didn't forget to publicize the city no matter when it was.

"Then I'll have to bother Director Qi instead of driving my own car." Boss Guan accepted the invitation. Such a small request, he would definitely agree.

The two people spoke passionately on the way and both revealed their intentions to continue the topic. The final success of the project depended on the forthcoming meal.

As soon as the atmosphere calmed down in the car, Director Qi found something wrong. First, they were heading for the north, where no classy restaurants serving Jin'ling dishes were located. At this, he couldn't help but feel puzzled.

Only after Shuxiao drove the car into a narrow street and stopped to signal to park here did Director Qi feel something terrible was

going to happen. Looking around at the surroundings, he didn't see any two-story hotels. Instead, tiny restaurants were numerous.

This Shuxiao, how could he be so unreliable?

Chapter 118: Yuan Zhou's Restaurant

Only after Shuxiao drove the car into a narrow street and stopped and signal they were to park here did Director Qi feel something terrible was going to happen. Looking around at the surroundings, he didn't see any two-story hotels. Instead, tiny restaurants were numerous.

Did Shuxiao select one of these fly-like small restaurants?

Director Qi discontentedly whispered in his heart but still smiled and said, "Here we are. This place is rather difficult to find."

"True, it indeed seems quite difficult." Boss Guan also became a little puzzled. He was not actually a person who enjoyed grand occasions but he was anyhow a large investor. Basic respect was still indispensable.

Were all these government officials so thrifty like this nowadays? Or were things quite different inside of the apparently tiny restaurant?

"Director Qi, Boss Guan, in front of us is that restaurant. Let's go right now," Shuxiao hadn't noticed the gaze of Director Qi that could even kill people when he turned his back against Boss Guan, and even urged him.

His urging, nevertheless, had its reasons. Having been conquered by Yuan Zhou's culinary skills three days ago, he directly stated at that moment the request to make a block booking for the evening

today. But reality was always cruel. He was decisively refused by Yuan Zhou.

If it were other big restaurants, Shuxiao wouldn't ask for a full booking. Since the restaurant was so small, he had thought of giving the boss some more money and that it might work. To his surprise, he had thought wrong. The boss neither allowed block bookings nor did he accept any prior reservations. Even when he came over here every day recently, the situation remained the same.

However, the benefits of frequently dropping by the restaurant were that he found that there were few customers in a particular period. It was when Yuan Zhou just opened the door. He didn't need to wait in line to eat during that time. Therefore, he specifically told Director Qi to make the appointment during that period.

"Look, this fellow is even urging us. So shall we go over there now?" Director Qi had to force himself to accompany Boss Guan, walking to Yuan Zhou's restaurant after Shuxiao.

When they got closer, they couldn't help but feel even more disappointed. The restaurant in the sight didn't even have a shop name and was indeed small. It was no more than 30 square meters inside and had only three vacant seats along the long curved table. What was worse, they were corner seats.

Looking at the surroundings, Boss Guan got really irritated. He was anyhow somebody who had started from nothing and now has assets up to dozens of billion RMB. When had he ever been to such

primitive restaurant to eat?

He had his own pride but nevertheless didn't say anything. Instead, he just waited there for Director Qi to speak.

Director Qi first turned his head to Shuxiao and gave him an obscure look. After that, he opened his mouth with a smile, "Don't worry, Boss Guan. The restaurant is small but the Jin'ling cuisines cooked by the boss are said to be superb in taste."

"Oh, really?" Boss Guan was obviously perfunctory while saying that. `

How was it possible that a chef with excellent culinary skills settled at such a small restaurant? Renowned chefs nevertheless had their tempers. Anyhow, Boss Guan was doing the food and beverage business.

"You'll know the taste after savoring them," Director Qi still said with full confidence.

It was not the right time for Director Qi to flinch. He could only hope that the dishes were awfully tasty despite this seemingly low-grade restaurant. Nonetheless, Shuxiao would be definitely kept snubbed for some time after this event.

Apart from other aspects, this person didn't have a far vision and a broad mind hence was not suitable to be further cultivated.

The work of investment attraction required far vision and a broad mind. Without either one, one could never be promoted.

"Ok. Miracles might occur," although Boss Guan didn't express his discontent clearly, his manner of speaking was nevertheless not polite anymore. This was not the time to be tolerant.

"Let's order dishes now. Where is the waiter?" Director Qi cared little about Boss Guan's attitude and directly looked for the waiter.

Only then did Mu Xiaoyun dare to go up to them. Looking at the awkward atmosphere emitting from the three customers, she didn't even dare to make a sound just now. What's more, Yuan Zhou was cooking dishes at that time and didn't notice the situation.

"What would the respected sirs like to eat?" Mu Xiaoyun's voice was not loud but still could be clearly heard.

"Where's the menu?" Director Qi felt it was better to have the menu in their hands.

"Director Qi, the menu is on the wall behind," Having been here for several times, Shuxiao easily resolved the embarrassment of Mu Xiaoyun.

"Boss Guan, then let's check the menu behind us and order some dishes to savor, shall we?" Taking no notice of Shuxiao, Director Qi said to Boss Guan.

"Humm, let me have a look what delicacies there are here," there was slight dissatisfaction in Boss Guan's manner of speaking.

"It's indeed a superior restaurant. Those prices are also fairly amazing." Upon seeing the prices, Boss Guan got a little surprised. The top-grade dishes in his hotels were served at similar prices to those written on the wall of the small restaurant; of course, there were some dishes that were more expensive but those were made from the most precious ingredients.

Right over here, however, were only some commonly eaten dishes. As for the rules beside the menu, he certainly took them in, too.

"The boss indeed has some temper," Boss Guan said ironically.

"Then provide me with three servings of Jin'ling Grass and one serving of Egg Fried Rice." the wealthy Boss Guan didn't care about the price. Now that he couldn't leave immediately, he might as well savor the dishes.

"I just want to eat some noodles which I haven't tasted for a long time and two more dishes, Phoenix-Tail Prawns, and Jin'ling Grass," Director Qi said to Boss Guan with a smile.

When Shuxiao found the two people had almost finished ordering, he followed, "Egg Fried Rice Set and Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet."

After ordering, he said while smiling, "The dish Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet is said to be very delicious."

"Oh, then eat it to your heart's content," Director Qi answered him with a forced laugh.

"True. Look, the rules also regulate that wasting is not allowed." Boss Guan also said in a seemingly caring manner.

However stupid Shuxiao was, he also found the odd attitude of the other two people. A nervous expression flashed across his face. When he thought of Boss Yuan's culinary skills, however, he nevertheless became relieved. As long as the other two were conquered by the dishes, everything would be fine.

Something necessary still needed to be done. Shuxiao meticulously whispered at the ear of Director Qi, "Director, this Boss Yuan is a perfect chef and has once triumphed over Chef Yu in World Foodie Hotel. Look, the restaurant is small but very clean."

Seated upright, Director Qi reacted as if he hadn't heard Shuxiao. Nevertheless, when he talked to Boss Guan, he likewise told him about the advantages of Yuan Zhou's restaurant. As a government official, he didn't want his subordinate to know that he thought little of him.

Fortunately, when Director Qi tried his best to relax the awkward atmosphere and Boss Guan perfunctorily replied, Yuan Zhou and Mu Xiaoyun carried their dishes to them.

"Dishes for what you have ordered. Please enjoy." One of Yuan Zhou's principles of treating his customers was to be consistently polite. As for the smiling face, Mu Xiaoyun was now responsible for that.

This time, the courteous Director Qi said nothing. He only wanted to let Boss Guan eat up the dishes now to dispel the misunderstanding, although he didn't really know either if the dishes were really that delicious.

"Come on, Brother Guan, let's taste the dishes cooked by this Chef Yuan." Director Qi personally handed the chopsticks to him while smiling.

"No problem. Let's taste them together." Boss Guan received the chopsticks politely and looked at the dishes that he had ordered.

What came into his view first was the Golden Egg Fried Rice. If it glistened, it would have been like the embellished photo of those delicacies which didn't even appear to look like the real Egg Fried Rice dish. The Jin'ling Grass dish was even more exaggerated. With its verdant jade-like appearance, it was nearly identical to a work of art. However, it looked to be uncooked.

The most eye-appealing dish was the Phoenix-Tail Prawns which made Boss Guan begin to believe this was really a well-hidden restaurant.

Because even the national top-grade chef in his own hotel wasn't

able to cook this dish so attractive. Of course, the taste could only be known after savoring it, but just from its appearance, it deserved a taste.

With the "Ba Ji, Ba Ji" sound, Shuxiao had started to eat on the other side. In front of delicate cuisines, no other things mattered, including his superior Director Qi.

At that time, Boss Guan picked up the chopsticks and prepared to savor his dishes while Director Qi also started to test the dishes he had ordered hesitantly. Dishes first, of course. As for the watery and tasteless noodle soup, he would rather eat it later.

Chapter 119: Invited To Be A Boss

Having gotten prepared psychologically, Boss Guan started to savor his dishes ahead of Director Qi.

Although he was a big boss, Boss Guan liked eating vegetables. However, Director Qi didn't know that as it wasn't obvious, otherwise he would have already booked a table of vegetarian dishes.

Therefore, Boss Guan first aimed at the Jin'ling Grass dish. With the verdant artemisia selengensis being picked up between his dark brown chopsticks, the different colors formed a sharp contrast and made this dish appear more delicious. He then ate it in one bite.

The juice contained in the artemisia selengensis flowed immediately into his mouth. The crisp, delicious and refreshing taste flooded his mouth with saliva. It felt like the tender green color of the spring was brought into the mouth.

The dish from home, Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet, was cooked differently as well. Looking at the glistening brown chicken feet, Boss Guan at first was worried about the grease but when he thought of the previous Jin'ling Grass dish, he started to pick up one chicken paw and eat without hesitation.

There was nothing special about it when it was first picked up. Unexpectedly, the skin melted in the mouth with just a gentle suck, leaving only the jade-like chicken bone there. With a "Ge zhi, Ge zhi" sound, he curiously chewed the bone, resulting in the

crystal bone marrow flowing into his throat. Instantly, an icy cold feeling exploded in his stomach, as if he had eaten a piece of iced watermelon on a broiling day, which was refreshingly comfortable.

Boss Guan suppressed the impulsion to eat it up quickly like what he had done to the Jin'ling Grass just now. Next, he tasted the Phoenix-Tail Prawns, the signature dish of Jin'ling cuisines, which he had eaten many times.

"Do the prawns taste as delicious as the other two dishes just now?" Boss Guan suddenly looked forward to tasting the dish.

The prawns, that were exquisitely sculpted, were picked up and stuffed into Boss Guan's mouth directly.

"Director Qi, this place is really a rich land for fostering more talents. This taste is marvelous," after swallowing contentedly, Boss Guan said that.

"It's said that this Boss Yuan even defeated the famous Chef Yu in World Foodie Hotel. Since we are treating you to dinner, of course, we'll serve the best ones," Anxious to drink up a gulp of broth, Director Qi answered after a little while and meanwhile gave an affirmative smile to Shuxiao.

"This restaurant is hard to be found but the taste is definitely top grade."

"That's true. Thank you, Director Qi. The culinary skills are even much better than the best chef in my Junya Hotel," Boss Guan's discontented mood had already been removed by then and he had only one thought.

"Come on, come on. Let's eat quickly. It's not good to leave such delicacies uneaten," while talking, Boss Guan signaled them to talk after eating.

"Ok, you are the boss. Let's eat first, eat first." Director Qi agreed at his convenience. He had been trying hard to suppress the appetite just now, as business affairs mattered most. Now that the client had proposed to talk after eating, naturally the host must accommodate the guest.

As for Shuxiao, he had always been eating from the start. Only during some occasions when Director Qi was talking, he obediently looked up and watched him while still slowly chewing the dishes in the mouth.

Soon, the three people swept clean all the dishes on the table. Boss Guan felt that he hadn't eaten something so well and delightfully like now in a long time. Every time he was invited to dinner before, it was basically drinking alcohol and talking about business. He had never had a dinner once focusing on eating as the main theme like this time.

He couldn't help but want to pat his belly. Luckily, he managed to refrain from this urge.

"Brother Guan, what do you think of the dishes? The surroundings of the restaurant are pretty good, too. Look, people have even started to wait in line outside to eat," Director Qi was a dutiful official of the investment attraction agency and constantly praised his city.

"Boss Guan, what else do you want to eat?" having received the signals from Director Qi, Shuxiao smartly asked.

"Is there any alcohol here in the restaurant so we can drink a little bit?" Boss Guan was fairly curious about the alcohol since the dishes were so excellent.

"All that can be served here is on the menu. But Boss Guan, do you want to try the watermelon juice?" Shuxiao suggested.

"Yeah, I suggest no alcohol today. Let's just eat something and have something to drink," Director Qi was yet good at talking skillfully.

"Alright. One dozen of the drinks," Boss Guan said casually.

"The watermelon juice prepared by Boss Yuan was ordered by cups. Don't worry, let me order some." Shuxiao received the task of ordering the watermelon juice without any hesitation.

"Ok, you do it," after he savored the taste here, Director Qi had believed in the capabilities of Shuxiao. Although the restaurant appeared inferior, the dishes were top grade for sure.

The three of them talked about the business while drinking the watermelon juice. It had basically been decided that Boss Guan was prepared to invest and the only concern was the funds to be transferred.

Before they left, Boss Guan specifically summoned Yuan Zhou.

"Boss Yuan, you are so young yet have such marvelous culinary skills. That's really admirable," Boss Guan first complimented him.

"Thank you." Yuan Zhou received the compliment with a nod.

"I don't know if the restaurant belongs to you, or...." Then, he began to ask the most important thing.

"Yes, it's mine." Yuan Zhou had already guessed the boss's true meaning but didn't intend to take the initiative to refuse him; after all, the boss hadn't said anything special.

"Could I have your phone number?" How could the wise Boss Guan immediately reveal his purpose?

"Sorry, I can't. Take care," Yuan Zhou refused him indifferently. What a joke! The customers here had already perked up their ears, listening to their talk. If he accepted his invitation, then he wouldn't have a moment of peace later.

"No problem. Then we won't disturb you doing business. I will contact you tonight," As a first generation that had created the giant business from nothing, Boss Guan had some true capabilities.

Yuan Zhou neither rushed to agree nor deny the offer. His phone number was not really a celebrity's phone number.

Having finished speaking, Boss Guan, Director Qi, and Shuxiao went out of the restaurant together. After all, customers were increasing and the business they came to discuss also came to an end. It was better to give the seats to others in need.

As usual, Yuan Zhou shut the restaurant at the agreed hour in the evening and the customers inside had already gotten used to the schedule.

"System, are there any new missions recently?" thinking how silent the system was recently, Yuan Zhou asked.

What followed was a long silence. To Yuan Zhou's questions, the system never reacted unless absolutely necessary.

"Ding Ling Ling," the outdated ringtone from his phone rang. Yuan Zhou took out the phone and looked in surprise at the phone number, with the last three numbers of 668, before answering it when the ringtone rang again.

"Hello?"

"Master Yuan, this is Guan Peng, the customer that had dinner at your restaurant tonight." At the other end of the phone, Boss Guan directly gave his name with a polite tone.

"Hello." Yuan Zhou's courtesy was faultless but his tone was as indifferent as ever.

"Sorry for disturbing you at this time of day but I wanted to say something with you," not preparing to make small talk, Boss Guan directly said, straightforwardly and frankly.

At this time, Boss Guan had already gained almost all the fundamental information related to Yuan Zhou; therefore he revealed much confidence in his voice.

"Ok, go ahead," placing the phone between his shoulder and ear, Yuan Zhou carried up a bowl of the broth with his hands and prepared to feed the Maltese.

"Master Yuan, do you have the interest in taking control of the kitchen in a 5-star hotel?" The information obtained by Boss Guan showed that the hotel where Yuan Zhou had once worked was merely a 3-star hotel. For a 5-star hotel, he would be definitely interested.

"Nope," Yuan Zhou refused without further ado while opening the back door and walking out.

"Master Yuan doesn't seem to get my meaning. I mean you work

as a head chef and take control of the kitchen of a 5-star hotel," Boss Guan said unhurriedly.

"I have told you that I'm not interested," Yuan Zhou didn't actually feel impatient; he merely repeated what he had said.

"Forgive my frankness, please. But I want to invite you to be the boss of this hotel..." Boss Guan continued to offer more attractive bait.

Chapter 120: Rescue Center For Boss Yuan

"Forgive my frankness, but I want to invite you to be the boss of this hotel....." Boss Guan continued to offer more attractive preferential bait.

"No need. I don't have any interest in that," Yuan Zhou took the bowl of the broth and walked towards the Maltese while listening on the phone. When he heard the preferential conditions offered by Boss Guan, he still didn't show any manner of being swayed.

Boss Guan changed into another sitting position and didn't give up. He then continued saying, "maybe Master Yuan should listen to me for a while longer."

"Ok, tell me," Yuan Zhou answered as concisely as usual. Meanwhile, he looked at the Maltese that seemed to have never moved from its position.

He crouched down and poured the broth out of the bowl before turning around to go back to his restaurant.

"Seriously, I'm sincerely inviting you, Master Yuan. This small restaurant is definitely unworthy of your talents," Boss Guan first complimented Yuan Zhou.

When he found that Yuan Zhou didn't have any reaction, Boss Guan then continued to say, "I will be investing here to build large buildings especially for food, with my newly constructed 5-star hotel being the center of them all."

"I would like to invite you to be a shareholder of the new hotel just with your culinary skills and give you 8% worth of free shares. Are you satisfied with these conditions?"

Boss Guan smiled confidently. The construction of a 5-star hotel required at least hundreds of millions RMB and the 8% share for Yuan Zhou was equivalent to dozens of million RMB. This generous move was simply extraordinary and remarkable.

Seen from the other point of view, it showed that Yuan Zhou's culinary skills were pretty convincing.

However, there wasn't any answer from the other end of the phone for quite a while.

Yuan Zhou vaguely knew the difficulty of constructing a 5-star hotel and the costs of hundreds of million RMB. The 8% shares were like gifting him money. Furthermore, it was a huge amount and, moreover, dividends could be obtained each year in future.

With a sound of "Peng", Yuan Zhou closed the back door. He then became greatly tempted by the shares. However, thinking that he had to share his culinary skills, Yuan Zhou calmed down from the feeling of excitement.

"Share my culinary skills! A head chef who can cook only three dishes? A head chef who can cook less than 10 dishes?" having consecutively asked himself several times, Yuan Zhou eventually got rid of the temptation of the small devil, the money.

"Thanks for your appreciation but I refuse. I'm sorry." the moment Yuan Zhou uttered that, he suddenly sat down in his special chair and began to count his fingers while placing the phone between his shoulder and head

He was carefully calculating the huge amount of money that he had missed. When he came to the amount of profit sharing each year, Yuan Zhou found his fingers were not enough. Having stared at his own toes for quite a little while, Yuan Zhou finally restrained the desire to take off his shoes since he was in the kitchen now.

Missing one hundred of million RMB could no longer describe Yuan Zhou's current feelings. This was a matter of hundreds of million RMB. Then, Yuan Zhou started to regret saying those words so quickly.

"What? You won't even consider the proposal at all?" Boss Guan had thought that he would get a reserved answer like 'Let me consider it for a while.' Who could know that Yuan Zhou would refuse him so bluntly and straightforwardly?

"Good night," Yuan Zhou didn't actually answer Boss Guan concerning the considering issue. After all, if he reconsidered, he was likely to change his answer; therefore, Yuan Zhou hung off decisively and firmly.

"How interesting!" When he initially started this business, Boss Guan had personally gone everywhere to recruit good chefs. Not having done this work for a long time, he unexpectedly

encountered failure, which nevertheless made Boss Guan feel more challenging.

He made another call and said after getting through, "You make some arrangements. The next few days, I want to go to the restaurant where I was eating tonight."

A vaguely affirmative answer came from the other end. With a smile, Boss Guan put down the phone and started to deal with some documents.

With a sound of "Hu", Yuan Zhou took a deep breath and then went upstairs to clean himself, preparing to sleep.

Then, he began to toss and turn restlessly in the bed. It was his first fitful sleep since he got the system. When the alarm clock rang, Yuan Zhou was still a little muddled. The bad dream at night was too scary.

In the dream, all his money suddenly grew feet and ran away. He then anxiously ran after them but still failed. Even running after the money for a whole night, he still had empty pockets.

This dream was awfully frightening.

"Pa Pa", Yuan Zhou patted on his forehead and became a little more clear-headed. After the helplessness shown on his face slightly vanished, he resumed his usual solemn and spirited manner.

Of course, grinning for quite a little while in the mirror, Yuan Zhou would never admit that his smiling face did not look as good as his solemn face.

During the next five days, Boss Guan really didn't give up and basically came over here whenever he had time. Every time he showed up at the restaurant, he had a meal first and then began to persuade Yuan Zhou to be his head chef. Of course, the conditions he offered were getting better and better. The promised share remained the same, but he could enjoy the privilege of working for less time, only serving the head chef's menu once per week.

Such decent conditions were basically equal to the preferential treatments of a Michelin 3-star chef. However, Yuan Zhou's answer followed the same pattern, with decisive refusal.

Yuan Zhou answered as concisely as possible every time and wouldn't talk much for fear of him changing his mind.

Boss Guan came frequently and talked to Yuan Zhou every time he was here. Therefore, it was inevitable that their talk was heard by others. Then, more and more customers started to know a big boss was trying to recruit Yuan Zhou as his chef and, moreover, offered quite tempting conditions.

Therefore, with Man Man taking the lead, Wu Hai and Wu Zhou organized a gang of people, preparing to figure out some ideas to let Yuan Zhou stay.

In order to communicate conveniently, they even set up a Wechat group, with the simple name of Rescue Center for Boss Yuan.

[I received new information today. The coal boss even let Yuan Zhou cook only one day every week. He's so disgusting,] Man Man typed the sentence through the phone and sent an irritated expression.

[What the f*ck. Only one day? What shall I do with my three meals?] Wu Hai also became nervous. After all, although Yuan Zhou would rest from time to time at present, he basically opened the restaurant every day. If he really went to that 5-star hotel to work, Wu Hai would starve to death for sure due to his picky stomach.

[The coal boss is wealthy, then so what? Boss Yuan wouldn't go there, would he? We are all his established customers, right?] Some other people were also dubious about that.

[If it were you, would you go?] Man Man directly choked him.

.....

After a heated discussion, the people in the group finally came to a consensus that everybody should try to test Boss Yuan's reactions one by one and then shared the information with the group.

The other day, Yuan Zhou bumped into Wu Hai who appeared

extraordinarily weird.

"Boss Yuan, I haven't eaten a lot for a long time but I feel very hungry today. Please serve me an Herbal Tea Egg first, then the Egg Fried Rice Set and lastly a plate of Phoenix-Tail Prawns. Of course, the watermelon juice is also a must. Besides that, give me another bowl of Clear Broth Noodle Soup," Wu Hai began to order dishes generously.

"Can you finish all of them? You know the consequence of wasting food, don't you?" Yuan Zhou looked at Wu Hai curiously. Normally, this guy ordered dishes according to his particular appetite. What was the matter that made him suddenly act so foolishly?

Wu Hai had originally intended to indicate he was quite wealthy and thus could afford so many dishes. However, with regard to the effect, it seemed that Yuan Zhou was merely suspecting his intelligence, instead.

Thus Wu Hai declared defeat. At last, Man Man switched on the coquetry mode, which frightened Yuan Zhou so much that he thought Man Man forgot her brain with her when she came out today.

"Man Man, did you feel too hot while baking the bread?" Yuan Zhou was truly unable to endure Man Man who had changed so much today. He then asked her with difficulty.

"No problem. Let me order my dishes," with her coquetry

defeated, Man Man suffered a huge blow when she saw Yuan Zhou's reaction of wiping his perspiration with the towel.

Not knowing the reason, Wu Zhou selected the mode of flaunting his relationship but unfortunately was directly despised by Yuan Zhou.

"Be careful of your influence. There's a minor girl here," Yuan Zhou said that justly and righteously. Only he himself knew the genuine reason for saying so.

After all declared defeat, they could only use the final way, asking him directly.

With Wu Hai, Wu Zhou, Man Man and Zhao Yinigjun taking the lead, they asked Yuan Zhou straightforwardly when there weren't many people.

"Boss Yuan, what exactly do you think of Boss Guan? Wu Hai asked anxiously.

"A regular customer." Yuan Zhou had a guess as to what they were up when he saw the few of them frantically looking for him but he was not quite sure.

"Boss Yuan, let's be frank. Are you getting another job?" Wu Hai got impatient first and directly got to the point.

Yuan Zhou raised his eyebrows and answered, "Why? It is my

restaurant."

"Ehhh... Boss Yuan, are you going to work for Boss Guan?" Man Man got impatient, too.

"When did I say that I would go there?" Yuan Zhou immediately asked back.

.....

Chapter 121: Yuan Zhou's Loophole

"When did I say that I would go there?" Yuan Zhou immediately asked back.

"Then that Boss Guan..." Man Man was bluntly interrupted when she was about to continue asking.

"He's only a customer," Yuan Zhou answered quite firmly.

"Then..." Man Man was immediately dragged away by Wu Hai before she could speak; likewise, Wu Zhou was taken away by Zhao Yingjun before he could get things clear.

"Take care," with a nod, Yuan Zhou said goodbye.

"Why didn't you let me ask?" Man Man asked worriedly.

"Since Boss Yuan has said he won't leave, that's good. It's useless to ask about other things." After leaving the restaurant, Wu Hai released Man Man.

"Yeah, you are right. Other things are the personal affairs of Boss Yuan." Wu Zhou nodded and then took out his phone to inform the group members of the good news.

"The task of informing the others is given to you now. I'm going back." Wu Hai waved his hands at them while leaving.

The remaining several people stared at each other speechlessly and had to respectively broadcast the good news in the group before returning to their own homes.

Having heard that Yuan Zhou wouldn't leave, the people in the group cheered together and decided to go to Yuan Zhou's restaurant tonight to celebrate.

Man Man now had more chances to continue confronting Yuan Zhou with various rice cuisines. In her Wechat Moments, there were various and diversified replies to her question. After carefully comparing and selecting, she eventually figured out a scheme to carry out tomorrow.

Lunch time started quite early. The first thing that Man Man did then was to rush to Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"Boss Yuan, I thought of one particular item for the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine. I definitely feel that you don't know how to cook it," as soon as she got to the restaurant, Man Man said confidently.

"Really, what's that?" it was still early; hence, Yuan Zhou was willing to cooperate.

"It's the Rice Wine. As per your definition, the main ingredient is rice and the supplementary raw materials are water and distiller's yeast, which are ingredients and can't be a dish by itself. So it can be classified as one of 100 Styles, right?" Man Man said with confident tone while giving off a manner of 'I finally made it'.

Instantly, Yuan Zhou became a little stupefied. Yes, that was probably not wrong. He didn't really know how to make wine and had never specifically learned it. If it were a dish, he could still learn it by himself even without the instructions of the system but wine-making wasn't a skill that could be mastered in a short time.

"Humm..." just when Yuan Zhou was about to speak, the system suddenly reacted.

The system displayed, "As a chef, there is a great necessity in maintaining the dignity of a chef."

[2nd Mission of Dignity], Go to these three places tomorrow to pray for blessings of this system and finish the mission within one day.

(Mission Tips: Now that your customer has sincerely requested the rice wine, you should learn the skill well and prove yourself, young man.)

[Mission Reward], Skill of Wine-Making and junior title of Master of Wine-Making.

"Alright. Come here the day after tomorrow," Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod and said expressionlessly.

"Boss Yuan, you are even able to make the wine?" Man Man asked unbelievably.

"It is indeed one of the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine. So I can prepare it," Yuan Zhou answered lightly on the surface. But actually, the fight between the system and him was happening privately right now.

"Ok, I will come over at this time of day," Man Man then left skeptically while thinking in her heart that Yuan Zhou must have appeared calm on purpose.

As for Mu Xiaoyun, she was standing right at the side and did not find it strange at all. After all, Yuan Zhou had always been versatile.

"You are just a system. Why do you need blessings?" Yuan Zhou tried hard to keep his composure but his manner of speaking revealed his maddened feeling.

The system displayed, "Host, please complete this mission within one day."

"Are you an artificial intelligence? If not, how do you know what blessing is? What do you need that for?" Yuan Zhou still didn't give up and continued to ask.

The system displayed, "While praying, host you need to read silently that 'Master Chef System is the strongest; Master Chef

System will help the host to become a Master Chef."

"Ho Ho," Yuan Zhou raised his hands to support the forehead and the corner of his mouth couldn't help twitching.

Currently, he only wanted to scold someone. A mere system surprisingly liked to be praised by humans and even asked humans to go to temples and prayed for him.

What the f*ck...

"Don't think it'll work to remain silent. Are you really not an artificial intelligence?" Yuan Zhou still couldn't believe it.

The system displayed, "Host, please endeavor to complete this mission."

"mdzz", Yuan Zhou could no longer endure the system, thus he spoke these few words with voiced sound.

mdzz, it was short for "Oh, shit. This stupid fool.", as most frequently used on the internet by young people.

"Boss, what's wrong with you?" Mu Xiaoyun looked at Yuan Zhou curiously.

"Nothing. I'm thinking of the new dish," Yuan Zhou turned around and said earnestly.

"Ok," Without suspecting anything, Mu Xiaoyun immediately believed that.

Then, Yuan Zhou continued negotiating with the system. All in all, it was really incredible that a nonhuman system would, surprisingly, request to be blessed.

The system displayed, "Host, please complete the mission as soon as possible."

Yuan Zhou patted his forehead and took out his phone helplessly to check the address. Anyway, the mission needed to be completed.

He could start the journey after lunch time.

Only after checking did he find that he needed to go across the whole city for the three places, which shared one common characteristic. They were particularly far away and difficult to be found.

"It's really hard for you, this system, to look for these three places, huh?" speechlessly, Yuan Zhou ridiculed the system in his heart.

It seemed that he indeed needed some good efforts to finish this mission within one day; therefore, Yuan Zhou carefully checked the rules and opening times of the temples again.

As soon as the opening hours at noon ended, Yuan Zhou

hurriedly shut the door and prepared to go to the temples.

"Master, please drive me to Zhaojue Temple," upon boarding the cab, Yuan Zhou reported the address to the driver.

"Young man, why are you going to worship Buddha today?" the cab driver thought for a while and asked curiously. It was neither the first lunar day of the month nor the fifth, which was the right day of worshiping the Buddha.

"Yes, I want to get rid of the bad luck surrounding me." While saying the two words 'bad luck', Yuan Zhou couldn't help grinding his teeth.

"Then you'll have to. But frankly speaking, there are lesser and lesser young people believing in Buddha. Only on the first and fifth lunar day of each month do people go there the most." The cab driver was talkative. He said while a smile.

"It's best to remove the bad luck as soon as possible," with an earnest expression, Yuan Zhou said as if it were true.

"Ok, don't worry, young man. We'll arrive in a little while," the cab driver turned a corner suddenly while maintaining his smile. As a result, Yuan Zhou tilted his head instantly, causing his head to knock on the doorframe.

"I'm really sorry. A dog suddenly rushed up to the car just now." The cab driver was still suffering from the shock. He explained to

Yuan Zhou repeatedly.

"It's ok, it's ok. Let's hurry up and go to the temple," Yuan Zhou covered his forehead and said helplessly.

Having just been through that ordeal, the cab driver likewise didn't dare to say anything more and instead concentrated on driving silently.

"System, did you make that accident?" Yuan Zhou couldn't help but doubt the system, as it was too much of coincidence.

However, the system didn't respond to Yuan Zhou's enquiring; therefore, Yuan Zhou could only massage his forehead speechlessly.

It took only half an hour to get to the temple by cab. At the end, the cab driver even instructed Yuan Zhou, "Young man, do worship the Buddha well."

These words nevertheless confirmed that Yuan Zhou truly possessed bad luck.

Looking at the towering temple in front of him, Yuan Zhou couldn't help sighing in silence. How miraculous it was that a nonhuman system liked hearing complimentary words.

It even learned to worship the Buddha. Upon thinking of that, Yuan Zhou became disturbed again.

"Give me a burning joss stick." Yuan Zhou found the place where burning joss sticks were sold and went up to buy one.

The temple was nevertheless quite grand, with many temple halls inside. After thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou directly went to the main temple hall. He didn't conform to the proper means of worshiping from outside to inside.

While kowtowing to the ground, Yuan Zhou read silently the words required by the system; otherwise, the kowtow would be in vain.

With three kowtows and nine worship, Yuan Zhou completed the entire ceremony process. After that, he stood up and went outside the main hall before tapping open the mission and began to check the status.

The truth was cruel. There wasn't any reaction from the mission status.

"It looks not working," Yuan Zhou then returned to the outermost temple hall and began to worship the Buddha again, as per the formal means of worshiping. After a full one and a half hours, he finally completed the mission.

Yuan Zhou suddenly felt that if he had worshiped the Buddha at the time of the college entrance examination, the score would probably be much better...

Chapter 122: Making Rice Wine

Having completed the repeated actions of worshiping, Yuan Zhou tapped open the mission again and eventually found the status was updated, stating it was 1/3 completed.

When he anxiously returned to the restaurant, Yuan Zhou was only one step away from missing the opening hours. Luckily, he barely made it.

Early next morning, Yuan Zhou rushed towards the comparatively nearer Xinglong Temple after the one-hour breakfast time. It was closest to his restaurant among the three temples and Yuan Zhou decided to go over there in the morning.

Yuan Zhou hurriedly got to the place and immediately bought another joss stick before he could even catch his breath. Then he entered the temple halls to pray for the blessings of the damn system.

"The system is the most powerful; the system is the most..."

Of course, Yuan Zhou was still doing this mission fairly diligently as he knew that there wouldn't be any reward without endeavors. Luckily, he rushed back just in time before lunch, preparing to open the restaurant.

In the afternoon, however, he encountered a problem. The Fuyun Temple was partly in repair and he couldn't get into it.

"Can I change another temple?" standing at the entrance of Fuyun Temple, Yuan Zhou said helplessly.

The system displayed, "The mission can't be altered."

"But I am unable to get inside," Yuan Zhou said disappointedly while looking at the closed temple.

The system displayed, "Host, please complete the mission as soon as possible."

"Ho Ho"

"Excuse me, may I go inside to worship the Buddha?" he went up and asked the monk that was cleaning at the entrance.

"I'm really sorry. We are preparing to temporarily shut the temple and get it repaired. Starting from tomorrow, it won't be open," the monk turned his head and devoutly put his palms together and then said politely.

"But I have a very important thing to do," Yuan Zhou maintained his solemn expression and revealed an anxious look.

"Please read the bulletin board over there. You can come over here again when the temple is to be open," the monk remained mild and said that.

"I only want to worship the Buddha with a burning joss stick, for a single blessing. It won't be long. Please help," Yuan Zhou requested earnestly.

With only one main hall inside, the Fuyun Temple didn't have many believers that came to worship Buddha and hence chose to repair the building.

"I'm sorry but I really can't. Please go back, sir," the monk devoutly put his hands together again and still refused Yuan Zhou.

Finally, Yuan Zhou experienced the awkward feelings of his customers that were refused.

"Let's do this. As a matter of fact, I want to donate some money to the temple for the repair work. Could I pay a formal visit to the master?" Yuan Zhou suddenly remembered that he was now also sort of a rich person.

"Do you have an appointment with him?" without any change in his expression, the monk directly asked.

"I just want to donate some money to the temple. I don't think it requires an appointment," Yuan Zhou answered straightforwardly

"Yeah, so it is. You are right," After thinking for a while, the monk couldn't think of any regulation which required appointments to donate money to the temple.

"I want to donate 100 thousand RMB to the temple. But I don't have enough cash with me, only a bank card. Could you help?" Yuan Zhou bluntly brought out the donation number.

The temple was not large and naturally didn't have other property. It depended on only some small subsidiary businesses to maintain the life of all the monks. Hundred thousand RMB wasn't a small amount, therefore he could enter the temple with the donation and naturally have a good reason to go to the main hall and worship the Buddha for gratitude.

Yuan Zhou had a very explicit intention.

In the end, Yuan Zhou eventually completed the mission with the pretext that he wanted to donate and thank the Buddha.

[2nd Mission of Dignity] Go to these three places tomorrow to pray for blessings of this system and finish the mission within one day.

(Mission tips, now that your customer has sincerely requested the rice wine, you must master the skill and manage to prove yourself, young man.)

[Mission Reward] Skill of Wine-Making and junior title of Master of Wine-Making (available to be received)

Being anxious to head back to the restaurant for business, Yuan

Zhou didn't actually receive it immediately and only did it that after he finished all the work at night.

The title nevertheless made Yuan Zhou quite troubled.

It reminded him of the title of Master of Cooked Wheaten Food, with the familiar smell of a conspiracy.

"System, does the title require any additional condition?" thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou asked explicitly.

The system displayed, "This title doesn't require any additional conditions."

After the system made the pledge, Yuan Zhou still thought for a while before receiving the reward hesitantly.

Rarely did the system not set any other constraints for awarding the title after getting the blessings of Yuan Zhou. It was merely a title now and hence had no attached reward.

Having obtained the new recipe, Yuan Zhou immediately got to work on making the rice wine.

As expected, there appeared another cabinet filled with rice next to the former one.

With a sound of "Pa", he opened the rice cabinet and took out a

handful of rice. The grains were big and slim, with the shape like a shuttle, and the color was like the jade. With a slight pinch, he could feel the rice grains that were as smooth and warm as the small-sized jade, devoid of any cold feeling.

"System, is this the rice used for the wine?" Yuan Zhou asked curiously.

The wine-making skills obtained by Yuan Zhou were basically all about simple rice wine and didn't cover any other variants. Of course, Yuan Zhou didn't actually care about that as he could experiment by himself. It was merely that the skills were basically for glutinous rice wine.

There were only several kinds of rice wine that required white rice, and moreover, required particular rice grains.

Yuan Zhou took the rice grains near him and checked carefully. He suddenly asked, "Oh, holy sh*t. Is this the unexpected Ten-Thousand-Year Tribute Rice?"

Speaking of wine-making, the brewing process definitely needed to be well introduced. It is the selection of ingredients which mattered the most when making wine along with the rice. Among the recipes that he had gotten, there was one that was about a wine made from the white rice and its major ingredient was the Ten-Thousand-Year Tribute Rice.

Nowadays, there was still this breed of the rice being sold on the market but it was already quite different from the original one.

The Ten-Thousand-Year Tribute Rice got its name as it was planted and grown for generations and delivered for tribute every single year. It had a history of over 1000 years. It absorbed the limpid spring water of all four seasons and was planted in distinctive soil, hence its protein content was a few times higher than that of the ordinary rice and, moreover, had abundant vitamin B and rich minor elements. It was classified as a rare treasure among the rice breeds.

"System, if you provide such good rice, what kind of water would you provide?" Yuan Zhou curiously looked at the transparent glass container popping up in front of him and guessed that the water inside wouldn't be as little as it appeared to be. Then he began to wonder about the water quality.

The system displayed, "The limpid spring water absorbed by the Ten-Thousand-Year Tribute Rice and required by wine-making was both taken from the springs during all four seasons. It was only taken from the springs on the first day of each season, so if used properly, the rice wine would have the special flavor of all the four seasons.

The introduction was truly explicit. It was definitely not gaudy and was totally different from the fake ones outside this restaurant.

Yuan Zhou had already known that the system would never provide them unless the ingredients were genuinely precious ones.

After removing his doubts, Yuan Zhou started the process of making the rice wine.

The white rice was washed clean and then soaked in the limpid spring water. In order to give the best taste from the ingredients, Yuan Zhou used the limpid spring water of all four seasons even when washing the rice and didn't use any special technique to accelerate the process of soaking the rice.

He stayed in the kitchen for four hours to watch the real-time change of the rice grains and feel the whole process intuitively. After that, Yuan Zhou slightly adjusted the time accordingly until it could be broken into smaller particles with a gentle pinch, to achieve the best texture of the rice grains.

Only then did Yuan Zhou begin to prepare the steamer to cook the rice. During the process of wine-making, all the kitchenware used must be free from the contamination of grease in order to guarantee the mellow fragrance of the rice grains.

Yuan Zhou put on a pair of gloves that wouldn't affect his touch and wrapped his head to prevent any tiny things from dropping into the ingredients.

Yuan Zhou chose the bamboo steamer this time. After the steaming process, the rice grains would carry a faint bamboo fragrance apart from the mellow fragrance of the rice.

After the rice was cooked and cooled, Yuan Zhou added the distiller's yeast and limpid spring water into the rice and began to

make the wine. Having done all these work, it was already 3:00 in the morning. He carefully set the container to fermentation accelerating and constant temperature mode.

"Si La", Yuan Zhou tore off the protective suit on his body and then went upstairs to sleep.

Chapter 123: White Rice Wine

Yuan Zhou, who had fallen asleep at three before dawn, got up at seven in the morning.

"Fortunately, I'm young," While touching his face in the mirror, Yuan Zhou didn't find any dark circles under his eyes and nodded contentedly.

With such an old face, Yuan Zhou could still boast like that. One could imagine how shameless Yuan Zhou was which could even scare those dark circles away.

Yuan Zhou still felt a little drowsy, hence went to clean himself straightaway. When the cold water was splashed on his face, he instantly became more clear-headed.

When he checked the thermostat-like fermentation device and found there was still half an hour left, Yuan Zhou began to prepare the ingredients for breakfast first. Since he was in a good mood, he was actually preparing to make Soup Dumplings.

When he finished preparing all the ingredients, the time for the rice wine to be fermented was almost up.

He immediately took out the ceramic pot that was not sealed tightly and gently set it down on the azure stone countertop with a "Peng" sound.

"Hua La"

He uncovered the pot and a blast of sweet and fragrant flavor of wine drifted out from the inside slowly. The rice inside the pot had coagulated into a beautiful circle and the wine was seeping out from the middle of it.

The liquid was clear and transparent. After the pot was opened, as time passed, the fragrance of the wine also became stronger but not to the extent it will make people drunk. The wine at this stage was just perfect for girls to drink.

Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, made more than just one serving of the wine. Apart from that, he prepared another two servings for his own use. After taking out about one serving, he left the remaining wine where it was to continue the fermentation, allowing the flavor of the wine to become mellower.

At this time, Mu Xiaoyun was supposed to have arrived; therefore, Yuan Zhou went up and opened the door.

"Boss Yuan, you finally opened the door. What were you busy with just now? The smell was so delicious," a well-built man who did not come frequently said in excitement.

"Rice wine," Yuan Zhou straightforwardly gave the answer that the big man had already expected.

This well-built and muscular man was a martial arts instructor

working for a security company nearby, Chen Wei. He had rather impressive strength and gave the impression of a fierce tiger. Before today, he had been brought here by others twice for the meals.

He had once commented, "The portions here are so small that they can only fill a cat. I become hungrier after eating them." Therefore, he didn't come frequently. However, he liked the dish, Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet, very much and came over more frequently in recent days.

"I knew it. Boss Yuan, you should have made wine earlier. The chicken feet and the wine are a perfect match." With a smile on his face, Chen Wei strode into the restaurant.

"You have to order it first if you want to drink it," Yuan Zhou immediately said.

"No problem. It's just that I'm afraid the wine isn't strong enough. Could you make the wine stronger?" Chen Wei had already known the rules of Yuan Zhou's restaurant and strictly complied with them. He was a person who adhered to his principles.

"Yes, with a longer fermentation time," Yuan Zhou nodded. He knew this guy liked to drink hard liquor. Actually, even without distillation, the rice wine could also be very strong if given enough time.

"Boss Yuan, is the wine freshly prepared?" Chen Wei reacted

immediately.

"Yes, freshly prepared," Yuan Zhou answered with an earnest expression.

"But freshly prepared wine can't match those that had been preserved for a long time. I don't really suspect your skills but it's known to all that good wine needs some time. New wine always has some underlying bad taste," Chen Wei frowned and said frankly.

"No, it won't happen to my wine. Don't worry," Yuan Zhou was quite confident. After all, the raw ingredients could totally solve these problems and besides, he had a powerful cheating equipment, the system.

"Perfect. Then prepare for me one serving of the rice wine. I will come over to drink it three days later," Chen Wei intended to pay without hesitation.

"I'm sorry but I don't sell alcohol in the morning. It can only be ordered after noontime," Yuan Zhou said earnestly.

"Didn't I say I would drink three days later?" not being able to figure it out, Chen Wei said in puzzlement.

"The boss meant to say that you can only order the wine this afternoon and drink it at noon three days later," seeing that Yuan Zhou didn't intend to explain anything, Mu Xiaoyun obediently

went up and explained to him.

"But it doesn't make any difference if I order it now and come over here to drink it three days later," Chen Wei still couldn't really understand.

"The wine can't be ordered in the morning, thus my boss will not accept your order now. It must be at noon or in the evening," with an earnest look on her face, Mu Xiaoyun said that.

"Boss Yuan's rules really don't change any bit. Fine, I will come again at noon to order the wine," Chen Wei had never intended to have breakfast here.

One should know that Chen Wei could eat at least ten Soup Dumplings in one go to be full. If he ate in that way, however, it would be much too expensive, thus Chen Wei directly walked out of Yuan Zhou's restaurant, preparing to eat something else not so expensive.

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Soon, the agreed time with Man Man at noon arrived. Yuan Zhou took out that serving of the rice wine and carefully dealt with it before filling it in a cup. Then, Yuan Zhou directly carried it out.

"Boss Yuan, how is my rice wine? Is it ready?" Man Man asked with apparent pride.

"Sure. Sit down, please," Yuan Zhou pointed at a vacant seat and answered calmly.

"Did he really make it?" when Man Man saw there was nothing special on Yuan Zhou's face, she couldn't help but slightly doubt.

Wine-making was not a skill that could be mastered in a short period. If not, how could wine-making masters be so few? Based on the style of Yuan Zhou's restaurant, he would definitely bring out the best rice wine.

Yuan Zhou took out a tray and put the cup of rice wine onto it and then carried it to Man Man straightaway.

The porcelain cup, with a wide mouth and thin body, didn't look nice, but coarse instead, at the first glimpse. When Man Man took it in her hands, she had thought the cup would be rough on her hand but it actually wasn't. Instead, the texture of the cup was as fine and smooth as purple sand. When observed closely, on the outside of the cup, the upper part was drawn with beautiful light green decorative patterns.

This upper part of the porcelain cup was light brown and a creamy white for the lower part, giving it an extraordinarily fantastic appearance.

"How fragrant it is." While Man Man was observing the cup, she was constantly attracted by the sweet fragrance of the rice wine.

She raised her eyes and found the white rice wine in it. With a slight shake, the fragrance of the wine became much stronger and some little rice grains could be seen floating in the wine.

"Boss Yuan, didn't you filter the wine?" Man Man asked curiously.

"This wine is just perfect for you. Do you need me to heat it up?" Yuan Zhou was a fairly qualified chef, who knew that warm rice wine had a pretty nice taste.

"No need. It's just fine to me. If heated, the rice wine will have a sour taste," Man Man, as a matter of fact, enjoyed rice wine very much with the precondition that eggs and sugar were added into it.

Otherwise, she would always feel that there was the sour taste. In her mind, the sour taste would definitely become stronger after being heated.

Yuan Zhou nodded, not intending to correct Man Man on this aspect.

Man Man took up the cup and drank a mouthful of the wine. Although carefully trying to evade it, she still drank a rice grain by accident.

Just as the wine entered her mouth, a blast of wine taste instantly invaded her nose. She felt immediately her nose became much more sensitive and then sort of sweet flavor began to emit

from within her mouth, more specifically, a fragrant and sweet taste carrying the special aroma of rice wine, which made others unable to help but swallow it directly.

Normally, fermented rice grains were supposed to have nothing left and have only empty shells which tasted like cotton unchewable. However, the rice grain that Man Man swallowed just now was, nevertheless, like boiled white rice. It was soft in texture and mellow in taste, and moreover, did not have a heavy taste at all.

After swallowing up the mouthful of the rice wine, Man Man couldn't help but only want to shout "great", just like those that frequently drunk alcoholics.

Nonetheless, it was the reservedness in her heart and soul that firmly stopped her from doing that.

After that, Man Man cared about nothing more and just held the cup in her hands, starting to ceaselessly sip the wine. While drinking, she revealed an expression full of enjoyment as if she were a cat eating fish, looking extraordinarily lovable.

Although Yuan Zhou was also curious about the taste of the wine made from such unusual rice grains, the business at lunch time had started to get busy...

Chapter 124: Boss Yuan, Use My Prawns Please

"Gu Lu"

Having swallowed up the last mouthful of the smooth rice wine, Man Man felt that her entire body had started to sweat and she felt a sense of comfort washing over her body. It was like the feeling of drinking some hard liquor but without the acrid feeling at all.

"Boss Yuan, I want to order another serving of rice wine for tomorrow," Man Man decisively ordered another serving of the rice wine again.

"Ok. Same time tomorrow," Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod.

"Alright then. I'm leaving," Man Man walked away unhurriedly, slightly tipsy.

It was really worrying that she stumbled while walking.

Yuan Zhou answered her by a simple nod.

At this time, someone brushed past Man Man. He wore an orange-colored baseball cap on the head, a white T-shirt and pale blue jeans on his body and a pair of white shoes on his feet with a bag held in his hand, looking both refreshing and energetic.

As soon as he entered the restaurant, he took the seat where Man Man had sat just now and took off the cap, revealing a bright and handsome face. Then, he said, "Boss, I heard the Phoenix-Tail Prawns cooked by you is top-notch. So you must be able to cook one serving for me with these ingredients, right?"

"What are they?" Yuan Zhou looked at the bag taken up by the youth and then opened it for a look. Inside the bag were many live and fresh river prawns, each of them still alive and kicking, appearing exceptionally fresh.

It was the first time that Yuan Zhou saw a customer come while bringing the raw ingredients himself.

"No need. They are not as good as mine," Yuan Zhou was quite confident of his raw ingredients. What's more, the prawns were truly inferior to those provided by the system.

"That's impossible. These prawns of mine are definitely free from the slightest pollution and haven't ever been fed with any feed. Besides, they have been reared for quite a while," the bright and handsome youth frowned, with a full expression of disbelief.

"But it's the truth," Yuan Zhou crossed his arms against his chest and showed an incontrovertible manner.

"Boss, don't tell me you're afraid of being unable to cook a decent dish with my prawns?" the youth was quite suspicious as to Yuan Zhou's abilities.

"Your prawns are inferior. I won't use them," Yuan Zhou pointed it out straightforwardly.

"Impossible. How do you know if you don't give them a try," the youth still said persistently.

"What about you trying Boss Yuan's Phoenix-Tail Prawns first?" somebody beside him suggested.

"Exactly. I believe the dish cooked with Boss Yuan's ingredients would definitely outclass the same dish cooked with yours," immediately, another person chimed in.

"That's true. You'll know after you taste that," other people in line also started to persuade him.

These people were so dutiful in strenuously promoting Yuan Zhou's Phoenix-Tail Prawns to the youth that one would think they were shills employed by Yuan Zhou.

"Ok, offer me one serving, please," After hesitating for quite a while, the youth decided to taste it first to see what exactly it was like.

"Sure. 1288 RMB, please," Yuan Zhou first told him the price of the dish.

"Payment first?" the young man asked for confirmation.

"Yes, payment first," Yuan Zhou nodded affirmatively.

"No problem," then the young man brought out his wallet and took the money out before giving the notes to Yuan Zhou.

While stretching out a plate, Yuan Zhou signaled him to put the money on it.

Then he picked up the small change with a clip and gave it to the young man, without touching the cash all along.

Yuan Zhou was quite familiar with this action already.

Every time before he cooked, Yuan Zhou would wash his hands for at least three times. Fortunately, the water provided by the system was quite comfortable and well balanced with the acidic-alkaline ratio, providing the perfect effect for cleaning.

Yuan Zhou scooped up the prawns precisely and started to process them. When he worked on that, the young man was closely watching, trying to compare the superiority and inferiority of the prawns with his.

However, Yuan Zhou's actions of dealing with the prawns were so proficient that it was difficult for him to watch clearly. Even before he could compare, Yuan Zhou had finished dealing with one prawn. It was probably when the prawn meat was laid out on the plate that the young man had the clearest sight.

Since it was meaningless to compare them by then, the young man had to give up. He carefully stared at Yuan Zhou's actions, looking extraordinarily earnest.

This young man was actually called Yu Mu. His father was just the head chef of World Foodie Hotel, Chef Yu. Since his father lost to Yuan Zhou in the contest, he took several days off in order to recover to his usual state.

During the period, Chef Yu spoke highly of Yuan Zhou, of which Yu Mu wasn't convinced. The Phoenix-Tail Prawns cooked by his father was definitely top-notch in this city. How was it possible that he suddenly lost to a person whose name was unknown by the people.

However, when he saw his father was free from any complaints at all and even had a happy expression, he had no dislike of Yuan Zhou but was merely not convinced of, and moreover curious about his capability.

Therefore, he brought the prawns that were ecologically farmed by the joint business of his friends and came here today, to personally witness if this Master Yuan was really so awesome as his father mentioned to be. Of course, he still believed the prawns farmed by his friends using scientific and proper means were better to be used in cooking the Phoenix-Tail Prawns, which had been proven true by his father Chef Yu.

Before long, Yuan Zhou came up carrying the Phoenix-Tail Prawn

dish, which resembled a phoenix resting in a phoenix tree and ready to be revived by fire. The appearance of the dish corresponded to the name a lot.

"Please enjoy." Yuan Zhou lightly set the plate down.

"Thank you." Yu Mu politely expressed his gratitude.

With his dad being a chef, although Yu Mu knew little about cooking, his mouth had been trained to be fairly sensitive. Therefore he had a distinctive method of tasting dishes.

He first meticulously smelled if there were any peculiar odors in the dish. Such a situation was basically impossible. After all, a chef admired by his father was not supposed to make such a small mistake. As expected, there was not the slightest peculiar odors but only faint fragrance, a rather light fragrance.

When Yu Mu picked up one prawn and stuffed it into his mouth, he found the fragrant scent, which he was basically unable to smell just now, suddenly burst out. It was as if the fragrance were fully wrapped in the prawns without any leakage; all the delicate taste was contained inside, making it exceptionally fresh and delicious. The prawn meat was also firm and elastic with a slight hint of sweetness.

After tasting the dish a few times, Yu Mu finally had to admit that Yuan Zhou's culinary skills were far above his father's but only for the Phoenix-Tail Prawns dish. This was because he had never eaten other dishes cooked by Yuan Zhou. As for the prawns

that he had brought here, he still wanted to compare them with the live ones of Yuan Zhou's, in order to know the difference.

Yuan Zhou might have made best of the prawn meat to present the delicacy. His farming method was supposed to have no problem. As he was eating more, however, such thoughts were getting weak. Basically, all his mind was immersed in the delicacies.

In just a little while, Yu Mu ate up the full plate of the prawns, including the decorative stuff, of which he had already known to be eatable.

"Boss Yuan, you really have a well-deserved reputation," he said admiringly. Now, he finally understood Chef Yu's words. The culinary skills of Yuan Zhou were truly beyond his father's reach and were definitely world-class level.

"Thank you," Everyone loved hearing words of praise and Yuan Zhou was certainly not an exception.

"I hope Boss Yuan could allow me to see the prawns used in the dish. Those that I brought with me just now were also farmed with the most natural and most scientific methods," Yu Mu hadn't given up, hence still wanted to see the prawns used by Yuan Zhou in the dish.

Having considered for an instant, Yuan Zhou said with a nod, "If you see it, you have to buy it. But you can't take it away, as it couldn't be eaten by others anymore.

"What the f*ck? Why?" Yu Mu instantly got stupefied.

"Because it will be contaminated with your presence," Yuan Zhou's eyes seemed to imply that meaning.

"..." Yu Mu could not say anything. He continued saying after considering a while, "Then why can't I take it away?"

"It's my rule. Taking food ingredients out is not allowed," Yuan Zhou said primly.

"So I must put it in the restaurant even after I buy it, right?" Yu Mu took a deep breath and then said with a calm mood.

"Yes, you can fill it in a cup and put the cup over there," pointing at the flower rack, Yuan Zhou said.

"Alright. How much for one?" In order to prove the quality of his ecological friendly prawns, Yu Mu agreed to accept this obvious scam.

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Chapter 125: Reward Package

"Alright. How much for one?" In order to prove the quality of the ecological friendly prawns of his own, Yu Mu agreed to accept this obvious scam.

"120 RMB," Yuan Zhou straightforwardly brought out the price.

"Ok, here's the money," Yu Mu took out the money and handed it to Yuan Zhou.

Yuan Zhou took out the tray to receive the money that was just the right amount. After hesitating for a moment, he put the money at the side instead of into the cash box.

Then he scooped up one prawn with a small fishing net.

With a mere shake, the prawn directly dropped into a wooden basin with a "Pa" sound.

"It's yours now," Yuan Zhou took up the wooden basin and gave it to Yu Mu, saying that.

"Thank you," speechlessly, Yu Mu answered.

He received the wooden basin and directly grabbed the prawn with his hand, bringing it closer to him for closer inspection.

The prawn was in a glistening blue black color. It jumped vigorously in Yu Mu's hand, with its tail full of strength and claws aggressively searching for targets around and preparing to attack people.

Looking at this, Yu Mu instantly became embarrassed to take his prawns out. Merely on the aspect of color, his prawns had lost to the one in front of him now. This was because a darker color also represented a higher content of astaxanthin, which was the most effective antioxidant by far.

The head, tail and the claws were all longer than those of his prawns. Those basic characteristics were still well known by him, who also reared prawns.

"Pa", Yu Mu threw the prawn back into the wooden basin and said, "Thank you, Boss Yuan." After that, he prepared to leave.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou took out an ordinary glass cup with a big mouth and scooped up half a cup of water from the water tank before pouring the prawn from the wooden basin into the cup.

He didn't touch the prawn itself all along the process.

"Take this and put it at the top of the flower rack," Yuan Zhou set the cup down and said to Mu Xiaoyun.

"Ok, sure," Mu Xiaoyun took it over and put it between the several flowers.

The prawn in the cup still wasn't aware of its current situation. It supported its body against the cup wall while stretching out the claws as if threatening the people that were looking at it.

"So he really puts the prawn aside, uncooked?" when Yu Mu saw the single prawn that he had bought was reared separately in the cup as promised, he felt it to be both expected and contrary to his expectations.

Nowadays, such small restaurants adhering to decent principles had become rarer. He had once seen a [Magirtsca](#) vender use a bowl for his dog to fill the soup and serve the customer.

Magirtsca is a kind of soup cooked with sliced mutton and little pieces of internal organs from a sheep along with some flavorings. It's popular in some of the northern areas in China.

He had to say that Yuan Zhou was quite special.

Yu Mu contentedly walked out of Yuan Zhou's restaurant and then had an intuitive feeling about his father, Chef Yu's, words.

Yuan Zhou, on the other hand, continued doing the lunch business earnestly. Afterward, he tapped open the list of the system with excitement.

The system displayed, "Congratulations, host, you have found a bug and are hereby awarded with a reward package."

[Reward] The title of Expert of Finding Bugs and a reward package (available to be received)

That's right. When Yuan Zhou came out with the single prawn requiring payment, the system didn't react. Even after the prawn had been sold, it still didn't have any reaction. As the prawn was neither killed and cooked nor taken out of the restaurant, the system deemed by default the prawn wasn't sold.

However, the truth was that the prawn had already been sold.

"Receive," Yuan Zhou read silently.

First of all, the title was awarded automatically, but Yuan Zhou didn't find it much useful.

If calculated, he had already gotten three titles by now. Except the deceptive title of Master of Cooked Wheaten Food, the other two titles had no restrictions at all but neither did they help.

As for the reward package, Yuan Zhou straightforwardly received and tapped open it.

"System, is this that reward?" Yuan Zhou unbelievably looked at a wooden box popping up in front of him.

The system displayed, "Host, please make good use of it."

"Ho Ho, what to use and what it can help with?" Yuan Zhou had a deeper understanding of the scams used by the system.

The 3 rewards in the package could be said to be abundant. Besides the 3 dishes given for the reward from the Dishes of a Regional Cuisine last time, it was the first time that the system awarded him with three items at a time, and it was in the situation that he didn't complete any mission.

However, Yuan Zhou only wanted to choke the system to death now.

Reward 1: A Taste-Free Spoon

(Reward tips: It had a better effect to use along with the Taste-Free Chopsticks.)

"Pa", he opened the box.

This time, the reward was the most normal one. A seemingly simple and unadorned spoon was lying inside, which appeared to be made of stainless steel. It was engraved with simple patterns and looked fairly magnificent. However, when Yuan Zhou recalled that it was the reward, he nevertheless felt upset.

Reward 2: The system wouldn't take 80% of the profit out of the single prawn sold out today.

(Reward tips: As a reward to the host for being rigorous and earnest. This is the one and only time and won't happen again.)

Reading those annoying instructions that made one's balls hurt, Yuan Zhou's urge to hit somebody became even stronger. Can this even be a reward? What the f*ck. Yuan Zhou suddenly felt he was still too kind-hearted. In this society, only people with a thick face and black heart could live well.

Reward 3: Beef and Blueberry Jam, provided already.

(Reward tips: As a friendly reminder, the preparation method is to evenly blend half a plate of blueberry jam and half a plate of beef mince together and then pour them into one plate. That's all.)

"Are you sure that is eatable? Are you really not kidding me?" Looking at the preparation method, Yuan Zhou became really puzzled.

The system displayed, "Host, you can experiment it by yourself."

"System, how much do you price this Beef and Blueberry Jam?" Yuan Zhou supported his forehead while the usual calm expression

had already vanished.

The system displayed, "Host, you can price this dish on your own."

"Eh... that's so kind of you," Yuan Zhou became really speechless.

Yuan Zhou could guarantee that if he made the dish as per the instructions of the system, the dish would definitely achieve a milestone among the circle of dark cuisines after being brought out.

Therefore, Yuan Zhou did not have the slightest interest in trying that personally.

According to the system's style of doing things, this was absolutely a scam. It seemed that he wouldn't get any good rewards if he didn't complete any missions. It was just that he didn't have any mission to complete recently.

"Pa", Yuan Zhou took up the box of the spoon and directly put it in the drawer where the Taste-Free Chopsticks were kept. Although its effects were perfect for sure, he still felt annoyed upon seeing it.

With a headache, Yuan Zhou decided to pay a visit to Broth. He hadn't thought of raising it but since it came over to guard the restaurant every day, he was nevertheless moved by that dedication.

It was in the afternoon, the street was not bustling with people. Only some of them who enjoyed peace came over here or passed by. The mixed fur Maltese, Broth, was standing at the entrance, with its fur long and looking soft and loose.

When Yuan Zhou was about to go up, he saw Broth run forward several steps and squat in front of a girl with a shoulder bag on her shoulders, and then raised its head, looking at her.

"It's so lovely," the girl crouched down to pat on the head of Broth and then took out the snacks brought with her to feed it before standing up and leaving.

"This fellow is begging for the food?" Lost in puzzlement, Yuan Zhou stayed where he had been and didn't go up.

At this time, two men passed by the dog. Just as Yuan Zhou thought Broth would go up again, Broth just sat quietly there, which made Yuan Zhou more puzzled.

Five minutes later, a couple walked by. They were apparently in their honeymoon period. The man was looking at his girlfriend lovingly and chatting intimately with her when Broth went up and barked, "Wang".

The voice was soft and gentle, like a baby dog acting cutely. The bark straightway attracted the girl's attention.

"Where does the dog come from? Look, how cute it is," while saying, the girl intended to crouch down to stroke it.

"It's probably a stray dog. Be careful not to be bit by it." The man dragged his girlfriend and stopped her from stroking the dog. As expected, the girl hesitated.

At that moment, Broth immediately lay down on the ground with its soft belly bare and slightly rolled around. Meanwhile, it looked at the girl with an expression of "I'm lovable and won't bite anybody."

"Wow, this stray dog is so poor. It should have been hungry for a long time. You go buy some ham sausage. I want to feed it," the girl was immediately defeated and asked her boyfriend to go to buy some food in order to feed the dog.

When the young man went to buy the ham sausage with a helpless look, the girl was making fun of Broth.

"Has the dog evolved from animal to such an intelligent being?" While supporting his forehead with his hand, he felt he had gotten more of a headache. He took the ham sausage held in his other hand and prepared to head back to the restaurant to ease up his helplessness...

Chapter 126: Rice Wine

While Broth was contentedly eating the ham sausage, Yuan Zhou immediately turned back to the restaurant. Since the dog had already evolved to an intelligent being, he didn't need to feed it anymore.

Time passed fast. After cooking breakfast, Yuan Zhou began to prepare the rice wine ordered three days ago at noontime by Chen Wei.

As the fermentation time became longer and the sweetness slowly spread out, the flavor of wine also became heavier and the aroma became mellower. Yuan Zhou didn't intend for the wine to be distilled, so the alcoholic percentage was not high, basically no more than 20%.

Yuan Zhou carefully filtered the translucent wine in the middle of the rice. Unlike last time, he didn't leave any rice grains inside and tried to filter the wine as cleanly as possible. After that, the wine was directly filled in a cup with about 100ml.

"Boss Yuan, Boss Yuan, can I drink the rice wine today?" Ten minutes before the opening hours started, Chen Wei arrived at the restaurant.

"You have to wait ten minutes more." Yuan Zhou took a look at the time and refused him.

"Alright. The time is almost up, so I'll wait," Acting like he wasn't

an outsider, Chen Wei just sat down on the chair and started to wait to drink the wine.

After a nod signaling ‘do whatever you want’, Yuan Zhou began to do his own work. He scooped up just 100ml of the wine and filled it into the small cup.

After a while, Chen Wei started to get antsy, as he felt the aroma of the wine constantly rushing into his nose.

"Is this the rice wine that I will drink shortly?" Chen Wei asked straightway.

"Yes," Yuan Zhou nodded and put the cup away before storing the fermented rice which he was prepared to use for other purposes.

Then, Chen Wei got stuck and didn't know what to say next. He took pride in himself for following the rules all along and was naturally ashamed to ask again for the wine now. He could only endure the temptation and look at other things to divert his attention.

Meanwhile, Yuan Zhou was just preparing the food ingredients and had basically finished, thus the two people started to stare at each other, doing nothing.

"Boss?" the arrival of Mu Xiaoyun lessened the embarrassment of the two adult men.

"Humm, come over here," Yuan Zhou nodded. Then he took out the wine cup and signaled her to carry it to Chen Wei.

"Thank you," Chen Wei first thanked the little loli with a mild expression and then said to Yuan Zhou, "Boss Yuan, please offer me a serving of Phoenix-Tail Prawns as well."

"Ok, wait a moment," Yuan Zhou agreed immediately.

At this time, other customers walked into the restaurant one after another.

"Everybody, please take your seats and tell me what you want to eat," Mu Xiaoyun greeted earnestly.

"No problem. Have you had your meal, Xiaoyun?" these customers liked this girl very much, hence asked her with a smile.

"I come here after the meals every time," Mu Xiaoyun nodded and said seriously.

"Ha Ha, yeah, right. If not, you would have probably starved to death while smelling such great aromas," a man seated beside Chen Wei said while laughing.

"Absolutely. I haven't gone shopping for a long time ever since I ate here for the first time," a pretty girl complained while pouting.

"Then why don't you ask Boss Yuan to treat you to dinner?" immediately, someone horsed around.

"Stop it. Who of you guys have ever seen Boss Yuan treat others to dinner?" The pretty girl curled her lip, not believing that at all.

"You are right. I believe when Boss Yuan gets a girlfriend, he will become easier to talk with," the man beside Chen Wei suddenly said that.

"But do you think Boss Yuan can find a girlfriend?" Wu Hai whispered.

"I would volunteer to be his girlfriend," the pretty girl immediately disappointed him.

"Ho Ho, actions speak louder than words. According to my careful observation, Boss Yuan seems to do business only and study the dishes all day long, and then nothing else. He doesn't have any other pleasures in life," touching his mustache, Wu Hai said with an affirmative look.

"Eh..." thinking of such life for a little while, the pretty girl immediately stopped talking. However, she immediately felt something was wrong.

"Wait! Don't quarrel anymore. Look at Boss Yuan," Chen Wei suddenly said.

Having been carefully listening to them bullshitting , Chen Wei uttered right away when he turned his head and saw the manner of Yuan Zhou cooking the Phoenix-Tail Prawns.

"What's the matter?" Wu Hai first reacted before others, looking at Chen Wei curiously.

"Don't you guys feel the manner of Yuan Zhou cooking the Phoenix-Tail Prawns seems to be a bit weird?" It was the first time that Chen Wei had ordered this dish. The intention was obviously to eat while drinking the wine.

However, he suddenly found the way Yuan Zhou caught and dealt with the prawns seem to be terribly odd.

"It seems to be true," the pretty girl also nodded and said as if thinking of something.

"Yeah, pretty sure now." All the several customers stared at Yuan Zhou processing Phoenix-Tail Prawns.

However, at this time, they all maintained silent as if to be agreed upon collectively and didn't asked Yuan Zhou at all. Judging from the mask on Yuan Zhou's face and his earnest wink, they got to know it was not a good time to ask.

Customers in the restaurant held their breath and waited there quietly.

It was when Yuan Zhou carried the dish to him did Chen Wei eagerly asked, "Boss Yuan, why is your posture of dealing with the Phoenix-Tail Prawns so odd?"

"Pardon?" Yuan Zhou didn't react immediately. Fortunately he hadn't taken off the mask; otherwise, his ever-solemn profile would probably be greatly ruined.

"The prawns should not be contaminated with anyone's presence before entering one's mouth, including mine," after a small pause, Yuan Zhou finally reacted and then said seriously at once.

"So it's true that what Boss Yuan did yesterday wasn't because of money, right?" a little fellow suddenly said.

"Yesterday?" customers not knowing of this event started to surround the little fellow and asked about that.

Then the little fellow clearly told about the happening of yesterday. During the narration, the customers looked at Yuan Zhou with a complicated gaze for a moment and then again at the prawns laid out there.

"No wonder the prawns are so delicious. Unexpectedly, he really managed to ensure, before the dish was carried to the customers to eat, the prawn meat would not be touched by his hand. He even has such strict requirements on dealing with the ingredients," almost everyone was thinking about the same thing about Yuan Zhou.

Now, it seemed obvious that the food prepared was so delicious. Just from the way the ingredients were dealt with, one could see that.

It made sense that the dish was appetizing.

"Please enjoy," Yuan Zhou gestured towards the Phoenix-Tail Prawns and Rice Wine in front of Chen Wei.

"Ok, good," Chen Wei also admired Yuan Zhou a lot now, even though the portion of the food was still so small that it could only feed a cat.

100ml of Rice Wine and eight clear prawns.

The cup looked pretty good. The dark green surface was like that of bamboo joints and the drawing of the cluster of bamboo matched it pretty well. Even Chen Wei, who didn't usually care about these things, felt it was nice.

Of course, it was the taste of the wine that mattered the most.

Having taken up the wine cup, Chen Wei sipped a little bit of the rice wine. With his brawny figure and a seemingly rough and impatient manner, Chen Wei nevertheless acted quite elegantly while drinking the wine.

Once a mouthful of the rice wine entered his throat, the cool taste immediately melted in his mouth. It was ice-cold and

refreshing, soft and smooth, and carried a fragrance of the rice grains. What's more, another kind of unknown fragrance was constantly lingering around in his mouth before flowing into his stomach along with the wine.

"Gu Dong", being anxious to capture this unknown flavor, Chen Wei drank another mouthful of the rice wine.

Suddenly a different taste appeared this time. It brought about a slight scorching feeling, making people feel a little hot but not harmful to them. The wine once again flowed into his throat.

Chen Wei carried up the wine cup again and began to look forward to the taste.

To Chen Wei, the clear and translucent liquid of the wine that was swaying in the milky cup was as attractive as hard liquor despite the alcohol content in the wine not being above 20%.

Chapter 127: Difficulties Faced When Having A Meal

"Good wine," after drinking up the last mouthful of the wine, Chen Wei put the cup down and said in a loud voice. When he reacted, he found all other customers were looking at him curiously and thus said while hurriedly patting his head,

"Sorry, sorry. The taste is so nice that I couldn't help but shout."

"It's well understood. Ha Ha," other customers surrounding him laughed kindly.

"Boss Yuan's wine is way too good. It's merely that the amount is so little," looking at the empty cup, Chen Wei said helplessly.

"No, it's not," Yuan Zhou said solemnly.

"It's probably only 100ml. If it wasn't for me drinking it slowly, it would have been long gone," Chen Wei touched his head and said in a recalcitrant manner.

"100ml is not little." Yuan Zhou nodded firmly.

"Ok, that's fine. Could you serve me one more cup?" Chen Wei had already aimed for the other cup of the wine placed in the front by Yuan Zhou and thus begged for it with his gaze.

"No way," Yuan Zhou looked steadily forward and took no notice of what Chen Wei was implying.

"Boss Yuan, please!!! What do you expect a drunkard to do without drinking wine?" Chen Wei said in a distressed manner.

Meanwhile, his manly face wrinkled.

"Everyone can only order one serving per meal for each dish," Yuan Zhou pointed at the rules written on the wall and said firmly.

Chen Wei had no choice but to give up. However, he still grumbled reluctantly in a low voice,

"I still think it's not good to always comply with the rules. We need to indulge ourselves in our heart occasionally."

Nonetheless, Yuan Zhou pretended not to hear him and then began to busy himself with the dishes ordered by other customers.

.....

"Dad, let's have dinner together in the evening," in the spacious but deserted living room, a short-haired young girl dressed in a white long skirt said indifferently while sitting on the sofa.

"This evening? I'm not sure but I probably have to work overtime," an adult man with slicked-back hair, who looked like a

successful person, was changing his shoes and preparing to go out.

"You promised me dinner one week ago," the short-haired young girl first looked bleak and then said with sort of expectation.

"Well, ok. You give me a call in the evening and I will come to pick you up," the man frowned perplexedly and after quite a while, only said that.

"No, I'll go to your office," the young girl answered coldly.

"Ok, sure. Take a taxi and pay attention to the safety," after thinking for a while, the man agreed with his daughter.

"Humm," the young girl didn't turn her head around but just answered indifferently.

"Peng," the door was then closed. Only then did the young girl turn her head and look at the house devoid of anyone else. Subsequently, she lifted up the long skirt and patted on the left leg's artificial limb before smiling helplessly.

She carefully stood up and tried to keep herself from tumbling with her back straightened up and then walked step by step over to the other side of the living room. There, in a black-and-white photo, was a beautiful woman who looked at the young girl with a smile.

"Mom, it's my birthday today. Thank you for giving birth to me,"

There was not any sadness on her face. She just said while faintly smiling.

Then she lit a joss stick and worshiped her mom for a while before leaving.

"Dong Dong Dong," the artificial limb inevitably made heavy sounds on the floor.

Having returned to her bedroom, the young girl turned on the computer and directly went onto the updated live broadcast of Meng Meng to chat with others.

Yes, the young girl just wanted to go to Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Every time she watched Meng Meng eating there, she would have the urge to head there. It would be good to eat there alone but she hoped to go there with her father even more.

However, her father could no longer face her normally ever since she lost one of her legs and her mother died in an accident. Let alone eating together, even holding a conversation with her dad also rarely happened.

For the dinner in the evening, she had started to enquire her father about it two weeks ago. Not until last week did he agree to go for dinner together today which happened to be her birthday. However, it seemed that it would not be easy for the plan to succeed.

Since walking would take longer time, she directly called a taxi downstairs to pick her up. After that, she started to examine the artificial limb and took her wallet before going out.

"Peng," it was also the first time that she got out of her house in the past two weeks. Not only her father, even she herself couldn't face the reality.

When she purposely slowed down the pace, she would seem to be almost like an ordinary people and didn't reveal the slightest hint of being disabled. She boarded the cab and said after taking a breath, "To the Industry Building."

"Ok," the cab driver had a very good attitude. He didn't ask why the young girl moved so slowly.

They arrived at the destination just in a little while. To her surprise, her father didn't treat her coldly and instead, had unexpectedly been waiting for her downstairs.

"So here you are. Let's go," Taking his briefcase, he revealed slight impatience in his tone but still waited earnestly until her daughter got on the car.

After turning his head and taking a look, the father said in a harsh tone, "Fasten the seatbelt."

"Humm," the softness on the young girl's face likewise vanished as she answered indifferently.

"Where are we going for dinner?" after starting the engine, he looked at his daughter's pale face and said impatiently.

"No.14 of Taoxi Road. I heard the dishes there are quite appetizing," the young girl made a faint smile and gave a rare compliment.

"Are they as tasty as those cooked by your mom?" the man said casually.

Once the words were uttered, the two people instantly fell into absolute silence. The young girl's face immediately turned pale and the man also frowned regretfully, yet didn't say anything.

They remained silent all along the journey and soon got to Yuan Zhou's restaurant. It was still early and there weren't many people lining up at the entrance. The man carefully located the nearest parking space and parked the car there.

"Ka Da," the young girl opened the door and then said, "This restaurant serves mum's favorite dish, the Phoenix-Tail Prawns."

Then she walked forward with a limp without turning her head.

While frowning, the man took the briefcase and locked the door before catching up and waiting in line quietly with her daughter.

Five minutes later, the man suddenly said, "Let me wait here alone and you go and wait inside the car."

"No need," the young girl refused decisively.

"Even if you stand here, you still have to wait." The man frowned disconsolately.

"Even if I am in the car, I'm still waiting," the young girl answered stubbornly.

"You are always disobedient," the man blurted out.

"Maybe," the young girl said, being reluctant to show any weakness.

"An unfilial daughter..." the man seemed to be so angry that he stopped saying anything.

With her back straightened, the young girl stood in front as if taking no notice of her angry father.

Fortunately, they didn't wait for long for their turn.

Coincidentally, facing the kitchen were two vacant seats. They went up and got seated.

"Boss, give me the menu," the man said rudely.

"It's on the wall," Yuan Zhou coldly pointed to the wall. To such an apparently picky tone, Yuan Zhou didn't really mind but his manner of speaking became even colder.

"It doesn't have even a menu," the man frowned disappointedly but when he saw his daughter at the side, he reined in his temper and looked back at the price list.

"Though the price is definitely five-star level, it's just that whether his culinary skills can match up to it." The man's tone was full of suspicion.

Without preparing to explain anything, Yuan Zhou remained standing where he had been and didn't give any further reaction.

The girl, nevertheless, felt a little ashamed of her father being constantly picky.

"Boss, please offer us one serving of Phoenix-Tail Prawns and two Clear Broth Noodle Soup Set," the young girl ordered the dishes.

"Ok, it's up to you," the man didn't object to the dishes ordered by his daughter.

It was merely that the atmosphere between the two persons was quite odd. They didn't talk to each other.

The man was taking his phone and busying himself with his work issues while his daughter stared at something blankly although she was holding her phone.

After only a little while, Yuan Zhou got the two bowls of the Clear Broth Noodle Soup and one serving of Phoenix-Tail Prawns ready.

"Noodle Soup and Phoenix-Tail Prawns for you two. Please enjoy," Yuan Zhou carried the dishes to them with courtesy.

"Thank you," the young girl received the noodle soup and quickly took a bite expectantly. The taste was truly superb. Even the pale color on her face faded away after that bite.

At this time, the man raised his head, "Wei Wei, I have an emergency in the company and I have to go to deal with it."

While speaking, he got ready to leave. It was then the young girl's face revealed a 'just as I thought' expression. She lowered her head and said nothing. At that moment, Yuan Zhou chimed in and said something.

Chapter 128: Clear Broth Noodle Soup And Phoenix-Tail Prawns

The man said with a conflicted expression, “Wei Wei, I have an emergency in the company that I have to go deal with.”

The young girl put the chopsticks down and showed an unbelievable expression. She didn’t say anything, but merely lowered her head.

Just as the man was turning around and about to leave, Yuan Zhou pointed at the untouched dishes and said to him, “I’m sorry but if you don’t finish the dishes ordered, you’ll be blacklisted and never welcomed here.”

Yuan Zhou’s utterance made the man turn around with a furious expression, “It’s none of your business whether I eat it or not. I already paid for that.”

“This is the rule of my restaurant,” Yuan Zhou said while pointing at the black characters written with a brush. He wasn’t affected by the man’s outburst at all.

“Such a small and shabby restaurant even has rules? I’m sorry but I don’t care,” while speaking, the man was about to leave.

“Sorry, but I don’t think you get my meaning. I mean you and her will both be blacklisted and never be welcomed,” Yuan Zhou said unhurriedly and explained that his daughter was also

included.

That was a little difficult for the man to accept. “What do you mean? Didn’t you open the restaurant for business? I can do whatever I want if I pay for that.”

“It is because I am doing business. That’s why I insist on following the rules,” Yuan Zhou said calmly.

The man was put in a difficult position. The delighted expression of his daughter upon eating the noodles was not faked. What more, she had been constantly confirming the exact date with him in order to eat the dishes here in this restaurant. He didn’t want his daughter to be denied from dining here because of him.

However, he was also reluctant to sit down now and leave after the dinner.

Therefore, the situation was set in a deadlock.

Yuan Zhou didn’t actually care about losing customers who didn’t know to taste.

“You...” just as the man wanted to scold Yuan Zhou in anger, the young girl suddenly grabbed the corner of his suit.

“Dad,” the girl lowered her head. One could not see her expression and her tone revealed her loneliness.

The man looked down at the young girl. As if having felt her father's sight on her, the girl then said, "It's my birthday today."

As soon as she finished the words, her father seemed to see his family of three members holding a birthday celebration for the girl last time. Every time his wife would cook a potful of clear broth noodle soup, which she called it longevity noodles and asked each of them to eat and they would have to finish it.

Looking down at the two bowls of the steaming Clear Broth Noodle Soup on the table, the man let out a sigh and said, "Ok, let's leave after the dinner."

Seeing the man prepare to sit down and eat, Yuan Zhou revealed a slight smile and then stopped instantly before going back to the kitchen and preparing the dishes ordered by other customers.

"Thank you," the young girl said in a low voice.

"Sigh... let's eat the noodles now," not knowing what to say, the man could only heave a sigh.

Anyhow, he had indeed neglected his daughter. Having turned his head and taken a look at his daughter, the man started to eat the noodles.

The noodles were quietly submerged in the broth. They were not clear and transparent but instead like handmade noodles, the one

with flour inside.

“Only this kind of broth from handmade noodles is good. It indicates that the flour is fresh,” the man recalled his wife’s former words and then settled down to start eating.

While carrying the memories of his wife and the guilt about his daughter, the man began to eat the noodles, mouthful by mouthful. The refreshing and tasty noodles were instantly endowed with different tastes due to his complex mood and various feelings emerging from his heart.

“Eat the Phoenix-Tail Prawns,” Suddenly, a big prawn alike to the phoenix-tail popped up in front of him.

“Oh, you eat as well,” after a slight hesitation, the man received the prawn and said.

“Yes, I will,” A faint smile appeared on the face of the girl. Then she lowered her head and began to eat the noodles and, from time to time, picked up a prawn.

The time spent on the meal was extremely short. They finished the meal within only ten minutes.

The young girl finished first. With a heated flush on her face, she said in a flat tone, “I’m finished. Let’s go.”

She then stood up and moved slowly out of the restaurant.

“Ok, right away,” Only after finish drinking the broth in the bowl did the man follow his daughter and head out.

Yuan Zhou didn’t carry the dishes to other customers until the two people disappeared from sight.

“Please enjoy,” Yuan Zhou set down the dishes and returned to stand at his usual position, preparing to greet new customers.

“Boss Yuan, was that intentional just now?” a customer nearby asked curiously.

“What do you mean by the word intentional?” Yuan Zhou asked back, his expression remaining the same.

“Anyone can tell with a glance that the father and daughter pair did not have a good relationship,” the customer gestured at the location where the father and daughter had sat.

“Exactly. Boss Yuan has a sharp tongue but a soft heart, right?” Meanwhile, Wu Hai also said with a smile at the side.

“This is my rule,” Yuan Zhou had no intention to attribute this matter to his endeavor at all.

“Really? Does the rule say if one wastes food, the family members will be affected?” Looking at Yuan Zhou from left to right, Wu Hai

just wanted to see the usual calm manner of Yuan Zhou change.

“No, it doesn’t,” Crossing his arms against the chest, Yuan Zhou glanced at Wu Hai and continued saying, “I can add that into the current rules now.”

“Boss Yuan, why don’t you just admit that? You definitely wanted to help the girl to keep her father here.” Wu Hai spoke as if he had seen through all of Yuan Zhou’s thoughts.

“Oh? What did I keep him for?” Yuan Zhou asked another question with a mild tone.

“Because Boss Yuan is a nice guy,” the customer who brought up this matter directly awarded Yuan Zhou with a Nice Guy Card

“No, I’m not a nice guy. I’m actually a businessman plus a chef,” Yuan Zhou denied the award decisively.

He had been awarded with a Nice Guy Card by another man even before he got a girlfriend. This was absolutely unacceptable to Yuan Zhou.

“Ehh, you can’t say that. Although you are a little greedy for money, Boss Yuan is actually a very nice person,” at this time, Man Man suddenly said.

“Humm,” Yuan Zhou’s reaction was quite normal as long as she didn’t award him with the Nice Guy Card.

“Stop debating, guys. We all know Boss Yuan definitely heard them talking and hence helped the girl to keep her father here,” Wu Hai concluded.

“If so, does that mean Boss Yuan can hear what we say usually?” Man Man said unbelievably.

“Hey, girl, you are missing the point,” Wu Hai turned his head to Man Man speechlessly and couldn’t help ridiculing her in the heart.

“Boss Yuan, so can you hear our conversation usually?” Man Man looked at Yuan Zhou with an astonished expression.

“No, never,” Yuan Zhou denied decisively.

Did she expect Yuan Zhou to say that he had very sharp senses and would often laugh a lot at their conversations?

“Then that’s ok.” Man Man was so simple that she believed the words.

“What would you like to eat today?” When new customers appeared in the restaurant, Yuan Zhou started to greet them, leaving Wu Hai alone.

On the other side, the girl and her father were heading for their

house.

The atmosphere in the car was still as depressing as before. No one talked first. When they were about to arrive, the man said, “Let’s go there again next month.”

“Ok,” the girl agreed with a nod. Despite the indifferent expression on her face, her eyes nevertheless revealed her expectations.

“Here we are. Get off the car carefully,” the man parked the car and walked to the other side to open the door and wait for his daughter to get off.

The girl moved her artificial limb and slowly got off the car, not asking her father to support her. She didn’t want to make the relationship that had just become better to return back to being awkward again.

Seeing his daughter so strong, the man, nevertheless, didn’t stop her. Instead, he watched her carefully in case his daughter fell down.

Having entered the lift, the girl suddenly said, “The Clear Broth Noodle Soup cooked by the chef resembles those cooked by mom.”

“Yes, they were slightly alike,” the man was stupefied for quite a while before replying.

Family love could be as insipid as water but could also be as thick as blood.

Chapter 129: Sandwich

Before bedtime, Yuan Zhou took out his phone and prepared to set the alarm clock but wavered between 6:00 and 7:30.

"Having eaten Soup Dumplings for a few days, they must have been sick of that food. Let me change it to Egg Fried Rice," Yuan Zhou talked to himself for a while and set the alarm at 7:30, believing it fairly reasonable.

Naturally, only the customers themselves knew if they were sick of the food.

During the ringing of the alarm clock, Yuan Zhou got up in the morning and started a new day.

"Good morning, Boss," Mu Xiaoyun always arrived on time. She had never been late ever since she worked here a month ago.

"Morning. Have you had breakfast?" Yuan Zhou asked conveniently.

"Yes, already. Thank you, Boss," Mu Xiaoyun revealed a sweet smile.

"Great. Let me first go to eat my breakfast," with a straight face, Yuan Zhou took out the cooked Clear Broth Noodle Soup and started to eat.

"..." Mu Xiaoyun was rather speechless. She felt Yuan Zhou would probably never get a girlfriend in his lifetime if he talked that way.

Even a little loli knew what being in love meant.

Of course, Boss Yuan surely didn't understand that with his personality of a compass.

After having breakfast, as usual, Yuan Zhou prepared the remaining broth for the dog, Broth. Broth loved eating broth but not the broth cooked by others.

"It sounds a little awkward. How about just calling it Noodle," Yuan Zhou carefully considered over this matter while touching his head.

"Boss?" Seeing Yuan Zhou was talking to himself, Mu Xiaoyun couldn't help but ask.

"Humm. What do you think that dog should be called?" Yuan Zhou decided to take the little loli's opinion for reference.

"The dog? You mean the dog that's guarding the restaurant? So it's true that you rear that dog," Mu Xiaoyun suddenly recalled of the dog that she could see every day.

"No. Broth and Noodle, which one do you think is better?" Yuan Zhou asked her earnestly.

"Neither of the two sounds good," Mu Xiaoyun had intended to answer like this but when she saw Yuan Zhou's earnest expression, she changed her mind and said tentatively, "What about Broth?"

"Humm, guess Broth does sound better." Yuan Zhou nodded and revealed an expression of 'You have a good taste'.

"..." Mu Xiaoyun decided not to reveal the truth anymore.

The moment he stepped into the restaurant after feeding Broth, three customers had already sat down and were ordering their dishes while being served by Mu Xiaoyun.

"Yuan Yuan, look at the new dish. Both the two jams can be ordered as one dish," the taller girl suddenly held the arm of the lovely girl beside her and said.

"Yes, exactly. But it's a little more expensive," the lovely girl called Yuan Yuan saw the price list.

Beef Mince and Blueberry Jam, 128 RMB per small plate

"Then I want this one. Little Shu, Lan Lan, what do you like to eat?" Yuan Yuan turned her head and asked.

"The Blueberry Jam is preferred," although Little Shu appeared chirping, she didn't actually like change.

"I also want the Beef Mince and Blueberry Jam but I just don't know if it's delicious," Lan Lan said curiously.

"I don't think so. What if Boss Yuan only blends the two single jams together? Let's see how you can eat that," a gloat appeared on the face of Little Shu.

"No, that surely won't happen. The dishes here are extraordinarily delicious," Lan Lan said firmly.

"But I just want to eat the blended jams," surprisingly, Yuan Yuan said that while looking around.

"Yuan Yuan!" the other two girls couldn't stand it and hence shouted at Yuan Yuan. Obviously, it was not the first time that Yuan Yuan had such odd taste.

"Okay okay. I was just saying," Yuan Yuan explained in a low voice.

Then the other two girls no longer talked about the jam issue and changed the subject to something else.

"Ok, that will be all our dishes," Yuan Yuan said to Mu Xiaoyun with a smile.

"Alright. They'll be served soon," Mu Xiaoyun answered before

turning her head and reporting the dishes to Yuan Zhou.

Yuan Zhou nodded and began to wash his hands. As he had gone out to feed the dog, Yuan Zhou washed his hands five times this time. Only then did he begin to scoop the jams onto the plate.

Naturally, the Beef Mince and Blueberry Jam dish wasn't made as per the joking instructions of the system. It was definitely unable to be eaten simply by stirring them together. Nevertheless, after separating the two different jams, there was no problem. Therefore, Yuan Zhou directly asked the system to provide another kind of round plate, which was separated into two parts with a Tai Chi pattern in the middle. Then he placed the two different jams into the two parts respectively.

This way, not only could he satisfy the demands of some customers to eat the two different jams at a time but also take the chance to earn money. This dish was priced by Yuan Zhou himself after all.

Taking out the TaiChi styled plate, Yuan Zhou carefully added the jams into it. He looked at the appearance of the dish in satisfaction, which looked pretty good.

"Dishes for you two." Yuan Zhou carried the plates to the front of the two girls' table.

"Thank you," the three of them said in one voice.

"Luckily it's not like what Yuan Yuan expected it to be," Lan Lan and Little Shu heaved a sigh of relief and said thankfully.

"All right. I can do it myself," staring at the Tai Chi plate for quite a while, Yuan Yuan said to herself.

"Oh, Jesus. Again?" Little Shu helplessly supported her forehead and decided not to watch it.

Yuan Yuan took out the prepared toasts from her bag and prepared to blissfully enjoy her Blueberry Jam sandwich. Of course, it would be better if there was a fried egg.

"Yuan Yuan, you do it yourself. I'll eat it in my way," Lan Lan also felt rather speechless and said that.

Then she prepared a blueberry jam toast and a beef mince toast each. Eating in that way was nevertheless considered to be fashionable.

"Ok, don't you two want a try?" Yuan Yuan asked curiously.

"No, thanks," the other two revealed a thankful but rejecting manner and refused her flatly.

Yuan Yuan shrugged and began to mind her own business, making her own toast.

They came specifically for the jams; therefore, they would, of course, prepare the toasts beforehand. Yuan Yuan really enjoyed milk toast. The milky white toast with brown edges really had a great taste

She picked up a small spoon used for the jams with one hand and took the milk toast with the other and then started to plaster the toast with the jams. In the shape of a triangle, she covered one part of the toast with blueberry jam and the other part with spicy beef mince. They were quite distinct from each other and looked pretty nice.

After covering it with another toast, Yuan Yuan covered this new toast with the jams again.

Next, she did it in the opposite way. At where the blueberry jam was plastered, she now covered at the top with the beef mince; and at where the beef mince was originally plastered, she now covered with the blueberry jam at the top. In that way, she finally made a sandwich with three layers.

"Boss Yuan, could you please give me a knife?" Yuan Yuan was holding the Beef Mince and Blueberry Jam toast in delight.

"Ok, sure," having considered for a second, Yuan Zhou decided to help Yuan Yuan to accomplish her miraculous idea.

Afterward, he drew out a serrated knife and handed to her.

"Thank you, Boss Yuan," she then received the knife happily.

Subsequently, she put the toast bag under the prepared sandwich and cut it into four pieces.

Yuan Yuan cut it quite well. She guaranteed every piece was covered with the jams, half of which was blueberry jam and the other half with the beef mince; moreover, the blueberry jam below corresponded with the beef mince above.

As a result, no matter which part was bitten, there were always in the mouth sweet and sour blueberry jam at one side and spicy and tasty beef mince at the other side at the same time. Of course, the blueberry jam had big pieces of blueberry fruit while the beef mince had big pieces of beef.

Presumably, the taste should be really delicious.

"Here you are," Yuan Yuan handed the serrated knife back to Yuan Zhou and asked tentatively after thinking for a while, "Do you want a try?"

"No need but you sliced it really nicely," Yuan Zhou immediately refused and conveniently complimented the sandwich that was cut neatly.

"Thanks for your praise" Yuan Yuan accepted it with a smile and then took up a piece of sandwich, starting to eat.

After that, the expression on her face became vivid and no longer appeared dull.

"Lan Lan, Xiao Shu, it's so nice. Don't you want to taste it?" adhering to the principle of sharing good stuff among good friends, Yuan Yuan said generously.

"No need. We can eat our fill with the current one."

The two girls saw the distinctive way of preparing the sandwich and moreover thought of the odd combination of the tasty Beef Mince and Blueberry Jam. Only by thinking that, they had felt not only sweet and sour but also fragrant and spicy in the mouth. Besides, when thhe again thought of the soft Blueberry fruit and the chewy Beef, they felt uncomfortable.

They refused Yuan Yuan bluntly and turned their sight away from her and then enjoyed attentively their own delicacies.

This taste...

Chapter 130: Discount Card

"The taste is pretty nice," after eating up the last Beef Mince and Blueberry Jam sandwich made by herself, Yuan Yuan said contentedly.

"Is it really so delicious?" looking at the satisfied expression on Yuan Yuan's face, Lan Lan asked in curiosity.

"Yes, very much so. I still have one piece of bread left. Do you want to taste it?" Yuan Yuan brought out the remaining piece of the toast.

"Er... no need." Having thought for a while, Lan Lan immediately gave up.

As for Yuan Zhou who had been watching the whole process, he didn't want to try the dish himself. His taste was quite normal.

Shortly after the three girls left, customers in the restaurant began to increase.

While he was busy cooking, the system, unexpectedly, made a sound.

The system displayed, "Considering the host's excellent performance, a special tool for a limited time only is hereby awarded and is available now to be received."

[Reward] A 12% Discount Card

(Reward tips: Congratulations to you for getting the special reward. Please use the discount card as soon as possible. The time of validity is only one day, so please make the best use of it.)

He stopped for an instant and then continued carrying the dishes to the customers as if nothing had happened.

During the opening hours, Yuan Zhou didn't tap open and check the reward even if he was quite curious. Instead, he just cooked the dishes seriously.

It was only when the opening hours finished did Yuan Zhou tap open the reward and check it.

However, he still didn't receive the reward even after he carefully checked it three times.

What a joke. The system offered only scams every time. When has the system ever offered him any reward for free? A strong scent of conspiracy could be smelled in the air.

The title and Soup Dumplings awarded for the first time were followed by limited opening hours. Of course, he was also a person of vested interests though but the latter event of the red packet was still fresh in his memory; therefore, it was a big problem whether to receive it or not.

To be or not to be, that is the question.

"System, what is the discount card used for?" having considered for a while, Yuan Zhou decided to ask the system straightforwardly.

The system displayed, "This card can enable the customers to enjoy the benefits of a 12% discount for all the dishes within the time limit of 12 hours."

Yuan Zhou was delighted at first, but suddenly he started to worry if his 20% share of the business turnover would also lessen due to the discount.

"Then will my share be affected by the discount?" Yuan Zhou asked frankly.

The system displayed, "The discounted amount comes from the 80% share of the system and the share of the host won't change at all."

"You mean the discount is taken from the cost of ingredients charged by you but won't affect my share, right?" Yuan Zhou repeated the sentence in another way that was comprehensible to him.

The system displayed, "You are right."

"System, I'd become more flustered if you act in that unusual

way," Yuan Zhou couldn't help but grumble about the system.

However, the system didn't actually take notice of Yuan Zhou's words.

While touching his forehead, Yuan Zhou felt even more certain that he couldn't receive the reward. Did such a nice reward really come from the system without any conditions?

"The time limit is 12 hours but my business time has only 6 hours. So can this card be used in twice, 6 hours each time?" Yuan Zhou thought for a while and decided to make it clear first.

The system displayed, "Host, please use the card in one go.

"All right. Now that's the genuine style of the system," Yuan Zhou finally confirmed the system was the same one as before.

"By the way, can I enjoy the discount for the dishes I eat?" After all, Yuan Zhou was a poor guy who had to pay for the dishes that he had cooked in his own restaurant.

The system displayed, "As long as the foods and dishes are provided in the restaurant."

"So it is..." Yuan Zhou thought for a while but still didn't receive the reward.

Not until the opening hours for the evening ended and he prepared to go to bed did Yuan Zhou tap open the panel of the system, where the reward was still obviously hanging there.

"All in all, it is a reward. Receive." Eventually, Yuan Zhou couldn't resist the temptation of the reward. It definitely isn't because of the discount.

Then, Yuan Zhou found the system still remained the same, at least on the aspect of scam.

12% discount card, usage time is limited to within 12 hours on Jun 26, 2016.

"So it's tomorrow. If I receive it tomorrow, will the time of usage be the day after tomorrow?" speechlessly, Yuan Zhou asked.

The system displayed, "The use of the discount card is subject to the time when the host receives it."

"It turns out to be true. If I have known it earlier, I would rather receive it later," After grumbling at the system, Yuan Zhou immediately checked the reward if there were any extra conditions but found that the reward really was given with a conscience this time.

Yuan Zhou looked at the usage time and then again at the introduction of the regulations and felt he was not losing anything. After all, it was a reward given as a present and thus had a totally

different feeling when he used it.

Looking at the reward, Yuan Zhou got a little excited. Since it offered a discount to customers, he definitely needed to let them know first. It surely wouldn't work just by relying on the word of mouth. He had to write a sign to inform them.

"Dong", Yuan Zhou leaped from the bed and started to look all over the room for materials that could be used to make the sign.

Nevertheless, even after searching everywhere in the room, he still didn't find a proper sign, not even a plank could be found.

"Where can I find one?" Yuan Zhou thought while touching the forehead.

Suddenly, Yuan Zhou stood up and walked out of the room to the entrance of the next room straightaway. A heavy layer of dust covered the door handle.

Having stood at the door for quite a while, Yuan Zhou reached out his hands and prepared to open the door. On his face was a seriousness that had never appeared before.

"Ka Ka", with such sound being made, the door, nevertheless, wasn't open.

"Oh, shit. I didn't take the keys." Yuan Zhou patted his forehead twice with his two hands and then remembered the door had been

locked up by him.

He hurriedly rushed back to his bedroom looking for the key. When he went to open the door again, Yuan Zhou, on the contrary, no longer had the sorrowful mood. By the door side, he took out a small LED writing panel that his parent had used before.

Having closed the door, Yuan Zhou took it back to his bedroom and began to carefully wipe the dust on the panel.

His father had specially bought this LED writing panel to get more business at that time and didn't use it often. Right on the panel, there still remained some words, Newly Served Squid Noodle.

After he wiped the dust outside first, Yuan Zhou began to wipe the several words written in the middle of the panel.

One after another, he wiped it fairly earnestly.

"The quality is nice. It's still as good as new," looking at the clean LED writing panel, Yuan Zhou couldn't help saying that.

Then Yuan Zhou picked up a white marker pen in his bedroom and started to write the discount notice for tomorrow.

Publicity was inevitable for such an event. Making the best use of the card was the requirement of the system.

"But how should I write the discount notice?" Holding the pen in his hand, on Yuan Zhou's face appeared a blank look.

Finally, Yuan Zhou wittily recalled of the almighty internet. He then stood up and turned on the computer before starting to browse. After some time, Yuan Zhou began to organize his own words and write the notice.

Copious and fluent, Yuan Zhou wrote two lines and, at last, added a signature that was indispensable in every activity at the end of the notice.

Yuan Zhou carefully looked at the LED writing panel and found nothing wrong with it. Only then did he set it down

"Peng," even while gently setting it down, it still made a sound. Then Yuan Zhou found this panel seemed to be shining.

He took up the plug and wiped the dust clean before preparing to give it a try to see if it was working.

After he decisively inserted the plug into the socket, the LED panel actually began to shine unexpectedly.

Stunned for a moment, Yuan Zhou muttered to himself, "The boss has such great conscience. The stuff he sold could still work normally even after such a long time

Yuan Zhou was fairly satisfied with that. He moved the LED writing panel to a most conspicuous place and prepared to put it outside the door tomorrow.

His customers would probably be frightened to death.

Chapter 131: Trust

On the next morning, the fluorescent LED panel appeared extraordinarily conspicuous outside the entrance.

"What do you think happened to Boss Yuan?" while pointing to the quite old-fashioned LED panel, a customer asked in puzzlement.

"Did he get some kind of psychological shock?" looking at the varicolored LED panel, another customer said with uncertainty.

"It looks so odd," the customer directly brought out the same feeling all the others felt.

Even if Yuan Zhou's restaurant wasn't originally a high-end restaurant, it was sort of elegant and natural. Yet, now, with a constantly flickering multicolored LED panel erected outside, it made the customers suspect if they came to a wrong place.

"Hey, can't you guys read the words on the panel?" Man Man said in a speechless manner.

"Er... I was only obsessed with its showy colors." Being reminded, all the customers started to read the contents on the panel.

If these aesthetic standards merely made them slightly suspicious, the contents nevertheless made them even more suspicious that it was not written by Yuan Zhou.

This was because, written on the panel were words about a discount available today; moreover, it was up to 12%".

"Which kid is joking with us?" After reading that, even Man Man didn't believe it.

"Yeah, right. How is it possible for Boss Yuan to offer a discount?" What a poor guy Yuan Zhou was. Just when he offered a rare discount, nobody believed him.

The only person who believed him was trying to correct a wording problem in the restaurant.

"Boss Yuan, was it you who wrote on the LED panel outside?" As soon as she entered, Yin Ya asked about the LED panel before she began to order any dish.

Yuan Zhou, who was about to answer her, oddly hesitated for a little before answering, "Yes, I wrote it."

"There is a wording problem. Do you need me to correct it for you?" Yin Ya was quite enthusiastic.

"What exactly is the wording problem?" Since he had watched many advertisements before writing that last night, Yuan Zhou felt it shouldn't have any problem.

"Leaving aside the previous part, the wording problem lies in the signature part. That 'The right to the final explanation of this activity is reserved by me.'" Yin Ya bluntly pointed out the core problem.

"Yes, the right is reserved by me," Yuan Zhou answered primly.

"Then please tell me who that 'me' is." Yin Ya simply wanted to support her forehead. Since it was slightly rude for a girl, she managed to refrain from doing that.

"It's exactly me, myself." Yuan Zhou looked at Yin Ya with a weird glance as if to say she wasn't normal today.

"You need to replace the 'me' with a noun here. Either your name or my restaurant will work." Yin Ya felt she was simply unable to communicate with him, thus she decided to speak bluntly rather than beating about the bush.

"Humm, understood," it suddenly dawned on Yuan Zhou that the notice indeed shouldn't be written like that.

"Thank you. I'm going to correct it." After thanking her, Yuan Zhou got out of the restaurant and prepared to go out and correct this small mistake.

While exiting, Yuan Zhou happened to bump into the customers who were entering the restaurant for breakfast and was immediately surrounded.

Previously, Yuan Zhou stood inside the kitchen while cooking for them with an aloof manner. Now that he was unexpectedly so close to them, of course, they would want to watch him carefully.

However, Yuan Zhou smartly reacted first to gain the initiative. With an earnest and solemn expression, he said, "I'm going to correct the mistake. Xiaoyun, come to greet them."

"Ok, boss," Mu Xiaoyun immediately came over and prepared to help Yuan Zhou out.

"Everyone, please go to your seats here and order your dishes. The boss will be back soon," Mu Xiaoyun came up and said with a louder voice.

Looking at this, the customers became bewildered. Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, took the chance to leave and started to correct the notice.

He directly corrected the word 'me' to 'the boss of the restaurant'. Then, after getting up and looking in satisfaction at it, Yuan Zhou turned around and went back to the restaurant.

"Boss Yuan, is the notice on the LED panel outside really written by you?" Somebody couldn't wait to ask him when he saw Yuan Zhou return to the restaurant.

"Yes, I did it." Yuan Zhou nodded.

"Oh, nice handwriting," although it was written by Yuan Zhou, the customer wasn't sure if the notice was true, therefore he felt it embarrassed to ask about the notice.

"Thank you," Towards compliments, Yuan Zhou was never stingy with his response.

"Is there really a discount today?" It was still Man Man who was generous. She straightforwardly asked the question that everyone on the site was concerned about.

"Yes, sure. There's indeed a discount," Yuan Zhou answered affirmatively.

Afterward, the looks of the customers became complex. They felt it unbelievable and couldn't trust him. Some even looked back at the sun and some gazed at him with a manner of 'Are you mentally ill or what?'.

The excessively tightfisted Compass was actually offering a discount?

Then, Yuan Zhou likewise experienced the same awkward feeling the system had felt yesterday. An obviously kind-hearted discount was, nevertheless, regarded as sort of conspiracy.

"Is the discount for all the dishes available?" Man Man showed an expression of disbelief on her face but still asked persistently.

"Exactly. It is only limited to one day, today," Yuan Zhou brought out the time limit.

"It's still unbelievable," Man Man muttered to herself.

"Just try it. Then we'll know if it's true or not," sitting on the chair, Yin Yin said calmly.

"Right. Yin Ya, you are so smart," Man Man was too astounded by the discount to notice that Yin Ya was also here. When she finally saw her, Man Man immediately walked up and prepared to sit beside her.

When sitting together, the two pretty girls were quite pleasing to the eyes, thus the male customer nearby readily offered his seat to her.

"Yin Ya, shall we order the dishes and try?" Man Man curiously looked at the price list and said.

"Humm," Yin Ya agreed with a nod.

"I order one bowl of Clear Broth Noodle Soup. What about you?" Man Man first ordered an affordable dish.

"Me too." Yin Yi also chose a bland dish.

"235.84 RMB for one serving. Taking the round figure, it's 235 RMB," Yuan Zhou told them the discounted price given by the system.

"The discount really exists and even the small change is rounded down. Yin Ya, I feel like I caught a fever," when Man Man heard the price quoted by Yuan Zhou, she said to Yin Ya in confusion.

"Yeah. It might be because Boss Yuan is in a good mood today?" Even though Yin Ya believed in the discount now, the event of rounding down the small change was apparently not Yuan Zhou's style. In this case, shouldn't he directly receive 236 RMB?

Therefore, she casually brought out an unconvincing reason which even she didn't believe in.

"The discount is true. Let's try other dishes," when the customers nearby saw that Yuan Zhou really received the price after the 12% discount, they immediately whispered to each other.

"Boss Yuan, we want to order," the several persons said generously.

"Go ahead, please," Yuan Zhou's attitude to the customers was extraordinarily good today.

"Phoenix-Tail Prawns, Jin'ling Grass and Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet as well as one serving of Egg Fried Rice," the first person instantly ordered all his favorite dishes.

Unwilling to fall behind, the remaining people also started to order their dishes one after another.

In order to make the best use of the discount date, Yuan Zhou was rather earnest. He wrote the notice on the LED panel as follows,

"As a celebration of the discount date today, customers can order any dish on the menu with the discount 12% within the opening hours. The discount is only available during the opening hours today. The right to the final explanation of this activity is reserved by the boss of the restaurant."

He had originally wanted to provide only one or just a few dishes for breakfast in the morning but this time he decided to provide a discount for all the dishes in the morning.

"By the way, Boss Yuan, are the dishes still cooked by you?" after they confirmed the discount was real, the customers started to worry about other things.

"Yes, of course," Yuan Zhou had deeply felt the feeling of not being trusted by now but he still gave an affirmative answer in a firm manner.

The discount was very real. As the first person who had enjoyed the benefits, Yuan Zhou indicated that it was definitely the rare goodness of the system.

Yuan Zhou had eaten four Soup Dumplings, one serving of Egg Fried Rice Set and one Herbal Tea Egg for his breakfast that morning, and had already personally experienced the advantage.

It turned out to be true that discounts were the best and most efficient instrument to stimulate consumption...

Chapter 132: Booming Business

"Hello, Yu Na. I'm treating you to lunch today. Yes, it's in Yuan Zhou's restaurant, the one not far from the company." After the customers paid and finished their meals, the first thing most of them did was to make calls and post a Moment on Wechat.

"Mu Mu, come over here today. Let's eat something delicious," Wu Zhou also started to make a call.

"Wu Zhou, it's only Tuesday today. Let's eat next time," although Zhuang Xinmu loved eating delicacies, she also knew to live thriftily. Eating in Yuan Zhou's restaurant once per week had been quite extravagant already.

"There is a 12% discount today," Wu Zhou said excitedly.

"Are you out of your mind after working overtime from last night?" She blurted out. She would rather believe the Sun rose from the south.

"Mu Mu, it's real. I just ate the Soup Dumplings. Come over here today for the delicious dishes, Mu Mu," Wu Zhou said with an affirmative tone.

"Ok. I will get off work a little earlier today," she agreed doubtfully.

It was really inconceivable that Yuan Zhou's restaurant would

offer discounts, even more inconceivable than the end of the world coming.

Then, people who received the information either pinched themselves or pinched others, in order to prove the authenticity of the information.

It was the Marketing Company where Wu Anlu worked.

"Boss, I heard Yuan Zhou's restaurant is offering discount today. Is it true?" After Ma Wei handed in the report forms, he hesitated for a while and eventually asked.

"You guys must have already heard of that. Would you like to eat something there?" Wu Anlu raised his head and looked at Ma Wei and then at his subordinates who were all pretending to work hard but were actually listening to their talk outside his office before asking them affirmatively.

"Aha, we've just concluded a big order. What do you think?" Ma Wei smiled flatteringly.

"Ok, you fellows. I'll treat you guys to lunch there. Just eat as much as you can," Wu Anlu said generously.

"That's terrific. Even if we work overtime tonight, it won't be a problem." Ma Wei rushed out happily to inform his co-workers of this good news.

"Close the door," Wu Anlu reminded him behind.

"Peng," the door was closed. Wu Anlu immediately took out his phone and began to send messages to others on Wechat Moments.

[Is the restaurant really offering a discount today? I have promised those subordinates in my office to eat as much as they can,] from Kou Tian Ge, the separate parts of Wu Anlu's Chinese name, which was his ID.

[Don't worry. I have eaten three different dishes by now. If I wasn't so full, I would have prepared to eat some more. I will go there again for lunch,] from Kiss Naitou.

[That's fine. Why didn't you tell me about that earlier? I haven't been there for a long time,] from Kou Tian Ge.

[I'm telling you right now. See you at noon. I have to continue with my design drawing,] from Kiss Naitou.

[Ok, I won't bother the great designer anymore,] from Kou Tian Ge.

"Hu...," having confirmed the authenticity of the discount, Wu Anlu let out a sigh of relief and continued working. He would for sure eat a lot at noon.

Five minutes later, he suddenly recalled of something and then made an internal call to summon Ma Wei to his office.

"Boss, what's up?" Ma Wei asked immediately once he entered the office.

"Don't you have a market research task? Go out earlier at noon and try your best to complete it," Wu Anlu said primly.

"Ok, boss, no problem," Ma Wei then exited the office with a little puzzlement.

"What's wrong with you?" When Xiao Liu saw Ma Wei walk out without a normal expression, he asked conveniently.

"Just now, our boss said.....," Ma Wei clearly narrated the happening just now in two or three sentences.

"Are you a fool? Our boss is actually asking you to go out earlier to line up for all of us," Xiao Liu gave Ma Wei a pat on his arm and said with a manner of disdain.

"Oh, yes, yeah. No wonder," Ma Wei finally reacted.

"Then you go out earlier at noontime. I see lots of people in Moments of Wechat say they would go for lunch," Xiao Liu said worriedly.

"No problem. Let me do it," Ma Wei was quite confident.

It was the scene in the marketing company at this side. On the internet at the other side, it was noisier.

[Meng Meng, please go to Boss Yuan's restaurant today to make the live broadcast. He's offering a big discount,] from Shime.

[Really? Will Boss Yuan be so generous as to offer a discount?] from Meng Meng.

[Yes, it's true. Meng Meng, do go there at noon to make the live broadcast for us. Boss Yuan offers a discount once every millennium. It's definitely worth a watch,] from Yueli.

[All right. I'm going at noon. Everybody, please remember to watch the live broadcast by then along with me,] from Meng Meng.

[No problem. We are all waiting for Boss Yuan to offer the discount and for you, Meng Meng,] from Shime.

"Will Boss Yuan really be so generous as to offer a discount?" After setting down the phone, Wang Meng was also curious.

"Hello, Ling Hong," the Octopus made a call to Ling Hong.

"Yes, what's up?" seated on the sofa, Ling Hong said leisurely.

"That small restaurant is offering discount today," the Octopus revealed a gloating manner of speaking. Last time, whatever

means Ling Hong had taken to allure Yuan Zhou to lengthen the opening hours was not agreed by Yuan Zhou. Yet, now he was surprisingly offering a discount.

"Absolutely impossible. The guy appeared to be very fond of money. Who can get a discount from him? Very difficult," Ling Hong said affirmatively.

"Let me send you something and you see it yourself. Then you'll know if it's true." the Octopus didn't give any explanation and directly said that.

"Ok," with a frown, Ling Hong agreed immediately and hung up the phone.

In a little while, the phone beeped.

"Ding..."

Ling Hong tapped open the message. It was a screenshot of the Moment of Wechat. The most convincing advance notice was from Meng Meng. It clearly said she would go to Yuan Zhou's restaurant to personally witness the discount.

"This guy really offered a discount?" Frowning again, Ling Hong decided to go there at noon to check.

For the first time, there was a line filled with people at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant at 11:30 in the morning. Seen

from a distance, the line was like a long dragon.

"What shall I do? If I have known so many people are here, I would have definitely come earlier," seeing the long line of at least 50 people ahead, Ma Wei hurriedly went up to take his spot. Immediately, another person followed him taking up the next spot.

"Xiao Liu, there're too many people right now. You guys come quickly. I'm already in the line," Ma Wei said to Xiao Liu on the phone.

"Hey, man. I heard the boss doesn't allow people to line up for others. If you get a spot, it only belongs to you. So if you have other friends, how about letting us go ahead of you first?" suddenly, a couple of lovers chimed in and said to him.

"No way. I have lots of friends coming," Of course, Ma Wei wouldn't make way for them so easily.

"You have to believe me. Look over there," the lovers pointed at the big characters on the door of Yuan Zhou's restaurant and said.

"Really?" Ma Wei looked back at the door skeptically.

On the door, there were indeed a few lines of characters saying, "Please line up personally. Taking spots for more than one person is not allowed; it's regarded as cutting the line. If you do that, your turn will become invalid. Anyone behind him can directly take his

spot."

"What the fu*k, it's really so," holding the phone, Ma Wei then became troubled. He looked back at the line and found there were another dozen of customers joining in the line.

"Xiao Liu, the boss doesn't allow one to take spots for others. One can only line up for himself. What shall we do?" Ma Wei could only speak of the reality on the phone.

"Let me go to ask our boss," Xiao Liu reacted quickly.

"Please," Ma Wei answered.

The lovers waiting behind him also listened to them carefully, hoping they could move one position forward.

"Come back first. Our boss says we go later," In a little while, Xiao Liu's voice passed from the other end of the phone.

"Ok." Taking a glance at the customers ahead of him, Ma Wei left from the line.

"Great, we don't need to wait so long now." The lovers moved one step forward joyfully.

This was what Meng Meng and Ling Hong saw when they arrived one behind the other.

The front of the entrance had been crowded with many customers and the line even had turned.

As for Yuan Zhou, he was preparing the dishes for himself in the restaurant. People waiting in the front could even smell a little scent, which made them even hungrier.

A few dishes were laid out on the table in front of Yuan Zhou, including Jin'ling Grass, Phoenix-Tail Prawns, Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet, Beef Mince and Blueberry Jam and Egg Fried Rice Set, and of course an Herbal Tea Egg.

This was also the first time that Yuan Zhou had eaten so well, not only because of the discount but also because his income wouldn't change any bit even with the discount. Thinking of the long long line of customers that he had seen upstairs, Yuan Zhou felt the income today would definitely be three times higher than normal.

Wow, so so so much money. Yuan Zhou even had a feeling that something was glistening in his sight.

Chapter 133: Produced By The System

After Yuan Zhou finished all the dishes on the table, he gave a rare burp. It was really embarrassing but luckily he drank a cup of water in time.

"I ate too much." While holding the cup in his hand, Yuan Zhou lowered his head, looked at his round belly and frowned. Gluttony was truly bad.

Seeing it was almost time for the opening hours, Yuan Zhou opened the door, preparing to do business.

"Boss Yuan, you really offered a discount, huh? Then give me two servings of Egg Fried Rice. One serving of the Egg Fried Rice Set and the other, a serving of Egg Fried Rice," somebody said loudly.

"Do you eat only Egg Fried Rice?" another person behind him said discontentedly.

"Of course. If I have enough money, I would have already eaten like this previously," that person said indifferently.

The vacant seats in the restaurant were instantly occupied with the customers, while many more people still waited outside in the long line. Yuan Zhou crossed his arms against his chest and said nothing.

Mu Xiaoyun went up and greeted the customers while taking

orders of dishes. Yuan Zhou merely conserved his strength and waited at the side, preparing to cook.

Outside the restaurant, Ling Hong squeezed through the crowd and moved forward while saying, "Excuse me, I don't want to eat and just want to ask the boss a question." Only then did he manage to enter the restaurant.

"It's so difficult to get inside," as soon as he entered, Ling Hong said and wiped away the perspiration on his forehead and heaved a sigh with emotion.

"Yes, too many customers," Yuan Zhou's manner of speaking was fairly easy-going.

"Are you really offering a discount?" Ling Hong still couldn't believe that.

"Yes, as you can see." Yuan Zhou nodded affirmatively.

"Alright. I don't want to eat but just to have a look," Ling Hong said.

"Ok, make yourself comfortable," Yuan Zhou said quite generously. After all, one extra Ling Hong wouldn't make a difference today; moreover, Ling Hong had said last time that he didn't eat discounted dishes.

Having stayed there for about ten minutes, Ling Hong left. As for

Yuan Zhou's restaurant, it was ceaselessly busy from noontime to the night. When the closing time arrived, there were still lots of people waiting outside the restaurant. Not until Yuan Zhou personally went out and told them opening hours had finished did the crowd disperse.

"Take care, Xiaoyun," Yuan Zhou waved his hands and saw Mu Xiaoyun off.

Then he collapsed in the chair and revealed a smile on his face, "The turnover today should be a lot."

"System, please settle the accounts," Yuan Zhou straightforwardly said.

The system displayed, "Congratulation, host, you have fulfilled more than what is expected, that is, 3 times of the normal turnover. The turnover today is 980 thousand RMB."

"Is this the turnover without discount?" Yuan Zhou carefully calculated in his heart for a while and then asked affirmatively.

The system displayed, "The daily share of the host has been given to you."

"Hua La", Yuan Zhou pulled the drawer open. The stacks of brand-new red notes of 100 RMB inside were glistening and gleaming.

Yuan Zhou's happiest moments were when he counted the money every time. It was the best medicine to cure the frustration, naturally under the precondition that he was counting his own money.

Even if his arms ached a lot due to working all day long, it didn't seem to affect him when he was counting the money, which emitted a continuous sound of "Hua La La".

The system displayed, "Considering that the host has fulfilled the mission of discount card, the system hereby releases the main mission."

[Fourth Stage of the Mission] Both the turnover and number of customers surpass those on the discount date respectively.

(Mission Tips: A top-grade chef should increase the value of his dishes over the price. Host, please work hard to increase the value of his dishes over this ordinary price, young man.)

[Time of mission] Ten days (starting from tomorrow)

[Reward of mission] Three hours of nightlife and a bonus package of wines

(Reward tips: the host is required to find another place for the location of the nightlife. When the time comes, the system will provide unified decorations.)

This...

Sh*t!

"System, are you really not ensnaring me?" Yuan Zhou calmly suppressed his anger and asked gently.

The system displayed, "Host, please endeavor to complete this mission. The reward is waiting for you."

"Do you think you can dodge a bullet by acting cute?" Yuan Zhou couldn't help grinding his teeth.

The system displayed, "Host, please complete the mission as soon as possible."

"Good. Please explain to me first, what the hell is nightlife," Yuan Zhou already had nothing to grumble about concerning the mission of the system.

The system displayed, "Host can have an extra three-hour business time at night to entertain customers who love wine."

"It feels like you are so considerate towards me," Yuan Zhou continued saying while gnashing the teeth in anger.

The system displayed, "You are welcome. May host become the Master Chef soon."

"I'm not actually praising you," this time, Yuan Zhou grumbled directly.

"Did you say just now that the turnover and number of customers were three times that of the normal? " Yuan Zhou suddenly felt he had dug a big hole for himself.

The system displayed, "Yes, I did. Because host you have over-fulfilled the mission of the discount card."

"...," there was nothing to describe Yuan Zhou's mood now. The emotion of utmost frustration should be able to match what he was feeling.

"So this is what you are aiming for with the reward of the discount card?" instantly, Yuan Zhou asked weakly.

However, the cunning system kept silent this time.

The situation made Yuan Zhou recall of a poem written by Tsangyang Gyatso.

No matter whether you understand or not, I am over there, neither increasing nor diminishing.

No matter whether you scold or not, I am cheating you, always cheating you and will continue cheating you.

"Dong Dong Dong", Yuan Zhou walked upstairs step by step and prepared to lie on his bed first.

After walking to the bed, with a sound of "Peng", Yuan Zhou lay down in his clothes and began to consider how to complete the mission while looking at the ceiling.

The expanding belly reminded Yuan Zhou of the great endeavor of his own in the booming turnover today.

This annoying event made Yuan Zhou feel great pain in his heart.

"System, so I need to find another place for the nightlife?" Yuan Zhou carefully checked the mission and suddenly asked.

The system displayed, "Yes. Kind reminder, the next door of your restaurant has been deserted and is now empty."

"Thank you for your reminder." These few words were spoken by Yuan Zhou with bitter hatred.

.....

Yuan Zhou might have already gotten used to the constant scams of the system or he might have been too tired. While thinking of

that, he fell asleep immediately.

He slept sound until he was awakened by the alarm clock ringing every morning.

Then, the customers taking breakfast in the morning found Boss Yuan wasn't in a good mood.

"What's wrong with Boss Yuan?" a customer asked Mu Xiaoyun in a low voice.

"I don't know why, either," Mu Xiaoyun shook her head and answered in an even lower voice.

"Bad mood?" the customer said curiously.

"I have no idea," still, Mu Xiaoyun shook her head, with doubt filling her big eyes.

Although Yuan Zhou still carried an annoyed manner as if he was owed millions of RMB by others, his culinary skills were not affected at all.

After the one-hour breakfast time, Yuan Zhou locked the door up from outside and walked next door, where a "For Rent" notice was pasted.

Unhurriedly, Yuan Zhou walked forward for a few more steps to

the second store next door and found indeed another "For Rent" notice was pasted on the door.

Formerly, Yuan Zhou had indeed noticed that the two stores were closed when he passed by.

Having recorded the phone numbers on the notice, Yuan Zhou returned to his own restaurant and started to make calls.

"Hello, I want to rent your store," Yuan Zhou said bluntly.

Yuan Zhou tactfully didn't expose that he was the boss of the prosperous restaurant next door and then negotiated the price smoothly on the phone.

The store nearby was formerly a teahouse. The decoration style was primitive and plain with hanging corners and upturned eaves. The floor was covered with gray bricks and the chairs were all made of rattans. Yuan Zhou didn't really know if they could still be used; therefore, he directly bought everything inside while renting the store. The decorations were naturally the system's problem.

The second store nearby had just been a restaurant. Since the family moved away, however, the store had been closed all along. As a result, the rent of this store was the cheapest.

The first stage of the mission was considered to be finished, though...

Chapter 134: Difficulty In Completing The Mission

The moment he got the sales contract, the system had shown the first stage of the mission to be completed and accepted by default to decorate the two neighboring stores. Therefore, Yuan Zhou didn't care about this issue anymore. Instead, he had been carefully thinking about how to complete the major part of the mission.

He thought for a while. If not for the discount card, it would be very difficult for him to achieve those accomplishments on that day. Even though he was quite confident in his culinary skills; nevertheless, dishes being delicious was one thing, them being not cheap was another.

The restrictions were severe. No self-advertisement was allowed and, moreover, the regular customers were on the minority side. They were not supposed to exceed 200.

"How should I complete the mission?" Yuan Zhou sat in his special seat and talked to himself.

"What do you need to complete, Boss?" Mu Xiaoyun asked curiously.

Yuan Zhou raised his head and started to carefully gaze at the face of the little loli.

She was frightened by the gaze that she retreated a few steps, "What's wrong with you, boss?"

The tight voice of the little loli carried some nervousness and unease.

"It seems many customers like you," Yuan Zhou said with an earnest manner.

Instantly, Mu Xiaoyun blushed due to the shyness, a beautiful flush appearing on her face. "Boss, is there any problem?"

"No, I'm just curious," with his unchanging solemn expression, Yuan Zhou seemed to be curious and suspicious rather than praising her.

"It might be because I treat them well?" as Mu Xiaoyun had some knowledge of Yuan Zhou, she knew he was truly curious about that issue when she heard Yuan Zhou say that.

However, Mu Xiaoyun didn't really know how to respond to this kind of thing, thus she had to give an ambiguous answer.

"Your manner of treating them?" While thinking of the failure of the smiling service last time, he decided to change to become more accepted.

"Ok, got it. Get to your work, then," suddenly, Yuan Zhou said gently.

"Well, ok. Are you displeased?" Mu Xiaoyun asked with great care.

"No. Go to do your work," Yuan Zhou said patiently.

Then, Mu Xiaoyun went away cautiously to wipe the tables while Yuan Zhou continued looking at Mu Xiaoyun mildly. As a result, Mu Xiaoyun dared not look back at Yuan Zhou anymore to see what was wrong with him.

"Morning, what do you want to eat today?" Yuan Zhou asked Ling Hong, who had just entered the restaurant, with great courtesy.

"Holy sh*t, haven't you returned to normal?" This was the first reaction of Ling Hong.

"May I ask what do you want to eat?" Yuan Zhou still asked mildly, without being angry at all.

"Scary. What exactly is wrong with you?" Although Yuan Zhou still seemed to have that expressionless face, the way he spoke was, nevertheless, incomparably gentle. Ling Hong couldn't help but shake off the goosebumps on his body.

"May I ask what do you want to eat?" Yuan Zhou almost couldn't bear it anymore but when he thought of the mission, he managed to suppress the impulse and still gently asked.

"Please, be normal. Boss Yuan, if you still act like this, we'd be flustered," Octopus likewise couldn't help grumbling.

Then Yuan Zhou became silent. It was, nevertheless, Mu Xiaoyun who came to greet them when she noticed the awkwardness.

"Hoo... I am more used to Boss Yuan being silent like this now." Ling Hong let out a sigh of relief.

When Yuan Zhou heard that, he stopped for an instant and then continued to cook the dishes as usual as if nothing had happened.

"These guys definitely don't understand that," Yuan Zhou said firmly in his heart.

The following scene was basically unbearable but Yuan Zhou still learned to march forward even when encountering a tough situation. He continued to be considerate and warm-hearted to others coming for a meal and successfully frightened every customer in the restaurant.

Just when even Mu Xiaoyun couldn't bear Yuan Zhou's abnormal attitude, Wu Hai came in.

"Hello, may I ask what do you want to eat today?" Yuan Zhou still persisted in his odd manner of treating his customers.

"Did you take the wrong medicines?" with a frown, Wu Hai looked at Yuan Zhou up and down before asking firmly.

"Err...." this time, Yuan Zhou really didn't know what to answer. After all, no one had phrased it so bluntly, although they might think so.

"What do you mean?" Yuan Zhou's face became more serious.

"You don't look well. Did you get sick and take the wrong medicines?" Wu Hai said earnestly.

"I'm good," Yuan Zhou's expression on his face became even worse.

"How unconvincing," Wu Hai didn't believe him at all.

"I had a friend before. He once caught a cold so the doctor prescribed three days worth of medicines for him. As he wanted to get better faster, he took all the medicine in one go and then slept soundly for two day. You..." while speaking, Wu Hai looked at Yuan Zhou doubtfully.

"I'm not sick and have never taken any medicine," Yuan Zhou said firmly.

"Then what's wrong with you?" Wu Hai still asked skeptically.

"Nothing. What do you want to eat?" Yuan Zhou took a deep breath that couldn't be detected and then asked.

"Ok, that's fine. Let me eat now. Jin'ling Grass and Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet, please," Wu Hai then started to order his dishes with relief when he found there was nothing wrong with Yuan Zhou.

Due to the extraordinarily eccentric behavior of Yuan Zhou, the business of the day didn't exceed that of the day when the discount was offered. Instead, it was even less than normal.

"It seems the mission is not that easy," Yuan Zhou considered carefully while lying in bed.

On the previous discount day, many were treated to eat here for the first time and also many came here once per month or once every two months. Although these customers wanted to eat delicacies, life seemed to be more important to them.

"Can I check the popularity of the restaurant now?" Yuan Zhou suddenly asked.

The system displayed, "Yes, sure."

Popularity of the restaurant, 14000.

"So this is the accurate data?"

The system displayed, "This figure shows how many people have some knowledge of the restaurant. Other people not counted in the figure are of no help."

"You really are straightforward," Yuan Zhou shrugged speechlessly.

"It seems to be too difficult to complete the mission with the current number of customers. I have to endeavor to increase the popularity of my restaurant," Yuan Zhou thought earnestly.

If the fame of the restaurant increased, then so would the number of customers who ate here. It would be more reliable that way to complete the mission.

While thinking himself that he had gotten a good idea, Yuan Zhou fell asleep with satisfaction. As for how exactly to complete the mission, it was a problem for tomorrow.

On the next day, Yuan Zhou started to continue practicing the sculpting skill

With the sunshine shining on his body, Yuan Zhou's figure was illuminated with a golden edge, making it look cozily warm. Even the radish in his hand glittered in a golden color.

"Boss, what's this?" Mu Xiaoyun liked the earnest manner of Yuan Zhou when he was sculpting the flowers very much; hence,

didn't leave immediately.

"It's the dahlberg daisy." With great care, Yuan Zhou sculpted out the exquisite flower petals and said without even blinking.

"Is it the one mentioned in the poem Dahlberg Daisy by the poet in Song Dynasty?" Mu Xiaoyun directly recited a poem to describe the chrysanthemum sculpture in Yuan Zhou's hand.

The appearance of the white and thin, soft and tender flower petals made people believe that they would break any moment. Nonetheless, Yuan Zhou wielded the knife and sculpted the radish deftly, as gracefully as making a painting.

"Yeah, that's it. Do you like it?" Yuan Zhou finally finished the work. Then he raised his head, looking at Mu Xiaoyun and put the chrysanthemum on the flower rack beside him.

"Yes, can I have one?" without even blinking, she stared at the chrysanthemums in different shapes and said cautiously.

"Yeah, sure. Choose one by yourself," Yuan Zhou had enhanced his sculpting skill to its peak by now and thus didn't really care about his works being taken away by others.

"Thank you, boss," Mu Xiaoyun joyfully chose the one that Yuan Zhou had barely finished.

Looking at the delighted expression on her face, Yuan Zhou felt

that he obtained a good idea then. Maybe he could do this...

Chapter 135: Method Of Completing The Mission

Mu Xiaoyun was in a pretty good mood as she had successfully obtained a chrysanthemum in the morning that was mistakenly recognized as a real one. She thought she had plucked a flower but only after walking closely and taking a better look did she find out it wasn't so. Although she felt she almost made a mistake, it nevertheless proved that the flower was a mere sculpture.

When the customers spoke highly of Boss Yuan's craftsmanship, Mu Xiaoyun also felt honored.

"Boss, why don't you sculpt some more flowers to put at the entrance?" When she found there was no business in the restaurant at the moment, Mu Xiaoyun said on her own initiative.

"What for?" Yuan Zhou was a little curious. He thought she came up with the same idea as his.

"Because they are beautiful," Mu Xiaoyun said naturally.

"What do you say if every customer can take one away after their meal?" That's right. Boss Yuan's good idea was just to gift the customers the sculpted flowers that were alike to real ones, in order to draw attention of some of them.

"To take it away like what I did?" Mu Xiaoyun thought for an instant and asked.

"Yes," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"But why do you want to do so?" Mu Xiaoyun said earnestly.

"Because they are beautiful," Yuan Zhou hesitated for an instant and said with natural expression.

"But I feel we are at a disadvantage if we gift them for free," Mu Xiaoyun tilted her head and took a look at the several remaining flowers.

"Got it." After thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou felt that he was indeed at a disadvantage by doing so much extra work. However, business mattered first.

The current key point was how to gift the benefits without leaving a trace.

After all, Yuan Zhou was quite aloof.

"So do we send it or not?" Mu Xiaoyun looked at Yuan Zhou and asked seriously.

"It depends," Yuan Zhou was still considering and thus answer casually.

The moment Mu Xiaoyun wanted to ask something, they were

interrupted by a customer who had just entered the restaurant.

"I heard this 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine can be done in 100 ways as long as the main ingredient is rice. Is it true?" a handsome and cultured man wearing westernized suit and rimless glasses asked mildly.

"Yes, exactly. What do you want to eat, sir?" Mu Xiaoyun went up and greeted him warmly.

"Could I order Soy Sauce Fried Rice?" the man said gently with a nice attitude.

Having looked back at Yuan Zhou and saw him nod, she said with a smile, "No problem. Wait a moment, please."

"Please don't put green onions inside. Thank you," the man added before sitting down quietly.

"There's no green onion," Yuan Zhou said while he was wearing the mask.

"Thank you, boss," the man nodded with a mild expression.

He was way too naive. Even an expensive Clear Broth Noodle Soup dish had no green onions inside, let alone a bowl of Soy Sauce Fried Rice.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou answered and then started to prepare.

This time, Yuan Zhou directly used Xiangshui Rice, the one used specifically for Egg Fried Rice, yet with a different cooking method.

He scooped up one bowl of plain white rice and got it loosened to the extent that every rice grain was basically separated. Afterward, he moved the rice onto a bamboo sieve to dry in the air and began to prepare other ingredients.

Yuan Zhou took out from the cabinet a small bowl of lard, which was soft and exquisite and as white as the agar before putting it on the cooking range for standby.

Then, all the ingredients required by the Soy Sauce Fried Rice were readily prepared. Usually, a chef would stir and mix the soy sauce in the rice beforehand to guarantee that the color of the cooked dish would be uniform thus looking good when cooking this dish.

Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, didn't do it this way.

Neither the rice nor the soy sauce was of the meat category, so he needed to use lard to stir and mix it together. The white lard that he had just taken out was the leaf fat of pigs.

He melted the leaf fat in the wok. Having been well processed beforehand, the leaf fat didn't have any peculiar odor. Therefore,

it was directly poured into the rice after being melted, as the hot wok and cool oil made it easier to cook the rice.

The soy sauce used by Yuan Zhou was extremely different. The sign pasted on the bottle of the soy sauce indicated it was "Qiu You". Yuan Zhou didn't understand what it was at first and only got to know it after asking the system.

The system displayed, "'Qiu You' is the best soy sauce."

"Traditional soy sauce is made from the three ingredients, soybean, salt, and yeast. Nevertheless, the best 'Qiu You' requires the soybeans to dry in the sun during the hottest days of the summer first before they are boiled and spread for cooling. Then the yeast is blended into the boiled soybeans. After that, the soybeans and the salt are put in the soy sauce jar alternately, one layer above another, until they gradually ripen and ferment.

"A deep hole straight into the bottom of the jar has to be reserved to allow the active breathing of the sauce ingredients which will last for three years until the sauce material become ripe and the pure soy sauce oozes out. It was after the Frost's Descent in fall that the new jar is opened."

"Only the first batch of the soy sauce oozed out could be called 'Tou Chou', also known as 'Qiu You'. It is soft and delicate, full of the fragrance of the soy sauce, with a mellow and lingering taste. When it is used to stir and mix the dishes, both the meat and vegetables taste terrific."

"I'm fully convinced," after reading the introductions, Yuan Zhou only had one word to describe his feeling, that is, convinced.

Merely for the simple soy sauce, it contained too many deep meanings.

Of the five tastes of sour, sweet, bitter, hot and salty, however, every one of them had to be the best for the picky foodies. Furthermore, Yuan Zhou only cooked the best dishes, even if it was a simple Soy Sauce Fried Rice.

Before the 'Qiu You' was poured into the wok, Yuan Zhou blended a little white sugar inside and stirred them evenly before pouring the liquid into the wok and starting to stir-fry it.

He stir-fried the rice with big flame and acted quite deftly in tossing the wok in his hand. Before turning off the flame, Yuan Zhou scattered into the wok some beige powder with one hand and scooped the dish up into the plate with the other.

He then put the plate into the tray and carried it to the customer.

When business was not so busy, Yuan Zhou carried the plate to customers by himself. This was also his work and moreover, it was a pleasure to see customers happily eat the dishes cooked by him.

"Please enjoy," Yuan Zhou set down the tray.

"Ok, thanks. It looks very fragrant," the man used an odd

adjective.

Yuan Zhou didn't care about it and the man didn't explain it either. He immediately started to eat.

The Soy Sauce Fried Rice in his sight had a bright color. The fragrance of the leaf fat mingled with the strong scent of sauce emitted out with steam.

Before taking the meal, the visual sense was the foremost enjoyment and then it was the sense of the smell. The man, nevertheless, ate differently. He immediately stuffed the rice into his mouth and began to chew.

Only then did the man get to feel the fragrance of the Soy Sauce Fried Rice.

The fried rice grains that entered his mouth were soft and tender and the fragrance of the soy sauce gradually infiltrated deeply into the rice grains. The flavor of the soy sauce along with the scent of the rice and the leaf fat presented the best taste to his mouth.

Even after the rice was swallowed, there was still a glimmer of freshness lingering in the mouth, both distinctive in levels and confluent in tastes. It made the man with glasses appear an even milder expression while he ate it quickly but gracefully, one spoonful after another.

A plate of Soy Sauce Fried Rice soon hit the bottom unknowingly.

A mere Soy Sauce Fried Rice could be cooked so delicious. What awesome skill!

"Thank you. It's really delicious and tasty," the man revealed a smile.

"Perfect. There are flowers at the entrance. You can take one," Yuan Zhou nodded solemnly and pointed at the sculpted radish flowers as alike as real ones.

"Wow, I can even get a flower after the delicious meal. Thank you so much," the man looked to be quite happy, with his eyes behind the glasses narrowing slightly.

"Just choose one by yourself," Yuan Zhou said generously.

Laid out on the shelf were various radish flowers that Yuan Zhou had sculpted in the morning.

There were curvaceous roses, colorful herbaceous peonies, pretty camellias and very beautiful peony flowers. The sculpted flowers carved by Yuan Zhou basically resembled the real ones in body and spirit. It wouldn't be a problem to pretend they were genuine flowers.

"Thank you, boss. It's beautiful," while taking a peony flowers in his hand, the man thanked Yuan Zhou again and then left away.

"Boss, didn't you say just now that we don't necessarily gift the flowers?" Mu Xiaoyun was a little curious that Yuan Zhou directly allowed the man to take the flower away.

"That's why I let him choose to take it or not with a euphemistic way," Yuan Zhou appeared rather serious and then said primly.

"In a euphemistic way?" Mu Xiaoyun felt her boss must have used a wrong word. The meaning of the word used by Yuan Zhou was totally different and completely irrelevant to that taught by her teacher.

"Yes, in a euphemistic way. Next time, I should say it a little more directly." Yuan Zhou appeared to be considering earnestly.

"Actually, it's not bad with the current way. Really." Mu Xiaoyun suddenly felt a sense of superiority, one steaming from the aspects of the Chinese language and mathematics.

The boss was a little abnormal today. No, he was actually quite abnormal...Mu Xiaoyun thought in her heart.

Chapter 136: Buying The Stores

In Yuan Zhou's restaurant, while Yuan Zhou was still busy thinking about solutions to complete the mission, somebody on the other side had him on their mind.

A person who is not envied is a mediocre man.

A person who is not remembered is an ordinary man.

Yuan Zhou was neither a mediocre man nor an ordinary man. He was just a moneygrubber.

"Xiao Guang, you go investigate the background of that Yuan Zhou's restaurant," with a neatly combed hair and a conspicuous pair of jet-black eyebrows, a good-looking man dressed in a showy white suit said while holding the phone.

"What's the matter?" From the other end of the phone passed a languorous voice. Anyone listening would be able to tell he was not fully awake.

"Xiao Guang, why are you still sleeping?" The man frowned and wasn't pleased.

"Xie Xuesi, I'm always sleeping at this time of the day."

The man called Xiao Guang likewise didn't have a good temper,

hence directly shouted back.

"Wang Fengguang, if you continue playing like this, you'll definitely see the end of your life sooner or later," Xie Xuesi stood up and said affirmatively while looking at the flow of traffic outside the window.

"Enough, it's none of your business. What's the matter?"

Wang Fengguang finally got out of the quilt and walked around in the room barefooted while wearing nightclothes.

"Help me investigate the background of the Yuan Zhou's restaurant at the Taoxi Street," Xie Xuesi no longer asked about Wang Fengguang and directly brought out his purpose.

"Ok, I will give you the information one hour later," then from the other end of the phone came a busy signal. With a frown, Xie Xuesi looked at the phone in his hand.

He sat back on his seat and lightly knocked on the solid wood tabletop with his fingers, emitting a sound of "Du Du Du". Unfolding on the table was the business report of this month.

The decrease of the turnover was not a lot, but neither was it very little as well. Therefore Xie Xuesi summoned the general manager to enquire. It was by then that he got to know the cause of the event.

Yeah, that's right. Xie Xuesi was the boss of World Foodie Hotel, which was only one of the restaurants owned by his father. He was still undergoing training for experience now, but even so, it was unacceptable to him that the turnover fell as soon as he took charge of the business.

"Yuan Zhou," while reading the scheme on the business plan, Xie Xuesi murmured in a low voice.

There were two proposals made by the managerial team of the restaurant, one was acquisition and the other was to recruit talented people.

Xie Xuesi was responsible for considering which proposal to take while Wang Fengguang helped him to investigate the preferred candidates. Anyhow, such superb culinary skills were definitely passed down from a master. From the master to his students, it would for sure be easier to pull the strings.

Good fortune never comes in pairs while misfortune always comes alone. Yuan Zhou finally experienced such a feeling in person today.

In the last few minutes of the lunch time, there were only a few customers apart from several regular customers.

"I heard Boss Yuan sends flowers to those who eat here recently. Is it true?" Wu Hai teased while smiling.

"Yes, but none of your business," Yuan Zhou nodded and then added.

"Ha Ha, bad luck, Brother Wu. I have already gotten one," Man Man revealed a proud expression.

"Boss Yuan, what exactly do you mean? Why is it none of my business?" Just as Wu Hai finished uttering the words, a phone suddenly rang, emitting a very ancient sound of "Ling Ling Ling".

"Sorry, my call," Yuan Zhou apologized and immediately hung it off without answering.

"It's alright, go ahead and pick it up." The few regular customers made it known that they didn't mind.

"Never mind. There are only five minutes left. I will call back later," Yuan Zhou said carelessly.

"Err...." the several customers immediately choked up.

Instantly, they habitually disregarded Yuan Zhou and talked among themselves.

Yuan Zhou called the phone number back when all the customers left five minutes later.

"Hello, Boss Yuan. I'm sorry, but I want my store back. So...?"

Once the phone was connected, Yuan Zhou received bad news from the person on the other side of the phone, whose store was the one that the system was currently decorating and that Yuan Zhou had intended to use as the place for the business at night.

"Why did you change your mind?" Yuan Zhou didn't really worry about that as they had signed the contract for a few days already and it was definitely impossible to change his mind today.

"I don't want to conceal the current situation from you but someone else wants to buy my store and I also want to sell it. I will give the rent and the assignment charge back to you, ok?" The person spoke quite politely with slight embarrassment in his tone, yet he brought out his purpose directly.

"No, the decorations are already ongoing," Yuan Zhou refused bluntly.

"The buyer is bidding a very high price. It has been only a few days, why did you decorate the store so hurriedly, Boss Yuan?" It seemed that he didn't believe in him.

"Let's do this. I can also buy the store. Tell me how much you want?" Having thought for a while, Yuan Zhou felt he should have already bought the store out. Otherwise, there would be no such troubles at all now.

"Really? I'm so grateful to you, Boss Yuan. I know you are doing a big business and care little about this little money."

Immediately, the tone of the man became flattering. Moreover, he continuously complimented Yuan Zhou for several words.

"You don't need to speak anymore. At three o'clock in the afternoon, I will meet you in Shui Yi Tea House. Just remember to bring your identification card and the documents."

Yuan Zhou straightforwardly brought out the time and address of the meeting, discourteously.

"No problem," the man agreed readily.

Seeing this one was almost done, Yuan Zhou thought for an instant and likewise made an appointment with the other one saying he would buy out his store. It was pretty nice to solve all the problems in one go.

The man who had just hung off was nevertheless fairly pleased. He turned his head and said proudly.

"See? Honey, am I so great? I sold that shabby store out."

"Not really. It's me who is so smart to go to check who's renting our store, which hasn't been rented out for 5 months," his wife went up and picked up her phone and then started to search for something.

"Look at the long line. If it wasn't that we were leading a comfortable life now, I might also go to steal some the business

from him."

The woman showed her husband the photos of the long line of customers at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant in her DCIM and said in a raspy voice.

"That's true. Are the dishes really so delicious as mentioned by others?" the man murmured in a low voice.

"What are you murmuring? It's good that the store is to be sold. We can overcharge him a little bit. Otherwise, we sell it to other people. Let's just see what he can end up with," the woman appeared to be proud and shrewd. She turned her head and instructed her husband again carefully.

"I know. Don't worry. I have settled the price on the phone. This number," while pointing his fingers straight up, the man said proudly.

"That's good. Then we can buy an apartment now and finally have a new house of our own."

After that, the two persons couldn't help but start to dream about which area they would buy the apartment from. While they were talking about adding some money more to buy an apartment in the downtown area, they also talked about buying one in the suburb area. All in all, they just wanted to get a large amount of money from Yuan Zhou this time.

However, how was it possible that Yuan Zhou didn't do any prior research to such emergency and straightforwardly rushed into the decision?

Speaking of money, Yuan Zhou had always been cautious. Paying was one thing, being blackmailed was another.

"It's so hard to earn money," while enquiring the specific circumstances, Yuan Zhou thought in his heart.

On the other side, the investigation of Wang Fengguang also bore fruit.

[I'm sending the results of the investigation for you to check. By the way, there's nothing extraordinary about this person. His ancestors might be the ones that are really extraordinary?] from Feng Shou, the internet nickname of Wang Fengguang.

He added a line of mocking words at the beginning of the email. It seemed he had gotten out of the wrong side of the bed.

[Let's have dinner together some other day.] from Xue Hai Never Stops, the internet nickname of Xie Xuesi.

Then he conveniently typed these few words in the email and replied Wang Fengguang. After that, he began to look through the information.

The information collected and received by Xie Xuesi was

probably even more than what Yuan Zhou knew about himself. Everything that could be collected about Yuan Zhou had been listed on the email, including the information concerning his deceased parents.

Listed in the email were all about his former life, however, the culinary skills, which were the most important thing, did not have much information..

"He once worked in the kitchen of a three-star hotel as a handyman. Talent on culinary skills is still unknown. There's no record of him learning to cook from anyone. The reputation has been extremely high since he opened the restaurant. But until now, he is still a nobody."

While reading the remarks, Xie Xuesi habitually started to knock on the tabletop with his fingers. This was his habit when thinking over something.

Chapter 137: Boss Yuan's Treats

So far, Yuan Zhou did not seem to have any extraordinary points. It was awfully surprising. If he did have the inherent talent, then how did he master such standardized processing methods as if they were out from a textbook? This was the remark towards Yuan Zhou from Chef Yu.

If not, he probably learned those standard methods through self-study in the 3-star hotel?

"Get him over here." Xie Xuesi made a call to someone to summon the manager here.

Just in a little while, the sound of knocking came from outside the door.

"Come on in," Xie Xuesi folded the document.

"I have written my opinions in the document. You just follow as instructed. If there are other problems, come and talk to me. I hope you perform well this time." Despite his young age, Xie Xuesi had his own management philosophy.

He didn't scold the manager for neglecting his own duty but contrarily offered him another opportunity to complete a task. His purpose was quite explicit, that is, to let the manager make amend for previous faults by doing well of the work.

"Please be rest assured, President Xie. I'm quite experienced in poaching talented people," the manager received the document and took a glance before saying affirmatively.

"Humm, I believe that."

Xie Xuesi nodded and then started to deal with his own affairs.

The manager sensibly exited and left by himself.

It was 3:0 in the afternoon at Shui Yi Tea House.

Yuan Zhou and the couple, owners of the adjoining store, were seated face to face. Yuan Zhou arrived first as he was nearer to the place than the couple but he didn't order any tea water.

"Boss Yuan, you are so young and promising. Waiter, where's our tea water?" the landlady appeared to be pretty shrewd. After sitting down, she immediately complimented Yuan Zhou and then started to blame the waiter for not doing his job.

"No need. I don't drink tea," Yuan Zhou refused with a cold tone.

"Oh, yeah. Boss Yuan surely doesn't like the tea water here. Then let's talk about the price," said the landlady. The landlord just sat beside his wife and kept silent.

"Ok. This is the price that I list. Please have a look," Yuan Zhou

took out the prepared contract, which consisted of the price that he offered according to the market price therein. Although the price was a big number, it was nevertheless, not too high.

"Boss Yuan, you are not sincere. I would rather sell my store to other people," As soon as the landlord saw the price, he then handed it to his wife with a darkening face.

"If you do that way, I have another scheme here." Yuan Zhou took out another file, which was the collection of the photocopy of the previous contract as well as some legal documents.

Of course, they were all about the conditions and clauses concerning the breach of the contract.

"What do you mean, Boss Yuan?" the landlord became delighted at first as he had thought that Yuan Zhou finally compromised. However, when the landlord took the documents over and found that Yuan Zhou intended to go to court against him, he immediately asked discontentedly.

"It's literally what it says. If you insist on breaching our agreement, I will send for a lawyer to deal with the dispute for me with full power. Don't worry, I have a lot of money." Yuan Zhou revealed an earnest and serious expression. He definitely did not appear to be joking.

"Oh, I forget to tell you. With money, it won't take too long to finalize the dispute so don't worry about wasting time," after thinking for a little while, Yuan Zhou added casually and then took

up the phone in his hand.

"Well..." the couple just looked at each other and couldn't make up their mind at the moment. All that they thought of before coming didn't work at all. After all, it did no good to them to go to court.

"By the way, I don't have too much time. You can talk over that for five minutes. After that, I will give this lawsuit to my lawyer," Yuan Zhou checked the time and said unhurriedly.

Five minutes later, the couples eventually signed the sales contract reluctantly.

"Thank you, you two, for the cooperation." Yuan Zhou gave a nod of acknowledgment before standing up and leaving.

Looking again at the time, he found it cost him only twenty minutes from coming over here to finalizing the transaction. He then put away all the relevant papers away contentedly.

As for other transfer procedures, Yuan Zhou had hired an agency to handle them. The agency was well reputed and acted quickly.

The only remaining store was easier to handle. When Yuan Zhou told him he wanted to buy the store, the boss immediately agreed with readiness and moreover only charged the normal market price, without any other setback.

Naturally, the transfer procedure was also entrusted to the same agency to deal with.

It was merely 4:00 p.m. when Yuan Zhou returned to his restaurant. He directly went upstairs and turned on the computer before starting to search for Meng Meng's microblog page.

Meng Meng's occupation was a live broadcaster, thus her microblog had drawn much attention. Yuan Zhou wanted to send a private message to her.

The page nevertheless reminded him [You haven't signed in and hence, are unable to use this function.]

"So I need to sign in first?"

After that, Yuan Zhou only found that he needed to register first instead of signing in.

[Wang Meng, you can take some friends from the live broadcast here tomorrow afternoon. I would like to treat you to lunch.] from Generous Boss Yuan.

Coincidentally, Wang Meng was reading the private messages of her microblog at that time. Upon seeing the name, she tapped open the message and checked it skeptically.

[Are you Yuan Zhou, Boss Yuan?] from Meng Meng.

Wang Meng sat at the computer and scratched her head with puzzlement. The only Boss Yuan that she knew was merely Yuan Zhou, but it was totally impossible for Yuan Zhou to treat her to lunch.

[Yes, tomorrow afternoon. You just come along with your friends.] from Generous Boss Yuan.

[I don't believe at all you are Boss Yuan. How can you prove?] Meng Meng felt she couldn't believe him so soon, even if Yuan Zhou had offered a discount not long before.

[Be serious. Come tomorrow afternoon with your friends from the live broadcast, less than five.] from Generous Boss Yuan.

With a frown, Yuan Zhou typed the few words again.

[It's so terrible. Boss Yuan is surprisingly treating me to lunch and moreover treating my friends. Is your ID stolen?], Meng Meng instantly felt everything was messed up.

[Wasting food is not allowed.] from Generous Boss Yuan.

After that, Yuan Zhou went offline.

Treating them to a meal. This was the idea that Yuan Zhou thought of to enlarge his influence and thus achieve victory using

numbers. Self-advertisement was not allowed but he definitely gave a full score to himself for taking advantage of the legal loopholes.

Seated at the computer, Yuan Zhou continued thinking of whom else he could contact and treat them to a meal together.

"Wu Hai?" Yuan Zhou suddenly recalled Wu Hai who lived opposite to the restaurant. He came for each meal and should have a good financial capacity. Nevertheless, the next moment, Yuan Zhou gave up that thought.

This guy took meals in his restaurant every day but had never brought any of his friends here. Therefore, it was useless even if he treated him to the meal. Instantly, Yuan Zhou labeled Wu Hai as stingy in his heart.

Unconsciously, Yuan Zhou looked through his phone and remembered that his brother, Sun Ming, had also joined a so-called Gourmand Group on Wechat.

"Sun Ming, come over for lunch tomorrow afternoon," once the phone line was connected, Yuan Zhou said bluntly.

"What? Are you treating?" Sun Ming mocked him by habit.

"Yes, I'm treating you," Yuan Zhou answered conveniently.

"Cough. You are not Yuan Zhou, are you?" Sun Ming felt as if he

had choked by something at first and severely coughed. Then he said with an affirmative tone.

"Come on time tomorrow. There are new dishes," not being unable to speak too many words for advertising, Yuan Zhou could only make it simple and clear.

"This is scary, terrifying. Have you got a fever?" Sun Ming was still stuck at the possibility of Yuan Zhou treating him.

"I'm pretty good. See you," after speaking that, Yuan Zhou hung up.

"Is this guy crazy? Why is he suddenly treating me?" giving a startle, Sun Ming said while taking the phone.

The two calls made by Yuan Zhou had a decent effect.

Meng Meng just couldn't believe that. At last, she carefully checked over the username of the microblog several times before eventually confirming it was Boss Yuan that sent her the messages. After all, he hadn't turned off the location information.

Sun Ming, nevertheless, felt he needed to go to Yuan Zhou's restaurant this evening. Since he had gotten such a severe fever, he had the responsibility to go and pay a visit to his brother, Yuan Zhou.

Chapter 138: Preparations For Both Eventualities

When night fell, Sun Ming drove hurriedly to Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Coincidentally, there was already a long line of customers waiting at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant when he arrived.

Although he worried about the physical condition of his brother, at the same time he believed he should be fine when he saw so many people were waiting in line, indicating that Yuan Zhou had opened the restaurant as usual.

Half an hour later, Sun Ming finally got his turn.

"Are you ok?" As soon as he sat down, Sun Ming asked.

"Why are you asking?" Yuan Zhou asked back curiously as he put away the kitchenware on the azure stone countertop.

"As for the treat, is your brain damaged by the fever?" When Sun Ming looked carefully at Yuan Zhou, he found his face blushed with rosy health, appearing to be quite healthy.

"Nope. Remember to come tomorrow," Yuan Zhou said with a slightly unfriendly tone, even though it wasn't very obvious.

"Are you sure?" Sun Ming was still a little suspicious.

"I'm pretty sure. Are you here for meal or to gossip?" Yuan Zhou directly asked.

"For meal, of course I'm here for meal. I haven't been here for days." when he found there was indeed no problem with Yuan Zhou, Sun Ming let out a sigh of relief.

"What do you want to eat?" Yuan Zhou asked in his formulaic way.

"Didn't you say there are new dishes? Get me one of them to taste." Sun Ming revealed a curious manner.

"Check the price first and then decide," Yuan Zhou pointed at behind of Sun Ming.

"Expensive, right?" Sun Ming turned his head and looked behind.

"Well, I'd rather eat a vegetarian dish. Thank you," after checking the unusual price, Sun Ming immediately changed his mind.

"Ok, it'll be here soon." Yuan Zhou nodded.

"Hey, bro. Can I order whatever I want tomorrow?" Suddenly, Sun Ming recalled it was Yuan Zhou who was treating them tomorrow and he immediately became expectant.

"Yes, you can. But no wasting, as usual," Yuan Zhou said before wearing the mask.

"No problem. I treasure food the most." Sun Ming agreed right away.

There is decorum for inviting one to a banquet; with three day's grace, it's known as inviting, with two days it's known as asking and on the same day, it's known as urging without courtesy.

Although Yuan Zhou didn't officially send out invitations, he nevertheless offered them sufficient preparing time. Furthermore, it wasn't a formal banquet; therefore, he set the time at 11:00 a.m.

Sun Ming and Meng Meng both arrived on time.

The several streamers brought here by Meng Meng were also her colleagues working in the same company. They had a good relationship in normal times. Sometimes they even got together to make joint live broadcasts, hence had many of the same fans.

As for Sun Ming, he only brought the two people Zhang Daming and Monkey, who happened to be free.

It was still early then and there weren't any customers in the restaurant. When the two groups arrived, they all looked at each other, with the same suspicion in their eyes, "Are you guys also invited by Boss Yuan?"

Sun Ming and Meng Meng took their seats in the very middle, as if they had agreed by implication.

"Boss Yuan treating all of us?" As a lively girl, Meng Meng asked curiously.

Sun Ming nodded with a rather solemn expression.

He felt that Yuan Zhou had been rather normal during the evening of the previous day when he came. However, now he felt he was acting rather abnormally when he saw Meng Meng and her friends. There were 8 people in all here, including 5 from Meng Meng's side and 3 from his side.

It was due to their brotherhood that Yuan Zhou treated him to the meal, but what was the reason for treating these girls? Yuan Zhou had definitely become abnormal. Had his brain been temporarily occupied by Alien creatures?

Sun Ming and Meng Meng looked at each other and then at their own friends and in the end looked at Yuan Zhou.

"You ask first?" Meng Meng signaled him.

"Better you ask. You brought more people here." Sun Ming showed no compassion to the pretty girl.

"But I heard you and the boss are good brothers." having been here for quite a few times, Meng Meng naturally knew Sun Ming had a good relationship with Yuan Zhou.

"Let's ask together," Sun Ming considered for a little while and finally said in a low voice.

"Humm," Meng Meng nodded earnestly.

While the two persons were fervently communicating with their eyes, their friends had nevertheless different reactions at the side.

"Is it really Boss Yuan that offers to treat us?" Monkey dared not believe that either.

"I don't really care. Anyhow, I have already intended to come over here to eat," Zhang Daming cared little about the matter of treating. Instead, he stared at the price list behind him and carefully selected the new dishes, trying to figure out which combination should he take to have the most new dishes.

"Alright," when he found Zhang Daming didn't care about this matter, Monkey also gave up thinking more of that and likewise started to study the new dishes.

The streamers at the other side, nevertheless, were different. These relatively reputable streamers would also be invited by some unpopular stores occasionally to advertise for them on site; therefore, they had gotten quite used to these kinds of treats.

They talked in a low voice and didn't really care about the dishes. After all, they came all for the sake of Meng Meng's kind invitation. After eating here and going back, they would casually post a microblog for the restaurant. Recently, Meng Meng's live broadcast booth had been quite booming, thus her invitation should obviously be accepted.

"Thank you, guys, for your visit. Now you can order your dishes freely. The only rule is that wasting is not allowed," Yuan Zhou went up personally to greet them.

"Wait a moment. Yuan Zhou, are you all right?" as there were many people around, Sun Ming asked him euphemistically.

"Order your dishes, please," if not for the sake of his image, Yuan Zhou really wanted to support his forehead with his hands. Why were they so fussy about a mere treat?

Seeing Yuan Zhou not want to talk anymore, Meng Meng and Sun Ming stopped asking and then started to order their dishes earnestly.

As per Yuan Zhou's tradition of serving not more than 300 grams of prawns, it basically meant an individual serving. Therefore, they chose to order the dishes respectively.

Having earnestly taken notes of the dishes ordered, Yuan Zhou took out the money himself and directly put it into the cashbox. This time, the system didn't refuse him doing so anymore and

returned the small change to Yuan Zhou, who subsequently took it back into his pockets.

At that time, Monkey mocked him, "What, Boss Yuan also has to pay for the treat?"

"This is the rule," Yuan Zhou answered primly.

"Even the restaurant belongs to you. Even if you pay, it's more like moving the money from your right pocket to the left pocket." Monkey implied in his words that Yuan Zhou's practice was totally equal to taking off pants to break wind, which was completely redundant.

"It's easier to settle the accounts. These are the rules," Yuan Zhou still said so, as usual.

"It's indeed clearer and more coherent by doing so," having rich experiences in opening a store, Sun Ming agreed.

"Everything has a final place to go. You can't take it in and out casually just because it belongs to you. If that way, how could the boss settle all the accounts?" Sun Ming illustrated.

The several people were all smart. They considered for an instant and felt the thing was really like what he said.

On the other side, nevertheless, Yuan Zhou truly let out a long sigh of relief.

"System, I had thought that I am unable to treat others," Yuan Zhou spoke with a tone of pure doubt.

In the first mission of the Egg Fried Rice, the system judged him to be failing when he intended to treat Sun Ming to eat it. That was why Yuan Zhou would ask so.

The system displayed, "Host, you can't help in finishing the number-based mission in the place of anyone."

"Then for treating among the customers, can I also pay for them later?" after thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou asked in hope of getting a clear answer.

The system displayed, "It's not allowed during the implementation of the number-based mission."

"Humm," Yuan Zhou expressed that he had understand it.

Although Yuan Zhou didn't use the second alternative means, he remembered the purpose of the treat well.

It was to make friendly contacts, as well as to complete the mission.

Yuan Zhou wore a pair of disposable fish skin gloves and took out some more money and then put it somewhere else. Only after that

did he begin to wash his hands and cook the dishes meticulously.

That's right, he was prepared to directly give Sun Ming and Meng Meng the money and let them pay as a second alternative in case the system didn't allow him to treat just as last time. Despite the trouble, Yuan Zhou was fairly confident to be able to persuade them to do it that way.

The eight people ordered a total of 11 dishes, of which Yuan Zhou had already prepared the ingredients. For the most popular dishes, he even had finished half of the procedures, for example, three servings of Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet that had been cooked in the wok and two servings of Phoenix-Tail Prawns that were being processed.

Yuan Zhou had a habit of personally attending to every procedure. Moreover, he never touched the parts of the meat that would be swallowed by customers in order to maintain the freshness and prevent it from being contaminated by another's presence.

Suddenly, something unexpected took place on the quiet chopping board...

Chapter 139: On-Going Mission

"Pa," with a clear sound, a prawn suddenly leaped up from the quiet chopping board in an unusual way and was about to fall to the ground.

Without even batting an eye, Yuan Zhou reached for the taste-free spoon and precisely caught the prawn. Then he pressed it back on the workstation with the spoon and began to unshell it.

"The actions of the boss appear to be firm," a male E-sports streamer was greatly amazed.

"He indeed has sharp eyes and agile hands," another pretty female streamer who usually did live broadcasts for makeup likewise praised with a smile.

"Boss Yuan is actually capable of doing much more than that," Meng Meng said fairly proudly.

"We are not praising you. Why are you showing off so much?" A streamer for singing at the side said with a melodious sound.

"I'm serious. Look at those sculpted flowers outside. They are all made by Boss Yuan," pointing at the flower rack outside the door, Meng Meng said to prove Yuan Zhou's genuine capability.

"Aren't those real flowers?" The crowd of streamers immediately became astounded.

Laid out outside the door were many blossoming flamboyant flowers. Each showed different postures with the dark green branches serving as a foil. The several people had just complimented in their heart that Yuan Zhou had such a decent taste for laying out so many flowers outside the door.

"Ha Ha, you have definitely been fooled. They are actually sculpted from radishes. Don't they look as same as the genuine ones?" Meng Meng appeared even prouder.

"That can't be true." While speaking, two streamers went up and touched them as they just couldn't believe in her.

"These really are radishes. What skillful hands he has," as the male streamer of E-sports had rich experiences in playing online games, he knew how important a pair of adroit hands were; therefore he admired Yuan Zhou the most.

"All right, guys. Come back now. It's time to have meal," seeing the two people continue studying the flowers, Meng Meng said hurriedly.

"Coming." Yuan Zhou had already carried the dishes out of the kitchen when the two people returned to their seats.

Every dish was as exquisite as a piece of work of art. They seemed to have their own spirits and likewise emitted tempting scents.

"First, thank you, Boss Yuan, for entertaining us. We can't wait to eat it now," Meng Meng first expressed her gratitude to Yuan Zhou while smiling.

"I don't want to say anything more. I'm way too hungry," with a more straightforward manner of speaking, Sun Ming picked up the chopsticks and prepared to eat immediately.

Although there was no wine, the meal was still considered a feast with the delicious dishes and tasty drinks as well as pretty girls.

"Wait," the E-sports streamer suddenly shouted.

The moment the makeup streamer became stupefied subconsciously, the last mouthful of sculpted flowers on the plate was grabbed.

"You! Even playing such dirty tricks. That's too much." Even when she got angry, the pretty girl was still beautiful. However, in front of delicacies, of course, it was the delicious dishes that were more important.

Therefore, only after swallowing up the last mouthful of the dish did the E-sports streamer have time to speak. "I wanted to say that Boss Yuan's restaurant is so clean."

"Who do you think doesn't know about it." The makeup streamer revealed an angry expression.

"But I'm the first to say that out," there was a smug look on the face of the E-sports streamer.

"Humph," the makeup streamer was too lazy to say anything anymore and didn't answer him.

"Boss Yuan, please rest assured. I will make great efforts to help publicize your restaurant." The E-sports streamer had always been frank and outspoken. Since he ate the dishes with great satisfaction, he spoke that out on his own initiative.

Nonetheless, Yuan Zhou couldn't say anything about it on the surface. He could only nod vaguely, which was considered to be consent.

"Come on. Let's go back now and help Boss Yuan's publicize his superb delicacies." The E-sports streamer got fairly excited.

Sharing is always a pleasant experience, let alone sharing such yummy dishes.

Urged by him, the several streamers all left. Before leaving, they all expressed implicitly that they would help in advertising.

"It turns out that you want us to help advertise for you." Only then did Sun Ming react.

"No," Yuan Zhou denied bluntly.

"What, aren't you to admit that? We are brothers, just tell me. My help doesn't require a treat." Sun Ming showed a look of disbelief.

"I have always been generous," Yuan Zhou said with an affirmative tone.

"Ho Ho," Sun Ming's expression seemed to say "Are you kidding me?". Subsequently, he continued saying, "That's ok. I got it now."

"Ok, be careful on the way back." Yuan Zhou nodded and saw the three people off.

Now Yuan Zhou prepared to constantly focus on the microblog of the several streamers to see if the saying "Whoever eats others' dish shall follow his instructions" worked or not.

During the Qing Dynasty in ancient China, when the famous foodie Yuan Mei conducted the literature movement in the south of Yangtze River, he was quite rebellious and immersed himself in excessive pleasurable activities. Therefore, somebody suggested the Magistrate of Jiangning District, Liu Yong, that he should investigate and deal with him accordingly.

Having heard of the information, Yuan Mei pulled strings and sent for Liu Yong to his mansion for a meal. He prepared diversified dishes in different forms including Taro Stewed Pork, Taro Soup and Taro Stewed Cabbage, etc. to allow the magistrate to eat his fill heartily. After that, the two persons changed from

enemies to friends and hence solved the problem naturally.

This feast of Yuan Zhou was also quite sumptuous. "It's not supposed to be difficult for these few people to publicize his restaurant," thought Yuan Zhou reasonably.

While he was waiting for their publicity to take effect and lead to good results, night soon fell.

"Boss, Egg Fried Rice." Now, it wasn't Wu Hai anymore who entered the restaurant first every night. Instead, it was a fat person, who had lost much weight and became a not so fat fatty, that took the lead. He always estimated the time accurately.

"Wait a moment." Yuan Zhou nodded.

Three minutes later, Yuan Zhou carried the Egg Fried Rice to him. However, he didn't concentrate on eating first this time, but anxiously asked, "Did I lose weight?"

Yuan Zhou looked up and down and found the man really had become slimmer, or more accurately, sturdier.

"Yes, you indeed become slimmer than before." Yuan Zhou confirmed with a nod.

"It seems your dish, Egg Fried Rice, has the effect of keeping fit," the man said affirmatively and meanwhile patted the flesh on his belly.

"No, it's all due to your efforts." After thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou still didn't take all the credit.

"Really?" The formerly fat man who had lost weight to a lean person said with puzzlement.

"Yes, it's all because of your own efforts. Every time you come here on foot, of course you will become thin," Wu Hai said affirmatively while stepping into the restaurant.

"Oh yeah, it might be true." Having dispelled his doubts, the lean person started to eat his Egg Fried Rice without caring about other things anymore.

"It's still Egg Fried Rice?" looking at his plate, Wu Hai asked conveniently.

Yes, this lean guy was also a regular customer in Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Over the past one month, he came over here as soon as the restaurant barely opened in the evening and would then order a serving of Egg Fried Rice every day. After having his meal, he would immediately leave.

In merely a month's time, he changed from a fatty with a pale face to the currently lean person with a ruddy face. In other words, he had been eating the Egg Fried Rice for a whole month.

"You are really a tolerant person," Wu Hai felt it required great

perseverance to eat only one bowl of Egg Fried Rice every day, without eating anything else.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou affirmed with a nod.

Even if all the delicious dishes were cooked by himself, Yuan Zhou still felt the urge to keep eating these dishes.

"Thank you, boss," the lean person ate up the Egg Fried Rice and prepared to leave while Yuan Zhou and Wu Hai were talking.

"Take care," behind him, the little loli said dutifully.

Since he was brought here for the first time to eat the Egg Fried Rice, the lean person came for the very same dish every evening. Previously, he could stay at home for one month and didn't go out. Yet, now, even when he walked downstairs and upstairs every day to go out, he didn't feel annoyed at all.

Learn from your enemy and use the knowledge gained to be against him. Cuisines were nevertheless the best way to lose weight.

"Remember what I said before? You got slimmer than before," one of his neighbors living next door opened the door and said with a smile when he heard the lean person opening the door.

"Yes, I indeed got leaner now," the lean person admitted with a nod.

"The Egg Fried Rice of the nameless restaurant seems to be truly delicious. Look, you surprisingly got slimmer after eating it," his neighbor made fun of him.

"No, it wasn't because I ate the Egg Fried Rice, but I exercised a lot. You know, I go downstairs from the ninth floor to the ground and return every day," the lean person said earnestly.

"Yep, that also makes sense. No wonder I am so thin," his neighbor nodded with an affirmative expression while praising himself without a trace of embarrassment.

Then came a new customer to Yuan Zhou's restaurant. His face was unknown to Yuan Zhou and seemed to come for the first time...

Chapter 140: Rice Cuisine Cooked In Various Ways

"Boss Yuan?" The new customer was a girl who appeared to be incomparably innocent with a pair of watery eyes. She asked while looking at Yuan Zhou.

"Humm, what do you eat?" Yuan Zhou nodded and asked as usual.

"Boss Yuan, you really have a good-looking face," with a seemingly innocent-looking appearance, the girl said point-blank.

"Thanks. What do you want to eat?" Being complimented by the pretty girl, Yuan Zhou was in a good mood.

"Herbal Tea Egg, Phoenix-Tail Prawns and 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine, that's all," this time, the girl ordered the dishes with a rather earnest expression.

"Good. It's 3274 RMB in all, payable either by cash or by netpay. Please pay first," immediately, Yuan Zhou calculated the total price.

Suddenly, the girl leaned forward and put her head on the long table in one go, making her smooth and beautiful black hair instantly pour on the table. With sparkling eyes, she said, "Boss Yuan, I didn't take the money with me today. But I can pay by my body. How do you like the idea? Remember, I have unlocked

various gestures, in whatever way you like.

While speaking, she stared at Yuan Zhou with her seducing eyes earnestly.

"No way," Yuan Zhou felt tightened in the heart. He took a look at the girl earnestly and numerous thoughts flashed through his mind. In the end, he confirmed one, "This girl is surely unwilling to pay him."

"Gee? Boss Yuan, don't you like girls like my type?" the girl was puzzled.

"Pay first before eating," the thought in Yuan Zhou's mind upgraded to, "A person who wants to cheat his money."

"Boss Yuan, you don't have the slightest sense of humor," the girl straightened her body up and revealed a look of "You lack the sense of romance", which was totally different from her formerly innocent expression.

"How would you like the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine to be prepared?" Yuan Zhou remained unmoved

"Boss Yuan, you know for sure about the Black Sugar Rice Cake, right? I want to eat that one." the girl revealed a cunning smile and just waited to defeat Yuan Zhou.

"Ok, one moment, please," nonetheless, Yuan Zhou agreed

straightforwardly before he turned around and left, appearing to be faster than normal.

"Boss Yuan, you must be single, right? It's quite easy for you to evolve into a magician," the girl said with a regretful tone.

"Do you really have some fondness for Boss Yuan?" Having watched a grand scene at the side, Wu Hai asked with a smile.

"Why not? Yes, of course," the girl supported her chin with one hand and casually put the other on the table, saying while giving a hump.

Others always did this alluring action in an inelegant manner giving off a sort of vulgar sense. This girl, nevertheless, revealed a natural and free feeling with that action which matched her comely face.

"Really?" Wu Hai became even more curious. Surprisingly, there was even a girl that could possibly take a fancy to Yuan Zhou.

"Of course.... not." the girl turned her head and glared at Wu Hai.

Then Wu Hai got confused, not knowing what exactly the girl wanted.

Speaking of which, the girl was called Jiang Changxi, who had already known about Yuan Zhou through her friends. Therefore, Yuan Zhou didn't actually know her. Although appearing to be

quite young, she was actually almost 30 this year. She was never stingy in flirting with whoever she was interested in, after all, she described herself as a "Three Lost" woman, one who had unlocked many new positions with her ex-husband and had lost her marriage, her virginity, and her husband.

"Boss Yuan, you can tell me your view on choosing lovers. Let me search around my acquaintances for you. Pity you don't like me, otherwise I wouldn't have made way for the younger girls," Jiang Changxi said in a leisurely tone.

"I think no one would love Boss Yuan," Wu Hai counteracted her words at the side.

"Small mustache, judging from your gesture of wiping the chopsticks just now, I feel you are also single, right?" She suddenly turned her head, looking at Wu Hai, and said.

"Yeah, but I feel it's good to be single," Wu Hai's face glowed with pride but he couldn't figure it out how was that connected to wiping the chopsticks.

"Yep, of course it's good. It's merely that your left and right hands would get more tired. After the hard work at daytime, they still have to work overtime at night. God bless them, look how thin they became now," Jiang Changxi revealed a secret smile.

"Err..." having understood her instantly, Wu Hai was at his wit's end. He was merely an innocent artist, hence was unable to bear such blunt and open hint by a girl.

This "Three Lost" woman was so powerful that she directly made this adult man bashful.

Seeing Wu Hai quiet down obediently, Jiang Changxi continued to talk to Yuan Zhou.

"Boss Yuan, it's actually a woman like me who holds great fascination as I know a lot about that kind of thing." While speaking, she blinked to Yuan Zhou and revealed a shy expression.

Now Yuan Zhou finally knew he was totally being toyed with by this woman. The only advantage for him was that he was cooking at the moment. While cooking, he had gotten used to putting his heart into the dishes and therefore had sufficient reasons to disregard the words of Jiang Changxi.

At the beginning, she was just curious about Yuan Zhou, who was said to be awfully earnest and good-looking while cooking. If so, she would definitely give it a try. However, when she saw Yuan Zhou really disregard her, she stopped talking anymore and turned to watch Yuan Zhou make the rice cake.

To Jiang Changxi who was already tired of eating the plain white rice, the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine was a tailor-made dish for her.

The cooking method of the Black Sugar Rice Cake was actually very easy. The first factor was the selection of the ingredients, which were the best provided by the system; the second factor was the cooking method, which was also very easy for Yuan Zhou.

First, soak the Jing Shan Qiao Rice until it was good for blending with clear water in a small bowl; then prepare a stone mortar and slowly pour the rice and clear water inside before starting to grind. After carefully grinding once, add the black sugar inside. Then with slightly stirring, pour them together into the stone mortar again to continue grinding.

With a moderate amount of water, the denser the rice milk was, the easier the rice would bloom. The Jing Shan Qiao Rice, nevertheless, contained a great many of farinaceous substances. As a result, the rice could directly be steamed to make the rice cake without adding any flour.

Before putting the bowl into the steaming pot in the end, Yuan Zhou added the yeast into the rice and stirred it evenly. Only then did he slowly pour the blended ingredients into a round bowl up to 80% it could contain. The steamer with big holes was then covered with a lotus leaf. After that, Yuan Zhou poked thin holes in the rice ingredients with the toothpick before setting down the round bowl onto the steamer and started to steam the dish.

After no more than 10 minutes of steaming on high heat, the sweet and fragrant Black Sugar Rice Cake was done.

At the same time, the other dishes ordered by her were also ready.

"Please enjoy," having set down the tray in his hand, Yuan Zhou stayed away from her immediately and prepared to greet other

customers.

"Boss Yuan, why do you walk away so quickly? I still have something to consult you." Jiang Changxi grinned.

"What's that?" Yuan Zhou asked seriously with a straight face.

"The rice cake is so beautiful, but it's too hot. Then how shall I eat it?" pointing at the brownish red rice cake that had divided into exactly six petals in the bowl, she asked worriedly.

"You can use the chopsticks," Yuan Zhou's answer was simple and powerful.

"Ok, got it now. You can get back to your work now," she just wanted to see how Yuan Zhou responded. The fact that he was defeated and fled in a calm manner nevertheless increased her appetite.

As for Wu Hai who was trying his best not to laugh at the side, he definitely thought that way, too.

Yuan Zhou got back to the kitchen without saying a word and decided not to go out for the moment. He left the work of greeting the customers to Mu Xiaoyun and just concentrated on cooking.

Rarely was there a girl carrying an innocent and pretty face but speaking so casually. Yet, when she started eating, the actions were gentle and graceful.

The dish 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine served this time had only three ingredients. Rice, black sugar and yeast. The appearance was nevertheless like a wild flower. With six petals, the rice cake stayed still at the plate, with the green cirrus around it.

Jiang Changxi picked up a small piece easily with the chopsticks. She could even perceive the softness of the rice cake with the help of the chopsticks in her hand. Bringing it close, she found that there were tiny air holes inside the rice cake.

Every time before he ate, it was definitely the eyes that got to enjoy first, followed by the nose. The faint sweet and fragrant smell of the mixed rice cakes and black sugar immediately rushed to her nose.

When she stuffed the piece into her mouth and chewed, the rice cake spread out softly and hence had exquisite texture. Unlike the softness that didn't require chewing, it was still a little chewy. With the rice cake going down through her gullet, what eventually remained in her mouth was the refreshing fragrance of the lotus flowers.

"Boss Yuan, the rice cake cooked by you is so so so delicious, without the slightest bitterness of the black sugar," Jiang Changxi complimented him generously.

The new meaning of "magician" originated from manga. It specifically means an adult man who kept his virginity until 30. At this age, if he is still a virgin, then he could transform into a magician.

Chapter 141: Steadily Completing The Mission

"Boss Yuan, the rice cake made by you is so so so delicious, without the slightest bitterness of the black sugar," Jiang Changxi complimented him generously.

"Thank you," Yuan Zhou answered seriously.

"Boss Yuan, you are so talented in cooking and really have a pair of nimble hands, huh?" While savoring the delicate taste, she flirted with Yuan Zhou while smiling at the same time.

As soon as the "Three Lost" woman spoke, her words carried an amazing power.

Yuan Zhou could only stay in the kitchen obediently, earnestly cooking dishes.

The several streamers who had enjoyed Yuan Zhou's treat, as promised, helped Yuan Zhou publicize his restaurant. The four of them all chose to post microblogs with virtually the same words.

[I managed to eat a super delicious cuisine today. Despite being a little expensive, the taste well deserved the price.]

Of them, only the E-sports streamer was an honest and frank man. He directly posted an advertisement for Yuan Zhou's

restaurant during the live broadcast of a LOL match in the evening of the same day.

"Adhering to the principle of sharing good stuff with everyone, I'd like to tell you guys this restaurant serves really good cuisines. You won't regret eating there if you give it a try. The address has been released," at the intervals of the live broadcast, the E-sports streamer straightforwardly advertised it just like that.

[Why is the streamer advertising for others? Did you receive advertising fees?] Immediately, numerous barrages appeared.

"Advertisement? Please rest assured that I will never receive money for advertising. You'll understand after you go and eat the dishes. Frankly speaking, the restaurant doesn't really need my advertisement," the E-sports streamer said affirmatively.

Once the words were spoken, some among audiences believed it while some others didn't. Nonetheless, the E-sports streamer consecutively posted another two barrages again.

The live broadcast industry mostly relied on the fans to live, so whoever watched every program of the broadcast were definitely devoted fans. After the advertisement, two devoted fans thus made an appointment to go to taste the dishes recommended. Also, it was mainly because the restaurant was not far away.

"Wang Peng, have you arrived?" a thin boy wearing glasses and carrying a black school bag was holding his phone and talking to his companion.

"Yes, right I'm here," while speaking, the voice of Wang Peng passed from behind the boy of black school bag.

"You startled me. Let's go. It's just ahead of us." The boy of black school bag turned his head and found Wang Peng who was dressed in his school uniform was just standing behind him.

"Sigh. Xiao Lu, you are really good at finding the way in such a short time. No wonder your name is Xiao Lu (the two words mean knowing the roads in Chinese)," Wang Peng put his arm around the shoulders of Xiao Lu beside him.

"Stop it. Remember we are here to help to justify what Black Big said," Lu Xiao took Wang Peng's arm off his shoulders and said solemnly.

"I know, I know. There's definitely no problem with Black Big. We'll know after we go and check," speaking of Black Big, Wang Peng also became spirited.

The two boys were both in the second year of the Senior School and liked the game LOL the most. They had inadvertently watched the live broadcast of Black Big, namely the E-sports streamer. The characteristic blocking skills and the style of sneak killing from behind instantly made the two boys admire him. After that, they became the devoted fans of the streamer and watched every program of his broadcast without missing even one.

As soon as they got some pocket money, they contributed to the

game and tipping Black Big.

"Gee? Why doesn't the restaurant even have a shop sign? Is it the place mentioned by Black Big?" Wang Peng doubtfully looked at the shabby restaurant of Yuan Zhou's.

"It is. Look, No.14," Xiao Lu said affirmatively while pointing at the street number.

"Shall we go inside and have a look?" Wang asked while walking.

"Yes, let's have a look," Xiao Lu likewise prepared to go inside.

When the two walked to the entrance, they found only a few customers were left in the restaurant, but still two of them were waiting for the seats. Since they were unable to eat, they would surely take photos of the surroundings. Nowadays, people would pay more attention to anything if there were photos to prove.

The interior surroundings of the restaurant weren't considered to be exquisite. They were merely plain and tasteful and looked extraordinarily clean.

Therefore, the two boys first took photos of the flower rack, which appeared to be the only highlight of the surroundings. Their photo technique was not very professional and hence they were naturally unable to capture the cleanliness feeling in the pictures.

"Wang Peng, I feel like my heart has collapsed," suddenly, Xiao

Lu pulled Wang Peng who was taking the photos and then said.

"What's wrong?" Being about to take photos of the tables and chairs, Wang Peng asked in puzzlement.

"You'll know it when photograph that place," Xiao Lu pointed to the conspicuous price list on the wall.

"What the f*ck, is that for real?" Nonetheless, Wang Peng didn't have the feeling of being cheated. What if the price list wasn't true?

"Hi, what do you two want to eat?" the utterance of Mu Xiaoyun interrupted the astonishment of the two boys.

"So the prices are all those shown on the wall?" Wang Peng was a little shy while facing Mu Xiaoyun who was of similar age.

"That's right. What do you eat?" Mu Xiaoyun asked them politely again.

"No, we'll discuss that and then decide," Wang Peng didn't have enough money to afford the dish. He only had about 100 RMB in his pocket, which seemed to be a lot but actually wasn't enough to buy most of the dishes. Luckily, Xiao Lu dragged him away after calming down.

"Luckily we came out. It was so embarrassing just now," Wang Peng let out a sigh of relief and showed a discontented expression

while looking at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"Black Big has definitely deteriorated. We must make the situation public," Xiao Lu didn't say much but was fast in jumping to conclusions. He then said angrily.

"Wait. He might also be cheated," Wang Peng was nevertheless fairly optimistic.

"Then we have even more reason to make it public and let him know," Xiao Lu said persistently.

"Humm, use some tactful words," after thinking for a while, Wang Peng agreed.

"Have you taken the photo of the price list? Also the photo of the street number is over here as well," Xiao Lu asked with great care.

"Yes, I have. Let me take the photos of them together. I'm sending you the photos."

"Ok," Xiao Lu agreed.

It was only the two of them who came over. What if other people also came over and got cheated? A reminder was yet indispensable.

However, he forgot how terrible it was when a fan turned to a foe.

In the evening, Xiao Lu used his username and consecutively posted ten microblogs, tagging Black Big on each of them, with the narration and photos. Due to this case, the microblog of Black Big was almost overwhelmed by such messages, all requiring Black Big to come out and respond to the questions. Of course, these messages were comparatively civilized. In some uncivilized messages, he was even scolded.

The answer from Black Big was very straightforward and quite frank.

[I am inviting twenty fans to dine together and personally savor the dishes cooked by Boss Yuan. Now that all of you saw the price and since I'm merely a poor soul, everybody can only order one dish. During that time, we'll have the process broadcasted live.]

Immediately, his microblog became even more lively. Most of the onlookers were basically waiting for that.

It was relatively noisy at Black Big's side. Meanwhile, the other few streamers were also affected.

As all four streamers had good relationships and sometimes conducted live broadcasts together, they had some fans in common; therefore all other fans of them got to know it soon. Subsequently, all the four streamers came out to refute the rumors that it was a paid advertisement. In the end, even Meng Meng came up to support the streamers.

Plus, there were originally many fans of Meng Meng who had been to Yuan Zhou's restaurant to have meals. Then the comments in the microblog started to split up, with each side having their own supporters.

The matter ended when Meng Meng, likewise, posted on her microblog.

[As for the matter of Yuan Zhou's restaurant, I will also go there and make a joint live broadcast with Black Big by then. A fact is a fact.]

Only after that did the dispute temporarily calm down.

Formerly, Meng Meng was nowhere to be found when she made live broadcasts and it was basically quite difficult to locate her. Since the place and time had been fixed this time, her devoted fans indicated one after another that they would go watch.

For the fans selection for the meal, Black Big directly proposed a vote. The time was short and anyone could apply for one position, therefore all the work was completed in just two days' time.

The E-sports streamer Black Big did all that in public, so his fans slowly started to believe in him. However, the onlookers still expressed their interest in watching the lively scene...

Chapter 142: Yuan Zhou's Pub

On the agreed day of the live broadcast, fans of the streamers arrived at Yuan Zhou's restaurant one after another starting from the morning.

At 4 p.m., the e-sports streamer, Black Big, hurriedly came to Yuan Zhou's restaurant together with Meng Meng.

He specifically didn't inform them of his arrival time in order to let them see personally what a good business Yuan Zhou's restaurant had got. Therefore, the 20 fans invited by Black Big were all waiting in line outside the entrance for their turn.

In the noisy and bustling surroundings, Black Big and Meng Meng started the live broadcast. Of course, they needed to show the scene to even more audiences to prove it was true and for real. And because of the live broadcast, more and more people joined the line.

Wherever there was a lively scene, there would be onlookers. The countrymen had never disliked big events as they could watch the fun.

Afterward, Yuan Zhou's restaurant was surrounded by a crowd of customers. The unprecedented prosperity was not any less than the discount day.

When more white-collar employees got off work in the evening and saw the situation, they thought there was another discount

offered in Yuan Zhou's restaurant and hence excitedly came over to join the line.

Even if they knew later on there was not, they had already spent so long waiting thus decided to have dinner here.

The restaurant in the evening was awfully busy. However, Yuan Zhou's expression was always mild, which probably indicated the mission was about to be completed.

After the hard work all day long, the night fell. As soon as Yuan Zhou closed the restaurant, he couldn't wait to tap open the mission and began to check the status.

[Fourth Stage of the Mission] Both the turnover and number of customers surpass those on the discount date respectively.

(Mission Tips: A top-grade chef should increase the value of his dishes over the price. Host, please work hard to increase the value of his dishes over this ordinary price, young man.)

[Time of mission] Ten days (at the 9th day)

[Reward of mission] Three hours of nightlife and a bonus package of wines (available to be received)

(Reward tips: the host is required to find another place for the location of the nightlife. When the time comes, the system will

provide unified decorations.)

[Mission Status] Completed

"Receive the reward." While looking at the completed mission, as expected, Yuan Zhou was quite happy.

"Has the store been decorated?" Yuan Zhou thought for a while and asked about the decoration of the neighboring stores. Surprisingly, he didn't check the content of the reward immediately.

The system displayed, "The decorations have been completed. Host, please put them in service as soon as possible."

Yuan Zhou didn't really care about the system's urging. Instead, he sat in his special position and thought for a moment before going downstairs.

"Dong Dong Dong," he moved in quick steps and opened the back door of the neighboring store. Right now it also belonged to him.

Actually, every store had more or less the same layout. It was merely that this store had formerly been a tea house and was much bigger than Yuan Zhou's restaurant. As soon as Yuan Zhou entered the back door, he arrived at the main hall of the ground floor, which differed from previously, when it had been full of tables and chairs.

Now it had become spacious. A circle of primitive and plain wooden wine barrels with its original color were placed at a corner of a wall. The most conspicuous thing was the stairs located in the middle of the main hall. It was wooden and had a width of only two persons to pass at the same time. When stepped upon, the stairs emitted a clear and melodious sound.

Different from the formerly yellowish and greasy stairway which constantly emitted a sound of "Ge Zhi", it seemed that the system had replaced the wood with new ones.

Passing through the main hall, Yuan Zhou first arrived at the courtyard. The door of the tea house was located in the front courtyard. There had been three stone tables outside formerly, which appeared rather elegant. However, now, the front courtyard was directly rebuilt by the system into a garden. The stone table had disappeared and in the same place various green plants were planted.

Planted beside the yard wall at Yuan Zhou's side was a cherry-apple tree, which was apparently provided by the system. The appearance was exquisite; the branches seemed to be either carefully trimmed or grown naturally and were aesthetically pleasing.

It was July. The pretty and delicate flowers of the cherry-apple had withered away and the tree had borne fruits, which were turning red from green. Some of them were so red that they turned into a bright hot pink.

Moreover, the fruits of the cherry-apple were eatable, with thin skin and fresh flesh. They had a unique delicate sweet and sour taste. The fruits could be eaten either fresh or cut opened and made into dried cherry-apples to be conserved for further processing. Besides, there was another frozen method for eating the fruits, that is, to eat the cherry-apples that had been completed frozen. The taste was more delicate and refreshing that way.

Yuan Zhou carefully identified the plants inside the yard. Planted along the walls were camellias, which hadn't blossomed as it was in the wrong season. Other plants were basically those that Yuan Zhou wouldn't know at all unless they blossomed.

Of course, there were more plants that were actually not flowers but evergreen plants.

While taking a glance at the double doors, Yuan Zhou thoughtfully went upstairs and prepared to have a look.

"What the hell is this?" Looking at the spacious room in his sight, Yuan Zhou was rather speechless.

"Didn't you say it had already been decorated?" Yuan Zhou stood on the second floor and asked while supporting his forehead.

The current second floor was completely different from what Yuan Zhou had known, as the system had directly dismantled everything therein. After going upstairs, there was only a terrace and a square hollow, appearing quite weird.

The system displayed, "Host, please check the reward."

In response to Yuan Zhou's helplessness, the system straightforwardly displayed some totally unrelated words.

Yuan Zhou looked all around the terrace that was without any protection, walked for a lap and went downstairs to the ground floor before starting to check the reward.

"Sigh. It's really no scam, no comfort," Yuan Zhou sighed. Then he took out his phone and began to calculate on it before selecting and ordering some stuff through the internet.

The Internet was a good thing. Without going out, one could buy everything one wanted. The only precondition was to have money. Yuan Zhou looked at the balance in his bank account silently and smiled securely.

"Zhi Ya", Yuan Zhou carefully shut the door and returned to his bedroom. Lying on the bed, he stared into space for a while. Suddenly, he sat up and mumbled, "System, I don't like your style of decoration. Can I alter it?"

The system displayed, "Layout of the decorations have been fixed and cannot be altered."

"Then what about if I redesign it myself? I will only change the outer wall and won't hang any shop signs," Yuan Zhou considered for a while and continued asking.

The system displayed, "Host, you can decide on your own."

Anyhow, Yuan Zhou had been matching wits with the system for so long, he understood where the bottom line of the system was. As long as he didn't change the layout inside, there would be no problems. Besides, there was nothing inside that could be changed.

Relieved, Yuan Zhou soon fell asleep.

Early next morning, the first thing Yuan Zhou did after he got up was to make a call.

"Hello, I want to rebuild some walls. A very easy job," once the phone was connected, Yuan Zhou expressed his meaning explicitly.

"No problem. Where are you located, boss? Do you need renovation or what?" There passed a cheerful answer from the other end of the phone.

"Your work is nice, but I don't need it. It's only a small issue of wall rebuilding. You come to No. 14 of Taoxi Road at ten. I'll be waiting here for you," Yuan Zhou directly brought out the address and prepared to tell them the work in details when they arrived.

"Don't worry, boss. We'll be there soon,"

"Humm," Yuan Zhou hung off the phone immediately before the

59th second, a perfect timing for saving money.

Nevertheless, he didn't actually know that China Mobile still charged 2 minutes for 55 seconds.

Having solved the problem, Yuan Zhou started to open the door and began doing his business securely.

It was early in the morning. The father who had once brought his daughter here came to the restaurant again. He came alone and didn't bring anybody else this time. As soon as he arrived, he explicitly looked for Yuan Zhou.

"Boss Yuan, I have something to talk to you. Can we talk privately?" The man was quite frank.

"I'm sorry. It's still business hour," Yuan Zhou took a look at the man and found that he didn't seem to have an emergency, hence refused bluntly.

"No problem. Let's talk about that after the breakfast. Offer me a bowl of Clear Broth Noodle Soup," the man followed Yuan Zhou's advice and said.

Chapter 143: Ambitions Of The System

The one hour of breakfast time soon passed. Having finished the Clear Broth Noodle Soup earlier, the man had been constantly waiting for him there.

"Sorry to keep you waiting for so long. What can I do for you?" After seeing off Mu Xiaoyun, Yuan Zhou finally had some time.

"You are welcome. It's mainly because Boss Yuan's dishes are delicious," Despite his reserved and stern manner, the man nevertheless spoke gently.

"Thank you," Yuan Zhou expressed his gratitude politely with a nod and waited for the man to speak about the issue at hand.

When the man found Yuan Zhou didn't intend to ask, he first said.

"Let's just be frank and blunt. We are all busy," the man paused a little while speaking.

"Go ahead," Yuan Zhou nodded and signaled him to continue.

The man first looked around and then suddenly said, "I think everything is great in your restaurant but it lacks some liveliness. I would rather bring some ornamental fishes for a better visual effect."

While saying "everything is great", he revealed some sort of reluctance on his face. Yuan Zhou's restaurant could only be regarded as simple and in good taste at best. As the system was in charge of the decorations, Yuan Zhou didn't have any incentives to enhance it.

"Thank you, but there is no need," Yuan Zhou refused flatly.

"Boss Yuan, don't worry. This is just my donation," the man showed an earnest look, except that his tone became even tougher.

"No need, really," with a frown, Yuan Zhou still refused.

"You don't like fish?" the man was a little curious.

"They are alright," after thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou found he didn't really hate the fish.

"Are you sure you don't want it?" the man asked in the end.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded. After that, the man left straight away.

Yuan Zhou happened to know about the ornamental fishes. When he had worked in the three-star hotel, he once showed curiosity concerning the taste of the colorful koi in the entrance hall. Nevertheless, the price left him mightily impressed.

Sow nothing and reap nothing. Yuan Zhou was reluctant to receive such donations. If he received it, it was as if he owed others something. Yuan Zhou touched his pocket contentedly and was quite satisfied with the number in his bank account.

The system displayed, "Host, you have activated a side mission. Please complete it as soon as possible."

[Side Mission] Please complete 10 Customer Satisfaction Surveys and make sure all the scores exceed at least 9

[Mission Reward] An Ornamental Sergestes Wall Landscape

Suddenly, the system directly released a mission.

Yuan Zhou touched his forehead with sort of puzzlement, "Are you not satisfied after being despised for your lousy taste?"

Usually, the system didn't release consecutive missions. It was surely unusual to give missions so frequently, especially when Yuan Zhou had just finished the staged mission. Now a side mission was suddenly issued.

It was unavoidable for Yuan Zhou to suspect it was due to the system being despised by the man for its decoration taste and lack of liveliness. Hence, the reward of the mission also confirmed Yuan Zhou's speculation. The sergestes should be some kind of a living creature.

"System, are you ambitious or are you arrogant?" Yuan Zhou asked with puzzlement.

However, the system still acted as usual and didn't have any reaction.

On the contrary, several A4 sized paper questionnaires suddenly appeared in the drawer at Yuan Zhou's side.

"Zi", Yuan Zhou pulled open the drawer, where the questionnaire forms were quietly lying.

The first thing that came into sight was the headline "Satisfaction Survey" and only ten questions listed below, which did not appear perfect nor professional. That made Yuan Zhou feel the mission was much more of a joke.

"Does the mission have a time limit?" Taking the questionnaires in his hand, Yuan Zhou asked.

The system displayed, "No."

"How much is the full score?" suddenly, Yuan Zhou recalled of the requirement of the mission.

The system displayed, "10."

"So concise and blunt." Yuan Zhou was rather speechless.

.....

During the business hours at noon, Yuan Zhou stared at Mu Xiaoyun for 5 full minutes and finally gave up the tempting idea of letting her fill in the form casually.

The arrival of Wu Hai, nevertheless, helped Mu Xiaoyun out. She had been feeling quite uncomfortable all over her body due to Yuan Zhou's stare.

"You came just in time. Fill this out, please," before Wu Hai ordered his dish, Yuan Zhou handed a questionnaire and a signing pen to him.

"What's this? A satisfaction survey?" Having received them, he looked at the questionnaire in surprise and then raised his head to look at Yuan Zhou again.

"Humm, give it to me when you are done," Yuan Zhou said calmly, his expression not changing at all.

"Research on taste of the dishes and satisfaction of the surroundings?" Wu Hai checked two items randomly.

"Tell me, please. If I fill out the questionnaire and raise questions therein, will you correct them?" This was the part that Wu Hai felt most unbelievable. What was the nickname of Yuan Zhou? Compass. How was it possible for him to change so easily?

Moreover, there were only 10 items in this so-called satisfaction survey, which appeared to be more untrusted.

"That depends," thinking of the questions on the form, Yuan Zhou answered cautiously.

"I have already predicted this answer. Anyhow, there is still a chance. Let me give it a try then," Wu Hai merely felt it was interesting. He then picked up the signing pen prepared by Yuan Zhou and started to fill out the form at great length.

While he was filling out the 9th item, a red plastic bottle suddenly appeared in front of Wu Hai.

"What's this?" Wu Hai asked with puzzlement.

"I think you wrote it incorrectly and should revise it a little bit," while taking out the correction fluid quietly, Yuan Zhou said indifferently.

Hearing that, Wu Hai took up the form and carefully checked the content that he had just filled.

There was nothing wrong with the writing and grammar and the content was written in lively and vigorous handwriting.

"There's nothing wrong with it," Wu Hai answered affirmatively before picking up the pen and preparing to continue.

"You'd better amend the score," Yuan Zhou took a glance at the score again and said with an affirmative tone.

Apart from the only full score concerning the taste of the dishes, the scores filled by Wu Hai under other questions were only 6 or 7 and some even 5. How was it possible for Yuan Zhou to accept such low scores?

"Oh, I get it now. I know what you mean now," Wu Hai suddenly understood. He revealed an evil smile on his face and a mischievous aura even came from his two mustaches.

"Yes, better amend it," Yuan Zhou set down the correction fluid and said positively.

"But I feel the other aspects only deserve that low scores," Wu Hai said with a seemingly prim manner.

"So do I. But I probably won't have the inspiration to cook the spicy dishes for a long time," Yuan Zhou looked at Wu Hai and thought for a while before saying that.

"Sigh. Boss Yuan, how can you get accurate answers by threatening others?" Wu Hai showed a bitter hatred on his face.

"I think they are quite accurate, except for those that you were intentional with," Yuan Zhou hit the nail on the head.

"How is that possible? I felt I wrote quite well. Won't you consider it?" Wu Hai still insisted on his own opinion.

Yuan Zhou's answer was pretty straightforward. He just pointed at the correction fluid and asked him to correct the score.

After that, Yuan Zhou followed suit and consecutively got another few questionnaires done. As for the scores, they were all the full scores.

Basically, when the score was lower than 9, Yuan Zhou would quietly hand the correction fluid to them. They all knew him well and subsequently corrected the score.

Only Wu Zhou foolishly asked, "Boss Yuan, if you think my score is wrong, then what score do you want?"

Such a frank question, nevertheless, made Yuan Zhou stupefied. It was yet Wu Hai who reminded him with a sneer at the side, "Of course the full score."

Then, Yuan Zhou admitted shamelessly with a nod.

The customers on site all became speechless. What a ridiculous questionnaire it was! Were the results of such questionnaires of any use? It was purely a waste of papers.

Such a joking mission was completed by Yuan Zhou jokingly and the system didn't even remind him of any violation of rules.

The system seemed to be truly provoked. Not mentioning the extremely simple mission first, it didn't even set any limitations on the ways to complete the mission either.

Subsequently, Yuan Zhou directly declared, "Starting from tomorrow, the restaurant will be closed for two days in order to rebuild and decorate," when he saw so many customers around.

There were mixed reactions among the customers. Of course, the one that had the biggest reaction was Wu Hai, who had taken the restaurant as his special canteen.

Chapter 144: New-Fashioned Decorations

It was time to close the restaurant for rebuilding and redecoration.

"Wait, Boss Yuan, is this the reason why you let us fill out the Customer Questionnaires?" Wu Hai instantly remembered the questionnaire that he had filled out this morning.

Written clearly in the questionnaire were words "Are you satisfied with the decorations of the restaurant? Please give it a score, between 1 to 10". Wu Hai surely didn't agree with Yuan Zhou's aesthetic taste, therefore he directly wrote 5 in the blank. Even this score was given due to the extraordinary cleanliness.

Now Wu Hai definitely wanted to go back in time to give it a full score immediately. What the hell did Yuan Zhou want to rebuild and redecorate for?

"Yes and no," Yuan Zhou answered ambiguously. Yuan Zhou came up with the idea of redecorating after he saw the neighboring pub and he was also quite clear about the extent of the decorations after asking the system.

"Boss Yuan, I don't think you need to waste your precious time on these insignificant issues," Wu Hai said earnestly.

Other customers likewise nodded seriously.

"See? They all think so," Wu Hai signaled to Yuan Zhou that this was the will of the people.

Yet, Yuan Zhou just checked the time and said, "Business time is up. The restaurant will be open again two days later from now. Thank you for your patronage."

"Boss Yuan, I'm quite sorrowful that you have fallen onto the wrong path. Things such as decorations are totally unnecessary. It's already pretty good." Wu Hai revealed a painful expression while covering his stomach.

"Quite necessary. You'll know it then," Yuan Zhou said seriously.

"Only two days, right?" Wu Hai let out a sigh and then asked for confirmation.

"Humm, two days," Yuan Zhou nodded to confirm.

Although they were reluctant to let Yuan Zhou redecorate the restaurant, the customers followed Wu Hai and left. Others, nevertheless, became more curious about what the restaurant would be like after decoration and if it would be enlarged so that they wouldn't need to wait so long for a meal.

After all, they couldn't afford to take Yuan Zhou's restaurant as a canteen like Wu Hai did and were unable to come here frequently to eat. Of course, whether Yuan Zhou would bestow some new dishes or if there would be another discount were the matters they

were more concerned with.

As for Yuan Zhou, he had already instructed the person who was in charge of the redecorating on how to do the work. Of course, that how to get the Ornamental Sergestes Wall Landscape rewarded by the system embedded in Yuan Zhou's restaurant had also been well planned by Yuan Zhou.

On the next day, Yuan Zhou got up earlier than usual and waited at the entrance for the arrival of the workers. Being troubled for quite a while when he negotiated the price yesterday, Yuan Zhou eventually gave up the thought of him taking part in the work.

Chefs' hands mattered a lot to them as they needed to distinguish the most subtle difference between the dishes. Therefore, Yuan Zhou plastered his hands with a special hand cream every day.

"Morning, Boss Yuan. I have brought the workers here." the skilled solid plasterer who came over to talk about the price with Yuan Zhou yesterday came up to him with a smile.

"Master Feng, I will have to trouble you to do this work as per what we agreed on yesterday," Yuan Zhou nodded and then said.

"Ok, no problem. Such a small project can be easily finished within a day. Boss Yuan, you really have strict requirements. Don't worry, my people are all nimble and quick with their hands." Master Feng pointed to the five workers following him. One of them was a middle-aged woman and all of them looked quite clean.

"Humm. Sorry for the trouble. The mineral water is over there beside you. Please go to the restaurant across the street for lunch and dinner when it's time," Yuan Zhou said while pointing to a fast food restaurant across the street.

"Great, got it. Let's move, guys. Just do the work as we agreed on yesterday," Master Feng expressed his gratitude and then said to the other masters.

Yuan Zhou watched the several workers go up and remove the door of the neighboring pub. They then mixed the cement before starting to renovate.

That's right. According to Yuan Zhou's scheme, he just wanted to remove the door of the neighboring pub and keep only one door. Wasn't it strange to have two doors in one store when both belonged to him? Therefore, Yuan Zhou decided to make another entrance to the pub on the neighboring wall inside his current restaurant.

As for the new entrance in the restaurant, he intended to use the Ornamental Sergestes Wall Landscape as the door.

By then, he would make an archway out of the rectangular wall landscape. When the door was closed, it would be purely scenery as it was transparent with only some sergestes and water weeds raised inside. It would be splendid as people could see the courtyard of the pub on the other side through the landscape wall.

While thinking about his originality, Yuan Zhou revealed a

smiling face.

"Ling Ling Ling"

At that time, Yuan Zhou's phone rang in his pants pocket. Yuan Zhou took it out and saw an unknown phone number. After hesitating for a moment, Yuan Zhou then answered.

"Excuse me, is that Boss Yuan? This is from the Floriculture and Gardening store. The goods have been sent to your entrance. Please sign and receive it." From the other end of the phone came a young male voice.

"Ok, I'll be right there," Yuan Zhou didn't actually have to oversee the work outside. He merely prepared to check the work by the time it was finished. Besides, these workers were the best and specialized in small buildings. The materials they used were also top-grade; therefore, Yuan Zhou was fully assured of their work.

When he went downstairs, he found a white van parked at the entrance with the back door open where green bamboo leaves were sticking out. A young man dressed in work clothes of the Floriculture and Gardening store stood aside, holding some documents in his hands.

"Boss Yuan, this is the special square bamboo. It can grow up to 3 meters at most. This is its state of maturity," holding the documents, the young man recited fluently, yet appearing slightly nervous.

"Let me have a look," Yuan Zhou nodded and signaled him to take one plant out and let him check.

"Ok, right away." Spinning around in a circle, the young man found there was nowhere to put down the documents. Therefore, he placed the documents into his pants pocket before carefully taking out one square bamboo plant.

"It's good. Just move them into the house and plant them," Yuan Zhou checked the appearance of the bamboo cautiously and said while pointing at the door of the pub where the workers were still building the wall.

"Ok, right away," seeing Yuan Zhou not have any dissenting opinion, the young man answered happily and then started to move the bamboo.

"Please plant them on the second floor. This way," Yuan Zhou pointed to the brownish red stairway which glittered the glossy color of the wood.

"But the mud?" the young man said with awkwardness.

When he walked through the courtyard, the bamboos had left some soil on the ground. Now, as he entered the house, they again left some more soil and mud. This made him instantly feel rather awkward.

"Never mind. Just plant them," Yuan Zhou took little notice of the soil at all when he saw it.

"Humm, don't worry, Boss Yuan. I have pretty good planting skills. If there's any color change on the bamboo leaves, you can call me. I will keep it as healthy as possible," upon hearing that, the young man felt relieved. While speaking of his professionalism, he became more confident.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou followed the young man upstairs and prepared to speak in detail about how to plant the bamboos.

As soon as he arrived upstairs, the young man got a little astonished. It appeared to be the second floor but had been torn down into a terrace. On the terrace, there was a set of stone table and chairs, which appeared to be a dining place. He couldn't help muttering, "Rich people really have odd hobbies."

"Just plant the bamboos into the square hollow. Give it a little more distance," Yuan Zhou pointed at the hollow and said.

"Ok, no problem. It's merely that the square bamboos like dark, wet and cool surrounding and would grow better in the moister atmosphere. In such sunshine, however..." While the young man was planting, he carefully explained the characteristics of the square bamboos.

"No problem. They will grow well," when Yuan Zhou heard that, he said affirmatively.

"Since Boss Yuan has methods to solve the problem, that's really good," the young man began to run up and down, busily planting the square bamboos.

The reason why Yuan Zhou chose square bamboos was that this breed of bamboo was cultivated in a special way and it wouldn't grow more than 3 meters. Therefore, it wouldn't exceed the height of the ceiling. With the thin and luxuriant leaves, the green square bamboo formed a tower shape and also gave it a secret and private place.

Moreover, the special shape was quite suitable for people to appreciate their posture and the bamboo shoots. The bamboo shoots that sprouted from them were also edible and delicate in taste.

At that time, customers could savor the liquor while resting in the shade of the bamboos.

Chapter 145: Bonus Package Of Liquor

While Yuan Zhou was busying himself with the decoration, Wu Hai nevertheless fell into a low point in his creative work. Of course, one wouldn't have the creative impulse if he didn't eat anything but just drank some water all day long.

The broker of Wu Hai was a capable man called Zheng Jiawei, although he was a little womanish because he liked to cry. For example, now.

"Wu Hai, we have been working together for years. Just when your gastric disease finally gets better, you start to give up on yourself again," Zheng Jiawei said with a sorrowful look while wiping the tears from time to time.

"How many times have I told you to speak normally? If you continue talking to me like that, just get out of here," Wu Hai said mercilessly.

"No problem, but you must first eat up the dishes that I bought from Huang Ting Hotel. You liked the Abalone Sauce Steamed Rice very much previously, right? Look, it's so fresh and is still hot." Without any fear of the hot temper of Wu Hai, Zheng Jiawei tried to persuade him in a kindly manner.

"I have told you already I don't want to eat. I would rather eat tomorrow." Without even looking at the dish, Wu Hai leafed through a magazine of fine arts while staying seated at the side.

Zheng Jiawei went up for two steps cautiously and drew out the magazine from Wu Hai's hands before moving the dishes in front of him.

"Let me tell you. You can't do this. The art exhibition is coming soon. You still have 5 unfinished paintings. Moreover, you even stop eating now. Tell me what exactly do you want?" Looking at the messy workroom in his sight, Zheng Jiawei couldn't help grumbling again.

Normally speaking, there were two apartments on one floor. Nevertheless, Wu Hai alone occupied the whole floor. He bought both the apartments of the second floor and made them into one. One of them was used as the art studio while the other was for resting. During normal times, the art studio was quite neat with everything where they were supposed to be.

Now, however, only some drawing papers were left flying around the room. Some were torn into little pieces and some crumpled. Miscellaneous papers were scattered everywhere on the floor. The main issue was that Wu Hai didn't allow others to clear them up. Zheng Jiawei knew that and hence walked scrupulously for fear of stepping on any of them.

"You go back. It's too noisy," after the magazine was taken away, Wu Hai directly pointed at the door and said.

"Wu Hai, please, just go and eat something. I beg you, please." As an adult man, Zheng Jiawei spoke awfully humbly. If not for Wu Hai already getting used to him talking this way, he would probably get goosebumps all over.

"I really don't get it. Why does Xiaolin love a man like you?" Wu Hai stood up and said irritably.

"Because I'm dutiful, my honey loves me," speaking of his girl friend, Zheng Jiawei immediately revealed a sweet smile.

"That's really disgusting. Go away, now," Wu Hai couldn't bear it anymore and then said.

"Alright, Wu Hai. Listen to me. Yuan Zhou's restaurant is temporarily closed for decoration. Why don't you eat something else? If you don't eat, how do you have strengths to draw the pictures?" Zheng Jiawei still tried his best to persuade him.

"No way. Go away now," Wu Hai still showed a tough attitude.

"Sigh. It seems I have only to ask for Xiao Lin's help to come and look after her brother. I don't really want her to worry about you but..." seeing Wu Hai's determined attitude, Zheng Jiawei brought out his phone and prepared to make the call while saying.

"Alright, alright. I got it. I will eat it. You get out of here, ok?" Wu Hai's tone became even worse and directly shouted.

"Great. Remember, first drink the broth to warm your stomach and then eat the dish. Go to bed early after the meal," Zheng Jiawei smiled and instructed him carefully.

During the process, Wu Hai remained silent. No one knew if he truly heard Zheng Jiawei's words.

"Peng," there came a sound of the door closing. Zheng Jiawei then left away securely. Every time he used Xiao Lin to threaten Wu Hai, he would become more obedient.

This time, however, this method seemed to be not working. As soon as Zheng Jiawei left away securely, Wu Hai immediately stood up and smelled the dishes that were laid out on the table.

"It smells really bad. A strong flavor of MSG." then Wu Hai threw the meal into the rubbish bag in disgust.

"Pa Da, Pa Da," wearing the slippers, Wu Hai walked into the resting room and threw himself on the bed and then continued to stare blankly.

Wu Hai was an artist, the top-notch kind among young generation. This was his second art exhibition in his lifetime and hence was very important for him. It was so crucial that Wu Hai worried about it every day. If Yuan Zhou didn't open the restaurant, he would hardly eat anything.

There were only two months left before the art exhibition commenced but Wu Hai was still short of two thematic paintings and three paintings for other categories, which required great effort to complete. Art needed inspiration most. If he didn't eat anything and kept staying hungry, how could he get the inspiration?

"Really annoying," Wu Hai had been lying down but he suddenly stood up and shouted loudly.

With the current appearance, Wu Hai looked more like an artist now. His clothes were covered with dyestuff; even his clean and smooth face wasn't lucky enough to escape; the two small tufts of mustache that he treasured most were likewise in a mess, let alone his hair.

"Da Da Da", he walked to the window. When he saw the decoration workers who were still busying doing their work outside, Wu Hai restlessly tore off another work of painting that he had just half completed.

Yuan Zhou, who was being thought of by Wu Hai in various means, was nevertheless receiving the bonus package.

Having finished the missions, he had accumulated two rewards that had not been received and checked by him.

The reward well deserved the name 'a bonus package' this time. In the package were actually two objects; one of them was the vessel to contain the liquor and the other was just the leading role, the liquor.

The vessel rewarded this time was best suitable for drinking liquor.

What's more, the system rewarded him with three sets in one go, each with patterns of plum blossom, orchid and bamboo respectively painted on them.

The liquor bottles had the max capacity of 250ml and each of them came with three cups.

All the cups were made from fine porcelain, which was characterized by their thin wall and exquisite surface. When picked up in the hands, the cups were even slightly translucent and the patterns on the cup wall could still be seen indistinctly. One could easily tell that each cup was carefully carved and made.

"Of the four symbols: plum blossom, orchid, chrysanthemum, and bamboo, why are there only three?" Yuan Zhou asked curiously.

However, the system didn't react and nor responded him.

"Boss Yuan, Boss Yuan. Please come and check. Do we need to cover here in case there's too much dust?" suddenly, Yuan Zhou heard Master Feng shouting downstairs while he was on the second floor.

"Dong Dong Dong", Yuan Zhou went downstairs hurriedly in quick steps.

"It's done outside?" Yuan Zhou was a little surprised.

"Yeah, it's done and will be dry in a little while. This small project is very easy. Please check if we need to shelter the restaurant from the dust," Master Feng said with a smile. His body was stained with some splatters of white lime.

"Master Feng turns out to be truly skilled. Sorry to bother you. Let me just protect the kitchen." Yuan Zhou nodded. Then he took out a heavy curtain from inside the countertop and began to cover the kitchen.

"Let me help you, Boss Yuan. This is the last part of the project for today. Tomorrow the whole project will be completed after some touching up," Master Feng took over the heavy curtain while carefully reporting to Yuan Zhou about the decoration status.

"Humm, thank you so much for your excellent work," Yuan Zhou said politely.

"No, no need. Since Boss Yuan you are so considerate, we are making everything considerate. Don't worry, we'll definitely decorate the pub as beautiful as possible for you," Master Feng said frankly.

Once they finished covering the kitchen with the heavy curtain, Master Feng took the workers to dismantle the wall. They used the method which required the most time and effort by taking the bricks off one by one before mending it.

Yuan Zhou, on the other hand, checked the new rewards in his mind.

The system displayed, "The liquor reward is the Bamboo Liquor, which means to make the wine with living bamboo."

This was the reason why Yuan Zhou didn't receive the rewards in one go. The living bamboo mentioned would definitely be planted on the second floor of the pub. Since the floor was totally bare right now, it would be naturally impossible that several strange bamboos appeared out of nothing.

Of course, he didn't worry about it at all now. There would be no problem with the cover of other bamboos.

Next, he checked the other reward...

Chapter 146: Enjoying The Liquor Alone

After a moment, Master Feng took all the bricks down. Then he prepared to polish and fill in the wall carefully.

"Boss Yuan, there will be a lot of dust here later. I suggest you go upstairs and have a rest," Master Feng turned his head and said to Yuan Zhou.

"Humm, then I will have to bother you to proceed, Master Feng." Yuan Zhou nodded and then went back upstairs to carefully study his rewards.

After Wu Hai had dropped all the dishes into the trash bin, a sound of "Gu Gu" suddenly came from his stomach, which nevertheless reminded him of the necessity of taking meals.

"So hungry," Wu Hai touched his belly and then brought out his phone before tapping the takeout app. Looking at the pictures of the exquisite dishes on the webpage, he tried to select some satisfactory dishes slowly.

While glancing over the dishes, he suddenly threw his phone away from him with a sound of "Peng".

"What the hell are all these stuff? They are totally not tasty," he stood up and moved around impatiently. Suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind.

"Xi Li Hua La", Wu Hai dug out the packaged meal that he had thrown in the trash bin. As expected of food that was prepared by a five-star hotel, the rice was surprisingly steamed in a small wood bucket, which was nevertheless still intact even after being thrown out with great strength.

With the fragrance of both the rice and the wood, the meal appeared lustrous and transparent, giving off steam in the air.

However, such rice could only be considered as normal. Having gotten used to eating the top-notch Jing Shan Qiao Rice, Wu Hai could easily seek out at least 100 points why he wasn't satisfied with the current rice.

Luckily, he didn't need to eat it now. With heavy steps of "Dong Dong Dong", Wu Hai walked around for a lap in the room and suddenly dragged the jade Buddha pendant off his neck.

He then took out the several magazines that he had just read and piled them up. Afterward, he put a cigar box upright onto the magazines and placed the jade Buddha leaning against the cigar box. With the packaged meal seated below in front of the magazines, he took out three cigarettes and lit them consecutively, as if to worship the Buddha.

After that, he muttered, "Buddha, please bless that Boss Yuan opens the restaurant the day after tomorrow. Boss Yuan, I'm burning incense for you," After speaking a few words, Wu Hai then changed some words, again.

"I hereby burn incense to Boss Yuan to bless him to open the restaurant the day after tomorrow.

"I'm burning incense to you, Boss Yuan. Please do open the restaurant the day after tomorrow."

While muttering that, Wu Hai revealed a fairly devout expression on his face. However, if Yuan Zhou knew what Wu Hai was doing so right now, he would rather rest for another two days.

He was still alive, but Wu Hai was praying to Yuan Zhou as if he was dead!

...

Early next morning, Yuan Zhou went straightaway to the Industrial and Commercial Bureau of Huicheng District, where he would apply for the Liquoric Drink Retail License. With the Food Distribution License and all other documents required in his hands, it was quite convenient to get it.

"Please show me the liquor accompanying form," the staff checked the papers one by one for confirmation.

"Here it is," Yuan Zhou took out a form and handed to him.

Except for this liquor accompanying form, all the documents were obtained by Yuan Zhou on his own previously.

What Yuan Zhou was applying for was the Record Registration Form for Liquor Circulation, which basically covered all varieties of liquor that were being sold on the market in the range of business below.

Nowadays, the government specifically provided express service concerning handling certificates. Moreover, practice makes perfect. Within just two hours, Yuan Zhou had obtained the new license.

When he hurriedly returned to his restaurant again, Master Feng was already waiting to put the finishing touches.

With the mending ongoing, Yuan Zhou casually ate something. It was about 3 in the afternoon when Master Feng finished all the work.

"Boss Yuan, all the work has been finished. And the cement has also completely dried," Master Feng began to report the status of the work to Yuan Zhou earnestly.

"Alright. Here is all of the final payment. Master Feng, please check if it's right," Yuan Zhou took out the cash and handed to Master Feng.

"No problem. Boss Yuan, I do trust you," Master Feng received the money and then said with a smile while counting the money.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded and quietly watched him finish counting and leave.

With a sound of "Hua La", Yuan Zhou shut the door of the restaurant. When he looked at the wall with the opening, he directly tapped the panel in his mind to receive the reward at the same time.

After that, Yuan Zhou began to sweep the dust in the restaurant and took off the heavy curtain. There were a lot of chores. For the next two hours, Yuan Zhou basically had little time to rest. Instead, he was working like a diligent bee.

When he finally reacted, his clothes and pants had already been covered with stains and dirt.

Yuan Zhou went upstairs quickly and calmly, intending to clean himself.

When he returned downstairs again, Yuan Zhou recalled the Ornamental Sergestes Wall Landscape and then went up to check.

"The system is still the almighty system." Yuan Zhou could only sigh now. The wall landscape couldn't be better. The current landscape went harmoniously with the beautiful scenery of the courtyard. The pink sergestes were swimming in the water and some green water weeds were scattered therein in the landscape.

Through the glass, Yuan Zhou could vaguely see the splendid

courtyard across the way, where the branches of the crabapple tree faintly gave off the hot pink color of the crabapple.

With a gentle push, the seemingly heavy glass was easily opened and a round archway was revealed. Yuan Zhou lowered his head slightly and walked into the courtyard. It was as if he had entered another elegant and beautiful land rather than a pub.

Yuan Zhou turned around his head and found the wall landscape had been closed automatically. However, it still remained harmonious this way. Beside the crabapple tree, there was a blue glass wall at the side and the scattered pink color inside was like flower petals of the crabapple floating about.

"What a wonderful workmanship," Yuan Zhou praised with a nod. As for whom he praised, it was needless to say. After all, such a brilliant idea was figured out by him.

After walking around repeatedly, Yuan Zhou found an inconspicuous button by the door, like a sergeste. A light push could completely shut the door of the wall landscape to stop anybody entering and exiting.

It also blocked the customers of the restaurant breaking in carelessly. Besides, no one could possibly notice the traces on the wall showing it can be opened.

There was a specialized term to call it, the blank door.

Returning to the kitchen, Yuan Zhou cooked two dishes for himself, Melt-In-The-Mouth Chicken Feet and Phoenix-Tail Prawns, for his dishes to go with the liquor. He put the dishes on the tray and directly went to the neighboring pub through the sergestes wall while carrying the dishes

The moon was just in the sky. It was a good weather to drink good liquor and eat delicious dishes.

When he passed by the bellflowers along the path, a breeze blew past, bringing about some coolness. The lighting was invisible in the courtyard, but Yuan Zhou could clearly see the path to the main hall on the ground floor. Then he walked up the stairs onto the second floor. It had been one day since last night. Having been cultivated by the system, the bamboos were already used to the surroundings and hence grew well.

"Peng"

After casually setting down the dishes on a stone table, Yuan Zhou went up to the countertop in the front and took out the vessels for containing liquor from the cabinet. Then he went back to the table.

Among the improved bamboos, there was an extraordinarily stout bamboo growing for every two of them, like the Buddha bamboo but with a longer bamboo joint. The bamboo joint was like one and a half palm size of an adult man long and a wrist-size thick.

What's more, as the square bamboos were luxuriant and fond of moisture, they evaporated much moisture at night. Therefore, the second floor wasn't stuffy at all. Instead, it had a slight hint of coolness. The blowing breeze also brought about faint fragrance of the liquor, making it appear more attractive.

"The liquor should be drinkable," while Yuan Zhou was smelling the fragrance of the liquor, he said silently to himself.

No man disliked drinking liquor, not to mention such good liquor. It definitely deserved a taste. Even Yuan Zhou who had always been self-disciplined couldn't help carrying out the dishes and prepared to drink a bottle of the liquor.

He took out the bottle of liquor with the patterns of the bamboo marked on it and began to pour the liquor. With the liquid of the liquor slowly flowing out, the fragrance started to become stronger. It smelled refreshing and natural...

Chapter 147: Drawing Lottery Mechanism

"While drinking liquor alone in the bamboo forest, I don't have any intimate friends. I give a toast to invite the moon, the shadow then joins our gathering to form three," while drinking the liquor and eating the dishes, Yuan Zhou suddenly came up with the impulse to recite a poem.

It was definitely true that liquor made people brave. During normal times, how could Yuan Zhou drink and recite poems?

Early next morning, Yuan Zhou took a small box and came downstairs. There came a sound of "Ping Ping Pang Pang" from the inside. Who knew what exactly was in it?

It was still early, thus Yuan Zhou decided to make Soup Dumplings. There were too many customers who waited to eat Soup Dumplings in the morning every day. Every time he said there wasn't any, he carried a bold expression. Nevertheless, the sight of those people was rather frightening; it made him tremble slightly with fear.

He kneaded the dough and rolled the dough skins. When Mu Xiaoyun came and saw Yuan Zhou making the Soup Dumplings, she couldn't help grinning.

"Boss, you are preparing the Soup Dumplings today,"

"Humm," wearing a mask, Yuan Zhou nodded.

Mu Xiaoyun likewise knew that Yuan Zhou basically didn't talk while cooking to maintain his utmost concentration. She then picked up the rag and started the wipe the tables and chairs, that were free from any dust and dirt, happily.

While she was wiping, she noticed the new decoration in the restaurant. Inside of the sergestes wall landscape that almost took up the entire wall at her right hand were shrimps that swam slowly, appearing to be more like beautiful pink flower petals rather than only shrimps.

"They are so beautiful. Are they flower petals?" Mu Xiaoyun went up and couldn't help touching the glass, sighing with emotion.

Standing in front of the wall, Mu Xiaoyun watched the sergestes swimming slowly inside with a dull look. It took her quite a while before she realized. "Are they really the shrimps? So cute."

The sergestes in the wall were pink. They were originally small in size, however, there were still tinier ones. The color of the tinier ones was a light pink; therefore, the interior of the glass wall was like an attractive ocean of sakura, with the pink and light pink flower petals dancing freely.

Meanwhile, although he wasn't proficient in the skill of rolling the dough skin with one hand and making the Soup Dumplings with the other, Yuan Zhou nevertheless still used both hands and did the work quickly. It was not long before the Soup Dumplings with 32 fold were obediently sitting in the steamer.

Only when all the Soup Dumplings were moved into the steaming pot and started to be steamed did Yuan Zhou take off the mask and say, "I have a small box here. If anybody orders the Bamboo Liquor today, he can draw a lottery. A red reward means that he can come over here at night to drink the liquor while a white reward means nothing."

"Boss, you came up with something new again. That's great," Mu Xiaoyun only reacted now and said happily.

"Humm, remember that," Yuan Zhou carefully instructed.

"No problem. What's that, boss? Is it the shrimp?" Mu Xiaoyun pointed at the sergestes glass wall and asked curiously.

"Yes, shrimp," Yuan Zhou nodded affirmatively but didn't intend to explain to her.

Just when Mu Xiaoyun prepared to ask something more, Wu Hai walked into the restaurant with heavy steps.

"Is it open for business today?" With a haggard look, Wu Hai asked fiercely as if he would go up to bite Yuan Zhou if he dared to say no.

"Yes, it's open for business today. Furthermore, you can eat Soup Dumplings," Mu Xiaoyun hurriedly went up and greeted him.

Yuan Zhou nodded at the side.

"That's really awesome. I want both Soup Dumplings and Egg Fried Rice Set," immediately Wu Hai revealed a ferocious smiling face and said.

"The usual rule applies, no Egg Fried Rice, only Soup Dumplings," Yuan Zhou totally disregarded the frightening expression of Wu Hai and said calmly.

"I can't eat my fill with only one Soup Dumpling. You know, I haven't eaten anything for two full days," Wu Hai slumped in the chair and said with a firm look.

"Well, you can order the Clear Broth Noodle Soup," after thinking for a while, Yuan Zhou remembered there were still some noodles left in the preservation tank, and hence said affirmatively.

"Fantastic. Clear Broth Noodle Soup, Clear Broth Noodle Soup Set and a Soup Dumpling," Wu Hai straightened his back up and ordered three dishes in one go.

"Wait a moment," Yuan Zhou first carried the Soup Dumpling to him.

Wu Hai didn't actually like eating Soup Dumplings with vinegar. Yuan Zhou also knew that, so he didn't ask Wu Hai anymore.

Following that, all they could hear was Wu Hai inhaling in

various ways. After sucking the soup with sound of "Si", he continued to eat without stopping. In just a moment, he had already eaten up the Soup Dumpling.

"Finally I survived," Wu Hai patted his chest and heaved a sigh.

"What's the matter with you, Brother Wu?" Mu Xiaoyun asked with curiosity at the side.

"Boss Yuan, if you close the restaurant again in future, I will sit at the entrance and stay there until you open it," Wu Hai looked at Yuan Zhou who was cooking the noodles and then said with a firm tone.

"What's wrong with you?" Mu Xiaoyun asked again.

"Ah, you are here, Xiaoyun. Nothing much. It's just I have been hungry for two days," Wu Hai then turned his head and looked at Mu Xiaoyun before saying in a pathetic tone.

"Why didn't you eat?" Mu Xiaoyun felt Wu Hai was really rich. He didn't even blink every time he paid the bill. How was it possible that he couldn't afford any meal?

"Where could I go since your boss didn't open the restaurant?" Wu Hai asked back and immediately said again, "However, luckily your boss opened the restaurant on time as promised. Worshipping him for the last two days finally resulted in a good end."

"What?" Mu Xiaoyun became slightly astonished.

"It's nothing," Wu Hai waved his hand.

Then Mu Xiaoyun didn't know how to respond to him any longer. Suddenly, inspiration flashed through her mind, she pointed at the price list and said, "We have a new product now. It's liquor."

"Really? How surprising it is to have liquor now," Wu Hai turned his head curiously and saw it.

The price list on the wall clearly marked that, Bamboo Liquor, 5888 RMB per bottle (200ml)

"Well, you really have it. What kind of liquor it is?" Wu Hai was also fond of liquor. However, he didn't seem to ever hear about it.

"You'll know after you drink," Yuan Zhou happened to carry out the Clear Broth Noodle Soup and the set meal to him around this time.

"Let's talk about the liquor later. I'm almost starving to death." Before he even finished talking, Wu Hai had already picked up his chopsticks and began to eat the noodles, emitting sound of "Xi Li Hua La" and occasionally devouring a clove of garlic. His mouth never took a break from eating the various dishes.

"Boss Yuan truly keeps his word. So this is the new decoration?"

At that time, a person entered the restaurant from outside. He was a refreshing and clean boy with a short hair, dressed in a blue and white plaid shirt along with jeans.

"Yes, it's quite splendid, right?" Mu Xiaoyun said proudly.

"It's indeed good-looking. But is that a flower petal inside the glass wall?" The person asked curiously.

"Of course it's not. I'm afraid it's some kind of animal," before Mu Xiaoyun could say something, Yin Ya's voice came from behind them.

"Yes, it's living," seeing Yin Ya enquiring about the matter with her gaze, Yuan Zhou answered with a nod.

"Is this the prawn that person bought last time?" As a meticulous girl, Yin Ya easily found the prawn bought by Chef Yu's son was swimming happily in the glass wall.

"I put it inside and rear them together as a display," Yuan Zhou said affirmatively.

The man who had triggered the mission of the sergestes wall landscape two days ago likewise walked into the restaurant from outside.

"Boss Yuan, you really hide your light under a bushel. These small creatures are difficult to rear in this district. It's me who try

to show off in the presence of an expert," the man said so once he opened his mouth, revealing a more mild tone.

"You know what they are? Then tell us what kind of spectacle Boss Yuan is showing us." The refreshing and clean young boy was fairly curious.

"Sure. This small creature is called sergeste as it resembles the color of the sakura. With its distinctive color and size, it should be sergia lucens, which was originally produced only in Tungkang of Ping Dong County in the Taiwan Province and Junhe Harbor of Jing Gang County in mainland Japan. As for those from other places of origin, they are either unable to be reared or are modified from the Taiwan Province ones. The colors of those will not be so transparent and attractive as the sergia lucens."

The man spoke an unceasing flow of words and appeared to be knowledgeable on that.

"Are you in the business of sea products?" the boy looked at the sergestes and again at the man.

"No, not really. I liked those ornamental animals before," the man said with a rare smile.

"But I'm curious that Boss Yuan will also rear such delicate tiny creatures?" while saying that, he turned his sight to Yuan Zhou.

The sergia lucens were quite difficult to rear and the method was

very complicated. If reared in an inappropriate way, they would easily die. However, people who admired beauty would find it hard to refuse its attraction.

Yuan Zhou said, "..."

Chapter 148: How To Draw A Lottery Intelligently

"But I'm fairly curious why Boss Yuan would raise such delicate tiny creatures?" The man turned his head facing to Yuan Zhou, carrying a faint curiosity in his sight.

"Somebody sent them to me," Yuan Zhou said without even raising his head.

"Pardon?" The man didn't really understand it.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded affirmatively.

"Then why did you refuse to receive my fish," the man indicated that he would claim the justice for his fish.

"The sergestes are easier to be raised," Yuan Zhou revealed an affirmative look.

"How is it possible? Fish are easier to be raised than these sergestes. They have stricter requirements concerning the temperature, PH value and oxygenic content of the water," the man walked up to Yuan Zhou and said excitedly.

"I naturally have others to help take care of them for me." Yuan Zhou directly revealed the true reason. He didn't need to attend to them himself, thus it was, of course, easier for him to raise the

sergestes.

"..." the man instantly felt that Yuan Zhou's words did make sense. If it was that way, then surely his fish was more difficult to be raised.

Sigh, this simple-minded man had already followed Yuan Zhou's thinking.

"What's behind the door?" Yin Ya suddenly watched behind the door and asked.

"Yeah, there seems to be something behind the door. This small fruit doesn't seem to be inside of the fish tank." The boy almost pressed his face against the glass, observing carefully.

"Behind the door is a pub," Yuan Zhou crossed his arms against his chest and said indifferently.

"A pub? So you have liquor now?" Yin Ya was also very curious. In her opinion, although such a popular restaurant only served drinks now, it would inevitably serve liquor in the future. However, never had she expected that to happen so quickly.

"Yes, it's behind you guys," Yuan Zhou signaled that the liquor had been added to the price list on the wall behind them.

At that time, Wu Hai finally finished his two bowls of Clear Broth Noodle Soup and comfortably heaved a sigh before starting to talk,

"Boss Yuan, serve me a bottle of the liquor, please. I also want to savor the bamboo liquor."

Yuan Zhou gestured to Mu Xiaoyun and soon she carried a small box up. On one side of the box, there was a hole, from which one hand could pass through. The box looked like the kind of lucky draw box in the supermarkets that allowed customers to draw the lottery.

"What is she doing?" Wu Hai became confused.

"There are only 3 pots of liquor every day. Only those who draw the red table tennis balls will have the fortune to drink it," Yuan Zhou brought out his rule for drinking liquor.

"Boss Yuan, it's not sincere and kind of you to make that rule. A pot about 200ml is only but a mouthful. Even 3 pots are not enough for me," Wu Hai refuted at once.

"You'll understand after you drink it," Yuan Zhou said with a deep feeling.

"You say so every time. How many times can one draw the lottery each day?" Wu Hai knew that Yuan Zhou never broke his rules and thus had to ask something else.

"One could have only one opportunity each day." For such questions, Yuan Zhou basically answered them whenever being asked.

"How many balls are there inside the box?" Although Wu Hai was in the arts industry, he still knew a little about probability.

"50 balls in total." Taking a look at Wu Hai, Yuan Zhou had a feeling that this guy wanted to do something unusual again.

"For the balls that were drawn, are they returned back to the box or taken out?" Thinking of another possibility, Wu Hai asked cautiously.

"They'll be taken out," Yuan Zhou answered affirmatively.

"That'd be good. Come on. Who wants to try? It's free," Wu Hai directly took over Mu Xiaoyun's job by carrying the box to the customers, letting them draw the lottery.

"Liquor made by Boss Yuan truly deserved a try." The father who had brought his daughter here for the meal last time was also one of the regular customers now. With great interest, he prepared to give it a try.

"Let me try," the refreshing and clean boy immediately responded.

"Boss Yuan, If I draw the winning lottery, can I invite somebody to drink the liquor together at night?" the boy asked while drawing the lottery.

"Sure. It's about 200ml per pot. You can have one table, one pot and one cup," Yuan Zhou told the boy what he offered.

"Then I feel assured. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to afford it even if I won. That'd be frustrating," the boy said with a smile.

"You kid can't drink liquor. Concentrate on drawing the lottery," the reason why Wu Hai let the boy draw the lottery first was that he wanted others to draw as many white balls as possible. This boy, nevertheless, surprisingly declared that he wanted the red ball.

"Uncle, you are so cunning. However, I have always had good luck." The boy gave him a cunning smile and then took out his hand.

He clenched his hands tightly without revealing anything. All the people around stared at his hand curiously.

"Come on, boy. Don't act mysterious. Hurry up, show the ball to us," Wu Hai looked at his hand again and again.

"Don't worry. I have to clench it for a while, just in case it's the red ball," unhurriedly, the boy really continued clenching it for a few seconds.

"I thought you really have the good luck to get a red one." Once Wu Hai discovered the ball was white, he immediately turned on his mocking mode.

"This uncle seems to be not convinced, huh? Better you try by yourself?" The boy wasn't actually frustrated. Instead, he continued squabbling with Wu Hai.

"Of course I have to slowly wait," Wu Hai didn't conceal his purpose and then began to carry the box to the next person.

"Then let me try," while the father was speaking, he began to draw the lottery. Just within two seconds, he got the ball, his actions being quick and accurate.

"Wow, it's the red ball. What a good luck he's got!" Yin Ya shouted in surprise. It was truly rare to get a red ball for the first try.

"It seems that one of the 3 pots belongs to me now." The father revealed a faint smile on his solemn face.

"You really have a good luck," Wu Hai grumbled.

"Ha Ha. Boss Yuan, do I need to pay first?" the father took out his wallet happily and prepared to pay.

"Humm, internet transfer is accepted." Yuan Zhou nodded.

"Wonderful. I'll do the internet transfer. As a matter of fact, I don't have so much cash with me. By the way, please serve me a

bowl of Clear Broth Noodle Soup. I will pay for both together," the man put away his wallet and took his phone to make the internet transfer.

"Ok, one moment, please," Yuan Zhou took a glance at the electronic bank slip and again at the several customers who were still drawing the lottery out there. Then he turned around going back to the kitchen and began to prepare the dishes.

"I want to have a try, too," Yin Ya didn't like drinking. Even when there was a gathering, she never drank. However, curiosity was the human nature. She'd rather take it as a test of her luck. Of course, if she really had that luck to get the red ball, Yuan Zhou's liquor truly deserved a taste.

"No problem. Pretty lady, you draw first," seeing one of the red balls had been drawn, Wu Hai was a little worried, but he still insisted on his thoughts and hence carried the box up to Yin Ya.

"Zi Zi," a snowy table-tennis ball appeared in the slender and exquisite hand of Yin Ya.

"It seems that I expectedly don't have any good luck. Better to have my breakfast, otherwise I will be late for work," Yin Ya regrettably looked at the interior surroundings behind the sergestes wall landscape and then took a seat before ordering her dishes.

Having heaved a sigh of relief, Wu Hai continued to tempt others to draw white balls. Everyone that came for breakfast was enticed

to draw the lottery. However, those who drew the lottery were the people who were really interested in drinking liquor. Nonetheless, customers taking breakfast here were mostly girls. Not too many of them drew the lottery throughout the entire morning, only about a dozen or so.

"Business hours have ended now. Please come at noontime," Yuan Zhou said to the remaining several customers that were still waiting in line behind.

"I come to the restaurant every day to test my luck but Boss Yuan is still as merciless as usual," a regular customer said with a pity.

The customers knew, as a matter of fact, that Yuan Zhou would close the restaurant at this period of the day. However, he had just finished a two-day break, hadn't he? What if he suddenly decided to lengthen the business hours?"

"Don't play around anymore. Come back at noon," Yuan Zhou looked at Wu Hai who was still carrying the box and not letting go.

"I have really helped you quite earnestly. Why don't you directly give me one of the pots? See, nobody would know about that," Wu Hai went up to Yuan Zhou and said shamelessly.

"No way. Come at noon," Yuan Zhou squarely refused.

"What a merciless man! I remained hungry for two full days because of your renovations. Haven't you ever thought of

compensating me?" Wu Hai tried to persuade Yuan Zhou with a trick.

"Now there are totally 32 balls left in the box and only two red balls therein. Do you wanna try your luck?" Yuan Zhou straightforwardly disregarded Wu Hai's trick. He took the box and then asked Wu Hai.

"No, no, no. I will wait for another 5 persons to draw the lottery. Until then, I will surely get a red one," with a firm look, Wu Hai refused Yuan Zhou's proposal.

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Chapter 149: Bamboo Liquor (Part 1)

With the wishful thought that if others drew the white balls, he'd get a higher probability to draw the red ball, Wu Hai returned to his own art studio and waited for the noon time before continuing the lottery.

Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, shut the door of the restaurant and then took a good rest. After drinking 200ml of the bamboo liquor last night, he slept until the dawn. He didn't really have a headache when he got up early in the morning and also slept soundly, which in turn well proved that the aftereffect of the liquor was fairly strong.

When the business hours started at noon, Wu Hai arrived just on time. He told Mu Xiaoyun, "I will be in charge of the work for drawing the lottery today."

While speaking, he took up the small box with a serious expression. The two small tufts of his mustache had resumed their former tidiness by then, which made him appear to be a cultured youth.

"But..." Mu Xiaoyun felt a little embarrassed and hence wanted to stop him.

"Never mind. Xiaoyun, you can do some other work." Yuan Zhou stopped Mu Xiaoyun.

"Ok." Having agreed, Mu Xiaoyun began to wipe the sergestes

wall although there wasn't any dust or dirt on it.

The first one who came at noontime was Chen Wei, who was here today to order the rice wine. Despite the low alcohol content and small quantity, it was nevertheless far better than the inferior liquors out there due to its refreshing and fragrant taste.

"Chen Wei, are you here to order the rice wine?" Wu Hai stopped Chen Wei and asked with an affirmative tone.

"Yeah, what's wrong?" Chen Wei and Wu Hai were acquaintances. He answered with a nod.

"Come on. Boss Yuan is serving a new liquor now, good liquor. But he only provides 3 pots every day. Anyone who can draw a red ball out of the box can drink one of it," Wu Hai smiled good-heartedly and said in a seemingly kind manner.

"Really?" Chen Wei was fairly suspicious.

"If you don't believe me, you can go to check by yourself." Wu Hai let go of Chen Wei.

"It truly is so. Then I have to draw the lottery?" Chen Wei looked at the price list. To drunkards, the word liquor was very familiar, therefore he caught sight of the word quite easily.

"A man is not supposed to be so hesitant. Hurry up to draw the lottery," Wu Hai directly used the provocative approach.

"Boss Yuan, do I really need to draw the lottery to drink it?" Chen Wei asked loudly.

"Humm, only 3 pots every day," Yuan Zhou nodded and answered affirmatively.

He had reasons to be so hesitant. Not to mention drawing the lottery, he hadn't even gotten any soap before. He was definitely free from the windfalls.

"Ok, let me try my luck," Chen Wei groped in the box for a while and then took the ball out.

"Let me see. Ah, a white ball," Wu Hai blissfully thought that it was his turn after another four people drew.

"What a stinking hand I have got! NO. I must try again." Even before he finished his words, Chen Wei tried to draw the lottery again.

"No, you can't. Boss Yuan has already regulated one could only draw once." Carrying the box high into the air, Wu Hai was so happy that his two small tufts of his mustache stood up.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier about this odd rule?" Chen Wei said discontentedly.

"You didn't ask, either," Wu Hai immediately disregarded him. Having known Yuan Zhou for so long time, he cheated others the same way as Yuan Zhou did.

"Perfect. You wait," although Chen Wei was quite a well-behaved person, he tended to change when speaking about liquor. Furthermore, it was the superior liquor made by Yuan Zhou.

With a smile, Wu Hai continued to wait for others to draw while carrying the box at the door.

"What's that?" Other customers asked when they entered.

"It's a lottery for drinking liquor. Check the price list yourself," Wu Hai pointed at the price list and said bluntly.

"Tsk-tsk. Boss Yuan serves liquor now? Sorry, I still can't afford it. Please, serve me Egg Fried Rice." They expressed their astonishment and then decided to eat the Egg Fried Rice to calm their nerve.

People who came to draw were basically those who had a great interest in drinking liquor. Ordinary people didn't usually come for that.

The price of 5888 RMB was truly not cheap. Not to mention ordinary people, even some rich ones would be reluctant to pay so much for a pot of liquor.

Soon, half of the lunch time passed. Out of a sudden, Chen Wei brought tens of people walking towards the restaurant. Those scattered tens of people were all young men.

"Boss Yuan didn't regulate that other people can't draw, did he?" As soon as he arrived, Chen Wei said to Wu Hai.

"Well, not really. You want to draw again?" Wu Hai looked behind of Chen Wei curiously.

"Yes, but it's not me. It's them, the young men," Chen Wei was well-built but he was also smart. In just a little while, he obtained an idea by letting his students to draw the lottery. No matter who got the red ball, he would pay and treat him. That way, he could likewise drink the liquor.

"Nice approach," Wu Hai was a little regretful. He didn't think of that idea at all.

"Yeah, a great idea. Come on, everybody. Whoever draws a red ball can drink liquor with me tonight," As soon as Chen Wei shouted, the students behind subconsciously lined up and obediently started to draw the lottery.

It could be seen from this how strict Chen Wei was in normal times. After all, they didn't even take three seconds to finish lining up just now.

"All concentrate on the drawing. Take it easy and don't worry,"

Chen Wei stood at the side and said seriously.

"When has Coach Chen been so easy-going to speak with in the past? I feel more scared by his current attitude," someone whispered to another student.

"Exactly. Our coach loves drinking liquor too much," that student also replied in a low voice.

"Anyway, let's try to get the red balls. Anyhow, it's a chance for us to leave a good impression on him." Someone aimed to please Chen Wei.

"Yeah, I think so, too. I always feel that Coach Chen has many social connections," Another one appeared to understand his coach well.

"Coach Chen is looking at us," such words had same effects to those "Our teacher is coming" shouted by a classmate during the school time in the past, which resulted in an instant silence.

It was unknown if Chen Wei's bad luck passed to his students. But at the moment there were only three of them left and still, no one had obtained any red ball.

"Come on, you last three. Hurry up to finish this," the smile on Wu Hai's face was more and more conspicuous. The more white balls were drawn, the higher probability for him to get the red ball out of the lottery.

"Let me try," the youngest student in the crowd went up and said confidently. With a short hair, he was well-built like Chen Wei, except with a smaller size.

He swiftly put his hand into the box and touched one casually before picking up one ball.

"What the fu*k," the youngest student shouted in surprise and with excitement.

"What's the matter? Did you get it?" When there were only five students left, Chen Wei had already turned his back to them. Having heard the excited shouts, he immediately turned around.

"Yes, coach. I got it," the student handed the ball to Chen Wei excitedly.

"Well done, you fellow. Let's drink liquor together tonight," Chen Wei patted his shoulders strongly.

"Humm," the youngest student nodded happily.

"Come on, let's go to pay," Chen Wei then delightedly brought this student to pay for the liquor. The remaining two students had to disperse and wait outside.

"He's so lucky to get the red ball so easily," Wu Hai muttered in a

low voice and then prepared to draw the lottery himself. There was only one red ball left right now. If he didn't draw the lottery now, it probably didn't belong to him anymore.

"Excuse me? If I draw the red ball then I would be able to drink the liquor. Is it for free?" Suddenly, a seemingly gentle and demure lady with wavy hair, who was dressed in a one-piece dress with peach and black stripes, asked in a mild and melodious voice.

"No. Boss Yuan provides only three pots of the liquor every day. Only those who get the red ball have the privilege to drink it. Besides, the price is 5888 RMB per pot," Wu Hai explained to her patiently.

The moment Wu Hai barely finished talking, however, the pretty lady reached out her white and slender hand and immediately brought out a ball. The glaring red color was displayed in front of Wu Hai. After that, the pretty lady said politely and mildly, "Is it this one?"

"Y-y-you! How could you just draw it?" Wu Hai couldn't believe it. The only remaining one was also drawn by the lady. He tried to weep, but couldn't even shed a tear. What the f*ck!

"Humm. I suddenly felt like drinking liquor," the pretty lady explained politely.

"You must make a mistake. Why would a woman drink liquor?" Staring at the red table tennis ball, which appeared to be even more conspicuous in her white hand, Wu Hai was reluctant to

admit his failure.

"Wow, wow, wow. The way you talk indicates that you look down upon women, right?" the lady stroked the hair by her ears, her white fingernails being painted with red nail polish, and smiled gently.

Chapter 150: Bamboo Liquor (Part 2)

"Wow, wow, wow. The way you talk indicates that you look down on women, right?" the lady stroked the hair by her ears, her white fingernails being painted with red nail polish, and smiled gently.

"No, no. It's just not good for women to drink liquor. What about giving this red ball to me?" Wu Hai was fairly shameless.

"Let big sister tell you, liquor is good for women to maintain their beauty and youth. You'd better draw the lottery by yourself." Her manner of speaking was gentle and polite like the warm wind in spring, but the words nevertheless made Wu Hai feel frustrated.

"Huh, women. Trouble is their name," seeing the pretty lady turn around and get into the restaurant, Wu Hai murmured in a low voice and then realized that he had no liquor to drink tonight.

"Wait, what about my liquor?" Wu Hai suddenly recalled of this matter.

"Hey, beauty. Wait, wait," immediately he turned his head and shouted to the pretty lady who had barely entered the door.

"What's up? What else do you want?" The pretty lady said mildly as usual.

"I can pay for the liquor and treat you. What do you think?" Wu

Hai made up his mind and then said.

"No need. I can at least afford the liquor," the pretty lady replied with words of refusal while smiling.

"It's my pleasure, really. Let me pay for the liquor to apologize for the courtesy just now, ok?" Wu Hai was so quick-minded that immediately he figured out an excuse.

"What shall I do? But I still don't want you, little brother, to spend the money for me. Maybe next time, ok?" the lady refused gently.

Now, Wu Hai could no longer think of any other methods. He could only see the 3 opportunities slip from the fingers. After all, it was him who carried the box around and let them draw the lottery.

"Come at 8:30 in the evening. I won't wait for any of you guys if you are late. And I only provide each with a pot of liquor, a cup, and three chairs. The restaurant will be opened for three hours," Yuan Zhou said to each customer who came to him to pay for the liquor.

"No problem. But don't you provide dishes that go with the liquor?" Chen Wei preferred to eat some dishes while drinking.

"Not for now," Yuan Zhou said affirmatively.

"Can I bring the dishes by myself?" the lady who had just drawn

the red ball asked curiously.

"Yes, sure," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"That'd be great. We can take some dishes on our own by then," Chen Wei let out a sigh of relief.

Then those who had bought the liquor left delightedly. This showed that the business of Yuan Zhou's restaurant had increased again. The 50 draws of the lottery were finished in the morning and at noon.

At 8 p.m, in the summer evening of Chengdu, it still wasn't completely dark yet. The red evening sunlight still painted the sky and the clouds appeared to be extraordinarily magnificent. Yuan Zhou's restaurant had been closed for a while and Mu Xiaoyun had likewise already gone back to her home.

For the 3 hours' business time at night, Yuan Zhou didn't let Mu Xiaoyun come to work. It was too late and was not safe for girls when they went home.

Yuan Zhou pushed open the archway of the sergestes wall landscape, which then revealed the interior surroundings. The grass was so luxuriant; although he was in the yard, he felt as if a breeze was blowing.

"Good evening, Boss Yuan," a clear and melodious female voice passed.

The father who drawn the red ball first had brought along his daughter to come again.

"Good evening. Please go upstairs to the second floor through this entrance and seat yourselves," Yuan Zhou said while pointing to the beautiful yard.

"It's so beautiful, isn't it?" The daughter said. She hadn't quite got used to bending but still managed to walk through the archway.

"I really have no way out. It's you who insisted on coming with me," the man's character was already not so twisted. It was just that he didn't know what to say when facing his daughter.

The girl's purpose was nevertheless simpler. After drinking, people would become less defensive, therefore she could have a heart-to-heart talk with her father.

"Come on in," Yuan Zhou nodded, signaling that they could go inside.

At the first moment, Yuan Zhou recognized the different sound of the girls' footsteps on the ground with his sharp ears. She definitely had a story but that was unrelated to him.

"Boss Yuan, we are here," Chen Wei shouted loudly as soon as he walked to the entrance.

Behind him followed two persons. One was the smaller-sized Chen Wei, who had drawn the red ball at noon and the other was also a big fellow who was bald and had a fierce look on his face.

"Come on in...," Yuan Zhou repeated saying the same words.

"Let's go. Boss Yuan's liquor is surely superior," while summoning the two people, Chen Wei said with certainty.

Just after that, the pretty lady who had last drawn the red ball arrived, without bringing anybody else.

"Hua La", Yuan Zhou shut the front door of the restaurant before going upstairs of the pub through the archway. When he arrived, they had started to chat freely.

"The surrounding is so tasteful. Look these bamboos," Chen Wei's compliment was rather simple.

"You are right. The lighting is also quite novel." The father was seated in the middle along with his daughter and looked around.

On the second floor, many small bulbs were twined around the bamboos, with a big headlamp tied to the middle part with an almost transparent thread. It was like the sun in the morning, bright but not dazzling.

"There are only these few of us. Let's each make a self-introduction so we could chat later while drinking," Chen Wei said casually.

"This is my brother. Despite the fierce look, he was actually very nice. You can call him Dong Dong. This is my student, Guang Wei. And you guys definitely know me," Chen Wei immediately turned on the mode of self-introduction.

Of course, he did this for the sake of the pretty lady who came last.

"My surname is Wei. This is my daughter," Chen Wei was enthusiastic but not everyone was like him. The father Wei Hua nevertheless didn't really want to introduce in details.

"I'm Zheng Xian. You can call me elder sister as I'm older than you," Zheng Xian revealed a smile and said gently.

"No, no. You are not old at all. Boss Yuan's here." Just when Chen Wei was about to say something, Yuan Zhou came upstairs.

Yuan Zhou didn't say much and just took out the three sets of wine pots and cups before saying straightforwardly, "Hey guys, please select your favorite wine pots with different patterns on your own."

"Let me select first," while speaking, Chen Wei took the lead to pick up a wine pot painted with plum blossom and then grumbled,

"It's truly small."

Following him, Zheng Xian took the wine pot with orchid pattern and Wei Hua took the remaining one with bamboo patterns.

"Bamboo Liquor is the liquor made in the hollow of the bamboo in certain districts," while Yuan Zhou was explaining to them, he took up Chen Wei's wine pot of plum blossom and started to fill it with the liquor.

A very thin bamboo needle was inserted into the middle part of the bamboo at the side and immediately, a faint fragrance of the liquor dispersed with the night wind into the air.

"Good liquor. It's so fragrant," Chen Wei was intoxicated by the liquor and hence couldn't help but to compliment it like that.

"This is so aromatic, unlike liquors," the daughter of Wei Hua suddenly blurt out.

"Even so, you still can't drink it," Wei Hua said gravely, not giving any chance to negotiate.

"I never said I wanted to drink," the girl said coldly.

Just in a little while, the liquor was filled to 80% full, exactly 200ml. Then, no more liquor flowed from the bamboo needle.

Only from that, one can clearly see how concisely Yuan Zhou took control of the details.

Meanwhile, the fragrance of the liquor became stronger, reaching as far as 100 steps away.

"Come on, let me take it," Chen Wei couldn't wait to take up his wine pot and go back to his seat.

He took a glance at the liquor, of which the color was like the amber. He then poured it into a cup to its fullness, it had a touch of sweetness and was completely cool.

"It well deserves the price. So good liquor," Chen Wei praised repeatedly even before he started to drink.

"Come on. You pour the liquor by yourself. I'm going to start now," while speaking, Chen Wei picked up the cup and drank half a cup of the liquor in one go. Nonetheless, this was considered a cultured way of drinking for him already.

Seeing Chen Wei start to drink, the students sitting beside him took out a glass cup and prepared to pour the liquor.

"Take it easy. Leave some liquor." Chen Wei and Dong Dong were both staring at his cup nervously at the side.

In other restaurants, people could order another pot of the liquor after finishing one. In Yuan Zhou's restaurant, however, if you

drank it up, that was it.

Chapter 151: Enjoyment Of Drinking Bamboo Liquor

"Coach Chen, the cup is too small and can only fill 50ml," the student Guang Wei said with a good-natured look.

"50ml? You are too greedy. There is only 200ml in all. 50ml for each of you two and the remaining 100ml for me," With those words, Chen Wei decided everything readily.

"Wait, wait. Brothers aren't supposed to do so," having just finished a mouthful of the liquor, Dong Dong frowned and said disapprovingly.

"Dong Dong, you don't like drinking, so don't compete with me," Chen Wei said after taking another sip of the liquor primly.

"It's just like pear juice. The liquor is sweet and smooth when first sipped and is refreshing when it goes through the throat. When the liquor goes down into the stomach, it starts to burn warmly inside. It's surely not liquor, so 50ml is too little for me," Dong Dong took another sip and then continued to answer.

"You are really good at saying such beautiful words. For the sake of brotherhood, I can split a mouthful of the liquor with you, but no more. As for you, you'd better forget about it," Chen Wei could do nothing with Dong Dong and hence had to compromise by giving him another mouthful of the liquor. As for his student who was usually oppressed by him during normal times, he directly refused his request.

"Coach Chen, but I have already poured 75ml into my cup." The student, Guang Wei, first drank half a cup silently and then again filled the cup with liquor to its brim.

"You brat. You have a very important training program tomorrow. You can't drink too much in case you screw it up. Pour the liquor back into the pot, hurry up," with a serious expression, Chen Wei talked as if it were real. Then, he poured the liquor in Guang Wei's cup back into the pot swiftly.

"Coach Chen, I can actually drink a lot. Never mind," Guang Wei was unable to rival Chen Wei and naturally had to give up.

On the other side, the liquor for the other two customers were also filled into the pots and carried to their tables respectively.

"It really isn't like liquor with its sour, sweet and delicious taste but soft and smooth texture as well. Good liquor," Zheng Xian took a sip and said gently after carefully savoring.

"So it is. It's simply like the Ai Family Pear Juice and sugar cane honey, fragrant, sweet and delicious. Nonetheless, it has the fragrance of liquor as well," Wei Hua likewise gave a compliment generously.

"Is it really so tasty?" Wei Hua's daughter was a little suspicious.

Speaking of liquor, wasn't it sour and astringent with a sort of

bitterness and piquancy, along with a choking feeling as well? How could it be so exaggeratedly good when described by these people?

"Humm, this is rarely good liquor. Look at the color, just like amber," seeing his daughter's disbelief, he started to explain to her, trying to purposely ease the tension between the two of them.

Her nickname was Tang Tang (the single word means sugar in Chinese) indicated the previous sweetness of the three-member family. But now, she no longer allowed others to call her with this name, but with her formal name Wei Wei.

She craned her neck to watch the liquor and found the color was indeed like the amber, hence agreed with a nod.

"If you smell it, the flavor is as natural and refreshing as that of the pear juice. Right?" It was rare for Wei Hua to have such a meticulous tone in his instructions. Even though Wei Wei didn't really have much interest in the liquor, she still listened to him earnestly.

The father instructed his daughter and his daughter listened to her father. That was a rarely harmonious scene.

At the other side, although Zheng Xian was alone, she nevertheless drank quite blissfully. She helped herself to the liquor and enjoyed it a lot, with a gentle smile all along.

After a single round, all the three pots basically had only half of

the liquor left.

At that time, the aftereffect of the liquor gradually revealed. The bamboo liquor was so clear that people could even see the bottom. While drinking, one felt like being drinking pear juice or cane syrup, without even knowing it was actually liquor. However, the improved bamboo liquor provided by Yuan Zhou retained abundant aftereffect. The atmosphere of the several people drinking in the pub then heated up.

"Hey, guys. We are all considered to be acquaintances now. Let's have a toast, shall we?" Chen Wei said in a loud voice.

"Yeah, right. It's not funny to drink the liquor only. What dishes did you guys bring?" Dong Dong also stood up and said.

"This elder sister brought Marinated Sliced Lotus Root. Would you guys like to eat some?" Zheng Xian said with a smile and a slightly flushing face.

"Could I taste a little?" Wei Wei said shyly while staying seated in her position.

"Of course. Let me bring a plate of the dish to you." While saying that, Zheng Xian stood up and took a small bag to the girl.

"Thank you," Wei Wei stood up gratefully and took over the dish.

It was only Wei Hua and his daughter Wei Wei who didn't bring

any dishes and didn't even think of bringing some with them. It was an established habit to drink while eating dishes. They were here not only for drinking, but also for enjoying the good liquor and the delicate cuisines.

Besides, the girl Wei Wei who couldn't drink could only eat dishes.

"Hey, girl. Come here. We brought a lot of dishes." The student, Guang Wei, picked up a bag of stewed meat and handed it to her generously.

"Thank you," Wei Hua went up for a step and received it.

"You are welcome. Why don't we play a game? Whoever wins gets the liquor of the loser. Half a cup each time. How do you like that?" Chen Wei then brought out his purpose.

Zheng Xian was drinking alone. Although Wei Hua had his daughter with him, she didn't actually drink, which nevertheless meant that he drank alone, too. At his side, however, three people shared only 200ml of the liquor. It was totally insufficient for him and therefore he had to work out another method to drink more.

"Yeah, that's interesting. Ok," Zheng Xian saw through Chen Wei's purpose in one go, but she still agreed while smiling.

As for Wei Hua, he would naturally agree since he had just accepted the kind offer of Chen Wei.

The rules of the game were quite easy, merely competing with the speed of eyes and hands.

Yuan Zhou was just sitting beside the countertop and looking at them quietly. In this case, however, he would be inevitably affected.

"Boss Yuan, stop watching us like that. Come and join us," Chen Wei sneakily intended to get Yuan Zhou into hot water.

"I'm quite good at playing this game," Yuan Zhou answered in a low voice.

"Really?" Chen Wei was a little suspicious. Only the people who had received professional training like him could have excellent coordination between their eyes, ears and hands. Nevertheless, Yuan Zhou was obviously an ordinary person. How was it possible?

"I think Boss Yuan is right. Anyhow, he is a reputable chef," Zheng Xian said affirmatively at the side.

What she said was fairly persuasive, because she had won two full cups of the liquor in that short time.

"Alright," Chen Wei had expected to cheat some liquor from Yuan Zhou but now, this plan failed.

"We might as well change another game," seeing the several men not even win once, Zheng Xian suggested.

"That would be wonderful. What game do you want to change to?" Chen Wei was the first to agree. He had no way out if he didn't agree. If the game continued, even his liquor would be drunk up by the pretty lady, let alone him drinking others'.

"Then we change to a tasteful game. We all know about the bamboo liquor. So let's compete over the characteristics and brewing of the liquor. Boss Yuan, you act as the judge, ok?" As soon as she opened her mouth, Zheng Xian suggested that they compete with culture.

"Of course, good liquor is to be drunk by people who know about it well," Wei Hua said confidently.

Concerning the understanding of liquor, Chen Wei wouldn't admit any inferiority than others, thus he agreed flatly.

When Guang Wei heard his coach was going to treat him to the liquor, he specifically did some homework.

"Sure. You can start now," Yuan Zhou was quite willing to be the judge.

"Let me start first to get better ones. Pi County Annals said bamboo liquor originated from the renowned person, Shan Tao, during ancient times, who gave this liquor its current name,"

smilingly, Zheng Xian spoke out the background of the liquor name.

"Yes, it's true," Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod.

"The delicacy of the fish from Bing Xue is well known to all, while the good taste of bamboo liquor was always missed without needing to be scooped'. This is a poem by the major poet, Du Fu, in Tang Dynasty. He expressed his fondness to the Ya An fish (Bing Xue is one of the districts of Ya'an County) and Bamboo Liquor," immediately, Wei Hua followed suit and directly brought out two lines of the poem.

"That's right, too," Yuan Zhou confirmed Wei Hua's words again.

"None of you guys got to the point. Speaking of the liquor, we naturally should talk about the taste. Why are you all saying that kind of elusive stuff?" Chen Wei said loudly.

"Then let's hear Brother Chen's wise idea," Zheng Xian reached out her white and beautiful hands and made a gesture of "Please".

The liquor is like the amber in color, but nonetheless tastes awfully refreshing," while speaking of that, Chen Wei immediately took a sip and then continued to say, "When first sipped, it's incomparably smooth, bringing about a mouthful of saliva. The taste is sweet, but the breath is cool. And when it goes down to the stomach, it became hot."

After that, Chen Wei filled a cup with the liquor again and shook it slightly, "With the fragrance, Boss Yuan probably also added some mandala flowers, making it so appetizing."

Hearing Chen Wei introducing the liquor in details, especially when he shook it while speaking, others were nevertheless enticed to pick up the cup and sip the liquor.

The game continued. Although they all loved drinking liquor, it was not so easy to describe it in that instant. However, Zheng Xian presented her abundant knowledge in front of other people by reciting several poems and then completely defeated others.

"Reefs in the ocean are no more than chess pieces in my heart, and the bamboo bucket is like the wine jar to me, for me to drink to the bottom". This is the poem by Li Shangyin."

"Yang Wanli once said, 'Among the continuous hills and rives, two people were travelling and drinking bamboo liquor in company of one another'".

"Let me think. Also, the poem Yu Ji in Yuan Dynasty said, 'When the heavy rain pours into the Han Zhou city at midnight, there I am, holding the bamboo bucket to drink ceaselessly and thus becoming drunk'".

As a result, all the liquor was drunk by Zheng Xian.

Chapter 152: Dishes With Liquor

Three pots of liquor were finished in three hours. All of them looked at Zheng Xian in silence.

"Beauty, are you a teacher of ancient Chinese prose?" Dong Dong asked, being reluctant to accept the truth.

"Do you recite poems whenever you have nothing to do?" Guang Wei said with a quite frustrated tone.

"You finished all the good liquor. Do you take a collection of poems along wherever you go?" Wei Hua likewise felt rather helpless.

"I'm sorry. As I had never heard of the bamboo liquor before, I did some preparations before I came in the afternoon. So.... But anyway, thank you for your good liquor," with a gentle smile on her face, Zheng Xian thanked them sincerely.

"Boss Yuan, is she your younger sister? Such a scammer," Chen Wei blurted that out.

"I have no younger sister?" Yuan Zhou's serious answer directly made Chen Wei choke.

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Delicious dishes relied on the reputation gained from the foodies while good liquor naturally depended on the publicity of drunkards.

The information that Yuan Zhou provided extremely good bamboo liquor that wouldn't cause hangovers soon went spread among the drunkards. This was followed by a sudden sharp rise in drinking visitors. The 50 draws of lottery every day were quickly used up.

"Boss Yuan, this is absolutely not rational. How can you sell the liquor like that?" A drinker that Chen Wei introduced here said discontentedly.

"The bamboo liquor is limited, so I have to ration it," Yuan Zhou pointed to the rules written on the price list and then said.

"That wouldn't work. Let's not mention the fact you only sell this liquor. You don't even let us drink our fill for this single one. Do you mean to tempt us? No, no way," the drinker was still reluctant to give up and hence continued to question him.

"This is the rule. If you obey, you can drink; if you don't, please leave the restaurant. The business hours are not done yet," Yuan Zhou remained serious and just disregarded his complaint.

"Boss Yuan, look at you. I'm just speaking casually. Don't take it so seriously. However, those who had drawn the red ball are not a secret, right?" With his lifeblood having been grasped, the drinker was like a cat that was scratched on the neck and thus became

quite obedient.

"You're right. It's not a secret. But I don't know," as soon as Yuan Zhou finished speaking, he turned around and started to prepare the dishes ordered by the customers.

"Er...." the drinker instantly choked.

"Remember what I said? This way doesn't work at all." Another person beside him dragged him walking away out of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"I asked that way mainly because Boss Yuan is easy to talk with during the opening hours," still being not convinced, the drinker said.

"You talked as if you could see Boss Yuan outside the opening hours." His friend attacked him mercilessly.

"Sigh. Boss Yuan not only cooks delicious dishes but also makes good liquor. He's truly admirable," the drinker heaved a sigh and said helplessly.

"That's true. It's just that the liquor is too little." While speaking, his friend swallowed saliva as if he recalled of the delicate taste of the bamboo liquor.

Of course it deserved its reputation. The liquor was naturally not easy to be preserved and easily deteriorated. Even so, the big foodie

Yuan Mei in Qing Dynasty still drank the deteriorated bamboo liquor 7 times.

We all know the emphasis a senior foodie such as Yuan Mei placed on food. Even with the deteriorated bamboo liquor, he drank it 7 times. One can easily judge from that how attractive the bamboo liquor was to him.

Such reaction of these drunkards was considered to be rather normal already.

As for now, the drinkers used to enjoy good liquor from a Fang Family Pub which provided the liquor made with a very traditional method. It was located in the opposite direction of Yuan Zhou's restaurant to the south of the street. Although the business of the pub was still as good as before but the several regular customers had been quite strange recently.

For example, Chen Wei, or the several people who were talking to him now.

"Boss, please serve me some dishes with liquor and pack them."

"Ok, what do you like to eat, you guys?" the waiter asked politely.

"One serving of Vinegar Peanut, one kilogram of Stewed Beef, two servings of Marinated Duck Tongue and also a serving of Dried Seaweed, that's all," they ordered their dishes deftly and then just waited there.

"Ok, one moment, please. They'll be soon served," the waiter took notes of the dishes while speaking of that.

At that time, Fang Heng, the boss of the pub, walked out. The several people were basically known to him, but he still greeted them first with courtesy.

"Hi, you guys are here. What would you like to drink today?" Fang Heng pretended that he didn't know they were ordering take-out and asked with a smile.

"I'm not here to drink today but only order some dishes," of the several people, the one who had drawn one pot of bamboo liquor in Yuan Zhou's restaurant first said directly, not intending to conceal anything.

Apart from the well-known Chinese spirits made from a very traditional method, this Fang Family Pub also served superb dishes with liquor. Since all these drunkards had gotten used to eating the dishes here, they would rather walk farther and come here to buy the dishes with liquor when they found there was none in Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"I didn't see you guys much these few days. Busy with work now?" Fang Heng asked while smiling, with a caring look on his face.

Previously, these few people came every day at 8 or 9 in the evening to drink a cup of the liquor. But they hadn't shown up for

the past 5 days, Fang Heng naturally would ask.

"No, not really. It's just the Chinese spirits have strong after effects, so I drink less now," the person bullshitted without blinking.

"Yes, you are right. If you guys have any suggestions towards my liquor, do tell me. My business mainly relies on you guys," Fang Heng started to drag them back with touching words.

"No. Old Fang, your liquor has always been terrific. It's just that I get a headache the next day after drinking," while thinking, this person said.

The several people all liked drinking and once they drank, they couldn't stop. Even drinking a mere cup of the liquor meant that they basically went back home drunk, just with different degrees drunkenness. As soon as they drank the liquor for a while, they would have a headache, which was also the common failing point of drinking liquor.

"Yeah, yes, you are right. But right now our pub serves medicinal liquor, so you guys can drink a little of that," Fang Heng started to promote the new product smilingly.

"Hi, the dishes for you sirs are here. It's 161 RMB in all. Just give me the round number 160 RMB," seeing the boss is here, the waiter spoke aloud and politely.

"Ok, thank you," this person received the packaged dishes and then said to Fang Heng, "Boss Fang, we are leaving."

After that, they walked out of Fang Family Pub together.

"He seems to be embarrassed to talk," while they were leaving, Fang Heng saw them off smilingly and murmured in a low voice.

Fang Heng then decided to ask another person, who happened to enter the pub.

He was no other than Wu Hai, who brought his agent along. Although Wu Hai wasn't a regular customer of the pub, his agent nevertheless knew Fang Heng and moreover had a good relationship with him.

"Jiawei, you are free today, huh? Drink a cup?" Fang Heng came up and greeted.

"No, thanks. I'm here today to accompany Wu Hai to buy some dishes with liquor," Zheng Jiawei stuck out his forefinger, pointing to Wu Hai and said while smiling.

"So he's the Wu Hai frequently mentioned by you, right? I have heard about you for a long time," Fang Heng stretched his hand and intended to shake hands with Wu Hai.

"No need. Just get us some dishes with liquor," Wu Hai frowned and said in an unfriendly manner of speaking.

"Well, we are all old friends. Come on, get your secret Shredded Jellyfish for us to take away," Zheng Jiawei knew the temper of Wu Hai. He went up to seize the hand of Fang Heng and brought him to a few steps away.

"This boss of yours has really a tough temper. The shredded jellyfish is not a problem, but you have to give me a decent reason why you only buy the dishes with liquor," Fang Heng didn't really mind the courtesy of Wu Hai. He followed Zheng Jiawei's pull and walked away from Wu Hai.

"You hurry up," Wu Hai urged his agent Zheng Jiawei while standing in the main hall, without any intention of getting a seat.

"Don't worry, Wu Hai. The dishes will be served in no time," Zheng Jiawei turned his head and said to Wu Hai first before looking back at Fang Heng and asking, "What do you mean?"

"Recently, more and more regular customers like you suddenly stop buying my liquor and only order the dishes with liquor. Tell me what exactly happened." The relationship between Fang Heng and Zheng Jiawei was pretty good, hence he directly asked him without concealing anything from him.

"For this matter, I'm afraid it's caused by the tiny restaurant across the way of Wu Hai's art studio. The boss has started to serve new liquor recently," while speaking, Zheng Jiawei turned his head and looked back at Wu Hai. When he found Wu Hai didn't leave despite his impatience, he felt relieved.

"Wu Hai is about to take me there for a taste today. It is said to be very good," speaking of that, Zheng Jiawei was quite delighted.

"Over there at Taoxi Road?" Fang Heng asked in puzzlement.

"Yes, it's that place. Now that you know the reason, go and get the dishes. Otherwise, Wu Hai would become impatient soon," once he finished explaining, Zheng Jiawei started to urge Fang Heng.

"Ok, ok. Every family member of your boss matters," Fang Heng then turned around and instructed the waiter to get the dishes.

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Chapter 153: Rice Gruel And Porridge

Under the direct instructions of Fang Heng, the waiter packed the dishes very quickly. In just a short while, several specialty dishes with liquor were finished being packed and filled in the porcelain lunch box.

"Take it away," Fang Heng handed it to Zheng Jiawei in a disgusted manner.

"Thank you," Zheng Jiawei thanked him with a smile and prepared to leave after he received the lunch box.

"Wait. Are the dishes of that restaurant really so delicious?" Fang Heng asked cautiously.

"What, are you curious?" Looking at Feng Heng, Zheng Jiawei teased him.

"Yes, I'm just asking," Fang Heng frankly admitted.

"They are truly delicious. At least Wu Hai is quite satisfied with them. He has taken that place as his canteen by now." Speaking of this, Zheng Jiawei felt both angry and funny.

"Ok, got it. You can leave now, bye bye." After hesitating for an instant, Fang Heng started to see his customers off.

"On this point, you are so alike to Wu Hai, always burning the bridge after crossing it," Zheng Jiawei complained before getting back to Wu Hai and then leaving.

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"Boss Yuan, since the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine can also include liquor making, I want a bowl of plain porridge," during the opening hours in the evening, a customer said that.

"Porridge doesn't fall under the 100 Style of Rice Cuisines. Please change to another one," Yuan Zhou answered earnestly.

"Well, fine. Then give me white rice and a serving of Jin'ling Grass." Finally, the customer selected plain white rice.

Shortly afterwards, Yuan Zhou carried the dishes ordered to him and set the dishes down on the table, saying politely, "Please help yourself."

"Boss Yuan, I'm here again. What about taking a guess what I'm gonna order today?" Dressed in the white shirt and jeans, Jiang Changxi looked as youthful as a university student. She did not seem like a "Three-Lost" woman at all.

"Not guessing," Yuan Zhou refused squarely.

Since she had eaten the Black Sugar Rice Cake last time, Jiang Changxi had fallen in love with the dish and thought of various

rare dishes under the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine for Yuan Zhou to cook for her.

She came here once every day and ordered the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine every time. They were strange and eccentric, such as Fried Rice Pancake, Rice Cracker and Multilayer Rice Cake, etc. Her selection was too numerous to mention all of them. With this established habit, Yuan Zhou naturally knew what she would order today without even guessing, but he didn't want to answer her.

"Sigh. Boss Yuan, did you use too much of your energy last night? You can't even give such an obvious answer," she looked at Yuan Zhou with a regrettable look.

The reason why Yuan Zhou did not guess was also because of her manner of speech. This woman always said some inexplicable things every time she came.

"What do you eat?" Facing Jiang Changxi, Yuan Zhou brought out a solemn expression.

"Boss Yuan, you really scare me that way. Please, be tender with me. Then I will tell you." Jiang Changxi never missed any opportunity to tease Yuan Zhou.

"Hi, Sir. What would you like to eat?" Yuan Zhou directly disregarded her boring request and enquired the customer behind her.

"Fine, fine. I won't take advantage of you anymore. I want porridge." With a smile, Jiang Changxi ordered the most ordinary 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine.

"Porridge isn't under the 100 Style of Rice Cuisines." Yuan Zhou's face revealed slightly complacent expression; it was almost unnoticeable.

"Why is it not considered? Porridge requires no more than rice and water, without any other ingredients." Jiang Changxi was a little astonished.

"Porridge isn't under the 100 Style of Rice Cuisines. Please order again," Yuan Zhou didn't mean to explain anything to her.

"Good. You don't want to cook it, huh? You wait, let me search for something," while speaking, she sat down and took out her phone to search through Baidu.

Having ignored Jiang Changxi for that moment, Yuan Zhou looked towards the customer waiting behind her with an enquiring look.

"Boss, just serve him the Egg Fried Rice Set," Mu Xiaoyun said in time at the side.

"One moment." Yuan Zhou turned around and went back to the kitchen.

The slender and beautiful fingers of Jiang Changxi slid swiftly across the phone screen. Just in a little while, she got what she longed for.

When Yuan Zhou carried the Egg Fried Rice Set to the customer behind her, she said confidently, "Boss Yuan, I order a serving of Rice Gruel under the 100 Style of Rice Cuisines."

"Ok, one moment," Yuan Zhou accepted it with a nod.

"Wait. Something is wrong," the customer who had ordered the porridge just now barely finished his meal.

When he first heard that someone ordered the same dish but was likewise refused, he nevertheless sympathized with her. But now, there was only dissatisfaction left in his heart.

"What's wrong?" For this kind of issues, Yuan Zhou never let Mu Xiaoyun deal with it. Instead, he inquired in person.

"Boss Yuan, it probably doesn't conform to your rules if you play such tricks. It also ruins your reputation," despite the unpleasant expression on his face, he nevertheless spoke with a normal tone.

"Get to the point," Yuan Zhou's expression still remained calm.

At that moment, all sorts of comments arose among other customers who were waiting in line likewise.

"What's wrong with Boss Yuan? Aren't the porridge and rice gruel the same thing?" somebody asked in puzzlement.

"You are right. Is it because they have different names?" Someone else even suspected that it was because of the different names.

"What's the difference? It's no more than the difference in the number of characters." With the dismissive tone, this person waited to watch the scene.

"It's not due to that difference. Based on the structure of the character, the character of porridge is comparatively far more ancient. The appearance of rice gruel only happened not long ago," this person continued speaking more of the literary quotation of rice gruel. This nevertheless greatly frustrated the person who had mentioned the difference was only the number of characters before that.

"In my opinion, they have different cooking ways." The customers still trusted Yuan Zhou's reputation quite a bit. He definitely had decent reasons for saying that. They merely wanted to get his explanation.

"Let's just wait for Boss Yuan to explain this matter," the people waiting in line naturally wanted to watch the scene.

"Just now, I ordered porridge and Boss Yuan said porridge didn't fall under the 100 Style of Rice Cuisines. But when the lady ordered

it, he unexpectedly accepted it. What is the meaning of this?" The customer mentioned Jiang Changxi in one go.

"Because you ordered porridge and she ordered rice gruel. Do you have any more problems?" With an indifferent tone, Yuan Zhou directly stated the difference.

"Aren't porridge and rice gruel one thing? Why is it that she can order it but I couldn't?" The customer was rather bewildered.

"No, they aren't," Yuan Zhou corrected him seriously.

"They just have two different names. What difference is there?" The customer, nevertheless, still persisted.

"Oh my god. Come on. Let me explain to them." Having watched the bustling scene for quite a while, Jiang Changxi decided to join in the debate personally.

"Boss Yuan, you don't have to be too grateful to me. Hurry up and go to cook my dishes," before the explanation, she yet didn't forget to tease Yuan Zhou.

"Porridge is actually indeed different from rice gruel," seeing Yuan Zhou really turn around and return to the kitchen, Jiang Changxi then turned her head and said to the customers.

"Why are they different things?" The customer crossed his arms against his chest and showed a manner of disbelief.

"What you want to order is the plain porridge, right?" Jiang Changxi first set out the fundamental problem of this dispute.

"Yes. It doesn't violate the rules of the 100 Style of Rice Cuisines." This customer obeyed the rules of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"But, plain porridge is a traditional food of the Chinese Han in Qingzhou Province. The local people there call porridge without any condiments as plain porridge. Am I right?" Judged from her manner of speaking, Jiang Changxi liked to keep people in suspense while talking.

"Yes. That's also why I believe the porridge is one of 100 Style of Rice Cuisines." The customer revealed a firm expression.

"No, it isn't. As for the difference in the cooking methods between plain porridge and rice gruel, I don't want to go into details anymore." Although she appeared to be youthful and charming, Jiang Changxi's words were nevertheless quite persuasive.

"What's the main point?" The customer and others surrounding to watch had their curiosity piqued.

Theoretically, there were no other differences apart from those mentioned by her. However, this woman spoke as if there was any significant difference.

"Because the porridge requires broth to be boiled while the rice gruel doesn't," Jiang Changxi brought out the major difference between the two.

"Broth? Does porridge require that during the boiling?" the customer was fairly stupefied. It was the first time for him to know that plain porridge and the rice gruel weren't the same thing...

Chapter 154: Upgrade Mission

"Is the broth the kind that is made with pig bones?" a customer asked curiously.

"The broth isn't soup-stock. They are different," Jiang Changxi shook her head and denied.

"What's the difference?" This customer indicated that he didn't really understand it.

"The main ingredient of the broth is the natfish. Do you understand now?" Jiang Changxi explained to them again.

"Broth is required to make the porridge. So what I ate before was rice gruel rather than the porridge?" The customers all had different reactions.

"It feels like that I gained some new knowledge again," said a customer who had obtained new knowledge.

"Boss Yuan refreshes my outlook about foods every day," said another foodie customer.

Every one of them was widely discussing the difference when Yuan Zhou carried the rice gruel ordered by Jiang Changxi to her.

"They are truly different." The customers craned their necks and

took a look before leaving.

There were always many unsatisfactory events in life. Yuan Zhou disliked dealing with the matters unrelated to customers the most during the opening hours. However, someone just came at that moment.

The general manager of World Foodie Hotel entered the restaurant in line. As soon as he got seated and rested, Mu Xiaoyun went up and asked.

"What would you like to eat?"

"No, no need. Please tell your boss to come here," the GM waved his hand while taking out a handkerchief from the pocket to wipe his forehead with the other hand.

"Please tell me what you want. My boss is a little busy," Mu Xiaoyun answered vaguely, but she indicated that she wouldn't call the boss here.

"What do you, a little girl, know about? This is a good thing. You just tell him that the boss of Chef Yu wants to talk to him," the GM naturally wouldn't lose his temper to a little girl, but just spoke in a hasty manner.

"You can tell me first. My boss is really very busy," Mu Xiaoyun knew that her boss didn't like to be disturbed during the opening hours.

"Never mind. Let me manage it myself." Having gotten plenty of rest, the GM disregarded Mu Xiaoyun and directly went up to Yuan Zhou.

"Boss Yuan, how are you doing recently? I'm the general manager of World Foodie Hotel. My surname is Cheng," the GM Cheng interrupted a customer ordering dishes and started to introduce himself.

"What do you want to eat?" Yuan Zhou acted as if he hadn't heard the GM Cheng. He didn't answer him and just repeated what he had said just now.

The customer cooperatively answered, "Clear Broth Noodle Soup and Jin'ling Grass."

"Ok, one moment," Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod and then looked towards the slightly embarrassed GM Cheng.

"Whatever it concerns, please talk to me after the opening hours have ended."

"But this is an emergency. Could you let me tell you first?" GM Cheng had a lot of work to do every day. Besides, his boss, Xie Xuesi, was also waiting for his answer.

"No need," Yuan Zhou refused squarely before wearing the mask and preparing to make the dishes.

GM Cheng definitely wouldn't obediently wait for him to finish, therefore he spoke some ambiguous words every time Yuan Zhou came out to serve the dishes. In the end, he finally found that Yuan Zhou would take no notice of him unless he ordered some dishes.

After 7 or 8 minutes later when Yuan Zhou came out of the kitchen again, GM Cheng sat on his previous seat and said, "Let me order some dishes for my meal."

"What do you want to eat then?" Yuan Zhou's manner of speaking remained the same without any change.

"Let's not waste our time. As you might know, I come here just to ask you if you have any interest in working in our restaurant. If you do, call this phone number and I will come out in person to welcome you," while speaking, GM Cheng took out a name card and put it on the table.

"Thank you. If you are not ordering any dishes, please let the people waiting behind you dine here," Yuan Zhou answered with a nod, but didn't receive the name card. Afterward, he said politely.

"Now that you have known about it, I will take my leave. Personally, I welcome Boss Yuan very much," at last, GM Cheng clearly expressed his point.

The white name card was quietly lying on the curved long table, but Yuan Zhou didn't intend to pick it up.

"Xiaoyun, clear it away," Yuan Zhou turned his head to Mu Xiaoyun and then said.

"Ok, boss," being a little worried at first, Mu Xiaoyun instantly answered happily after Yuan Zhou gave his instructions.

The customers who were surrounding to watch the scene likewise stared at the name card closely.

With quick steps, Mu Xiaoyun went up and took the name card before walking out of the restaurant and throwing it outside.

Seeing that, the surrounding customers that were watching all then revealed a relieved smile.

The opening hours at noon soon passed. Just as Yuan Zhou prepared to shut the door after seeing Mu Xiaoyun off, a short-haired girl dressed in denim shorts and a lettered T-shirt that was riding an electric powered bike, parked at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"Hey, wait, wait for a moment," while the girl was parking the bike, she shouted loudly.

Yuan Zhou paused for an instant and felt that it wasn't him who was being called; therefore continued to shut the door.

"Boss, wait." The girl immediately ran up to Yuan Zhou.

"Yes?" Only then did Yuan Zhou stop his actions and ask indifferently.

"Boss, you are truly difficult to be encountered. I have been here for several times but it's the first time I saw you." The girl appeared to feel quite hot. She fanned herself with one hand and, at the same time, spoke cutely.

"Humm, so what's the matter?" Yuan Zhou nodded and signaled her to continue speaking.

"Let me first introduce myself. I'm from the take-out department of Meimei Group Purchase Website and have come here today to invite you, Boss Yuan, to join the group purchase on our website." The girl seemed to be quite young. She didn't even enter the restaurant before she finished revealing her purpose, hence appeared to be a newcomer.

"I don't do the group purchase. You got the wrong person," Yuan Zhou said with an earnest expression.

"I know the dishes here are very expensive. But if you can offer some discounts, your business will become better. And moreover, many customers who don't like going out could also eat your superb dishes," the girl persuaded Yuan Zhou patiently.

"No take-out and no takeaway. This is my rule," standing at the

entrance, Yuan Zhou told her seriously.

"Are you worried about the matter of delivery? Our website employs many full-time delivery drivers and has strict requirements on time and speed. Your concerns are totally unnecessary. What's more, you'll definitely like the profit share that we provide." The girl took out a stack of files from her backpack and intended to show it to Yuan Zhou.

"No need. I have my own rules," Yuan Zhou stretched her hand and refused. Before the girl could say something, he directly said, "Good bye."

After that, he shut the door in one go.

"Sigh. Another refusal," the girl got frustrated. She put away the files and got on the electric driven bike before leaving slowly.

Having shut the door quickly, Yuan Zhou returned to the kitchen and sat in his position. Then, he began to check the new mission released by the system just now.

That's right. Just when Yuan Zhou refused the group purchase, the system released another mission.

The system displayed, "The upgrade mission starts now."

[Upgrade Mission] Please refuse over ten take-out websites'

invitations for group purchase.

(Mission tips: Only rules that are obeyed can be genuinely considered to be rules. In order to stick to your rules, just feel free to refuse the invitations, young man.)

[Mission Reward] a chance at the lottery to gain dishes of a regional cuisine and a matched side dish for the upgrade.

(Reward tip: Please endeavor to complete the mission.)

[Mission Status] 1/10

"It's really a simple and explicit description." Yuan Zhou felt rather speechless.

Having carefully checked the mission three times, he decided to ask until he fully understood it. "So this means that I will upgrade to the third level after completing this mission, right?"

The system displayed, "Yes."

"And this mission has no time limit to be completed, right?" Yuan Zhou found it was a mission without any time limit and hence asked for confirmation.

The system displayed, "Yes."

Yuan Zhou, "..."

Then, he started to study the mission carefully.

Chapter 155: Take-Out Mission

Yuan Zhou wasn't so bored to ask the system, "Apart from yes, what else can you say?"

Having made clear the contents of the mission, Yuan Zhou began to think about how to complete it.

"Who knows if there are even more than ten take-out websites?" He took out his phone and started to search through the internet.

As for the take-out websites, Yuan Zhou only knew several of the most reputable ones. However, no matter how he counted using his fingers, there were no more than 5 or 6, less than 10.

How to complete the mission was also a tough thing. It was possible for one or two or three of them to come to him requesting for the take-out business, but was totally impossible for all of them to follow suit.

Then Yuan Zhou figured out a terrific idea, "System, if I go to find them and then refuse them, can that count for the completion of the mission?

As the system had always said no to the self-publicity, this idea of Yuan Zhou was actually a step on the red line. This was to test where the bottom line of the system lay.

The system displayed, "Not counted."

"Well, fine." Yuan Zhou had basically expected the negative answer.

Since trickery wouldn't work, Yuan Zhou had to think of another way. While he was sitting and thinking there, time passed by quickly and soon it came to the opening hours of the evening.

Looking at the push messages from the take-out website on the internet, Yuan Zhou then got a new idea.

Therefore, some weird conversations took place in Yuan Zhou's restaurant in the evening.

"What do you do?" looking at a customer who had barely entered the restaurant, Yuan Zhou asked seriously.

"I work in sales. What's the matter?" the customer got astonished first and then subconsciously answered.

"Do you have any recreational activities after you get off work?" Yuan Zhou continued asking.

"Of course. Stuff like gatherings or meals. Later after the meal, I'm going to KTV to sing songs. So....?" the sales customer was perturbed. Usually, Yuan Zhou seldom said anything else apart from asking them what to eat, let alone enquiring about his occupation and eating habits.

Was Boss Yuan prepared to take him as his last disciple due to his high talents? The sales customer became hesitant. His current work was not bad. Just the commission of a big order could support his life for two months. Should he accept Boss Yuan's good intentions or deny him?

Even before he finished hesitating did Yuan Zhou say, "Ok."

After that, nothing else happened. Greeting customers and ordering dishes were all in the charge of Mu Xiaoyun.

The sales customer was fairly stupefied. What exactly was the matter? Not until the fragrance of the dishes came did he recover. He then directly disregarded this matter and got down to eating the cuisines.

The customers came one after another in the evening. After a while, a young girl, who was dressed in the light clothes of hot pants and a camisole, entered the restaurant.

"What do you do?" With an earnest expression on his face, Yuan Zhou was like a policeman who was checking others people's ID.

"Boss Yuan, why are you asking me about that?"

"The answer is useful to me," Yuan Zhou nodded primly.

"Purchase of cosmetics. Boss Yuan, do you need skin care products?" The girl carefully looked at Yuan Zhou's face again.

"No need. Do you have any recreational activities after work?" Being stared by the girl, Yuan Zhou didn't have any feeling... except for the slight retreat of one step.

"I'm already tired even at work. How could I have that strength to go out for fun? Of course I go home to sleep," the girl revealed an 'obviously' manner.

"Then do you usually eat take-out?" With a gentle smile shown on his face, Yuan Zhou continued asking.

"Yeah. Since you know how pitiful I am now, will you provide door-to-door service in the future?" The girl asked in surprise.

"I won't. I just feel the take-out deliverer is not so responsible," Yuan Zhou refused bluntly and then said unconsciously.

"That's true. Nowadays, the take-out deliverers usually arrive very late. I will starve by the time he arrives," the girl then started to complain, launching into a lengthy speech. She talked so fast that Yuan Zhou couldn't even break in.

After quite a little while, the girl finally noticed some problems, "Boss Yuan, what exactly did you want to say just now?"

"Nothing," Yuan Zhou turned around and left decisively.

Complaining was really an essential skill for everybody. It was awfully scary.

Having failed in the second person, Yuan Zhou didn't really give up. Instead, he learned from mistakes and continued to look for the next target. This time, he tried to put more attention on those who appeared to speak less.

Shortly afterward, the next customer entering the restaurant totally met Yuan Zhou's requirements. He was plump and had a pale face, also appearing to be the silent type and fairly stable.

"What's your occupation?" Yuan Zhou went up and asked.

"I have to be asked of my occupation before taking meals? Boss Yuan, is it your new rule?" The man said with a tone of ridicule while carrying a smile on his face.

"No, no. It matters to me," Yuan Zhou answered honestly.

"What kind of matter requires the information of my occupation?" The man was a little curious.

"If it's not convenient for you to tell me, you can order your dishes," Yuan Zhou didn't really force them. He then signaled him to look at the price list on the wall behind.

"Boss Yuan, don't be so serious," while speaking, the man looked at Yuan Zhou's face. When he found there wasn't any change, he

continued saying, "Boss Yuan is truly always like this, with a never changing expression at all."

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded and took that as a compliment.

"I'm the boss of a mahjong room. Boss Yuan, when you are free, come play a round. I won't charge you," the plump man revealed a smile and said earnestly.

"I don't like playing. What recreational activities do you do for fun?" Yuan Zhou first declined his invitation and then asked.

"What else can a mahjong room have for fun? Of course playing mahjong," the plump man said while taking his seat.

"Do you order take-out?" Eventually, Yuan Zhou got to the point.

"Of course. Before I knew your restaurant, I had never gone out for meals. How convenient it was to have the meal delivered door to door! But now I only order take-out occasionally," while saying that, he looked at Yuan Zhou with a bitter expression.

"Which take-out website do you use more?" When he saw the other party not to say anything more, Yuan Zhou opened his mouth, asking that.

"I order take-out from Meimei and Jisu more. Boss Yuan, are you also going to get into the courier business?" The man asked with great curiosity.

"Nope. I have never seen deliverers of these two websites show up around here," Yuan Zhou directly got to the point.

"Gee, really? It's been a long time since I ordered from them. Yet, it makes sense. These two websites have less business around here. Instead, it was Nuonuo and Tuangou who have more business in this region," the man spoke as if he had done a thorough research.

"Humm, nor have I seen others," Yuan Zhou spoke some obscure words.

"Boss Yuan observes so carefully yet says he doesn't want to enter the courier business. Seems like he is reluctant to tell me," When the man found Yuan Zhou cared so much about the take-out, he didn't believe what Yuan Zhou said at all.

A business secret. It was not an unfamiliar thing to him. With a change of mind, he decided to help in this matter.

"What do you want to eat?" Yuan Zhou finished the topic concerning the take-out and started to enquire about the dishes normally.

That affirmed the plump man's speculation.

In the next moments, customers arriving alone or in a group were all asked by Yuan Zhou about their occupations and their normal recreational activities.

As long as the person had recreational activities, Yuan Zhou would stop asking and directly let him order their dishes.

Those nerdy men and women who had no recreational activities, however, finally witnessed Yuan Zhou's talkativeness.

They all felt vaguely in their heart that Yuan Zhou should have an unknown purpose in asking about the take-out. Hence, they decided to carefully check those take-out websites after going back.

Slowly, Yuan Zhou made preparations for completing the mission according to the procedures conceived by him step by step. Coincidentally, there came another take-out website that hoped to cooperate with Yuan Zhou's restaurant in the evening.

As for Yuan Zhou, he naturally refused it with a prim manner. As a result, there were only 8 websites left to be refused.

There was still a long way to go before the mission was accomplished.

Chapter 156: Braised Pork With Soy Sauce

The next day, Yuan Zhou thought of another new idea. After the opening hours in the morning ended, Yuan Zhou took a seat by the door and started to play with his phone rather than sculpt the radish flowers. This was a fairly rare occurrence.

"Boss Yuan, you are not sculpting the flowers today?" A curious customer went up and asked.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded, his fingers sliding up and down on the screen of the phone, staying constantly on the cuisine websites of take-out services.

"Well, fine. Take your time, Boss Yuan." Seeing Yuan Zhou playing so attentively, the customer then left.

Only when Yuan Zhou raised his head and took a glance did he find that the customer had already turned around and left.

"How could a person without a sense of curiosity become successful?" Yuan Zhou complained quietly and continued playing his phone.

Except during the opening hours, Yuan Zhou just sat there and played with his phone all day long. Some curious people went up to ask while some others just watched silently. But none of them asked what Yuan Zhou had expected them to ask.

As a result, when Yuan Zhou took out his tablet and sat at the door again the next day, he still looked through the take-out webpages just like yesterday but still didn't buy any.

Not knowing if it was because of the larger tablet, the effect was a little better this time. For the entire day, there were a total of five people who asked Yuan Zhou what he did that for.

Yuan Zhou's answer was quite uniform, "I'm just looking through it for fun. It's quite interesting."

After another day, Yuan Zhou took out the new laptop that he had bought previously. There was a function on the laptop that Yuan Zhou had intended to test in the room. However, now, he was prepared to use that outside.

This time, Yuan Zhou tapped open the take-out website and used the projection function. With the huge projection, he could directly look through and check the webpage on the wall.

The effect was surprising.

"Boss Yuan, are you ok?" Wearing slippers, Wu Hai walked to him in large strides, emitting the sound of "Da Da Da".

"I'm good. Just looking through casually," Yuan Zhou said with an indifferent tone and continued checking another page. The projection on the wall also turned the page accordingly.

"Do you call this as looking through casually? Then why did you move a projector here?" Pointing to the enlarged pictures of the cuisines on the wall, Wu Hai was rather helpless.

"I can see more clearly that way," Yuan Zhou nodded affirmatively.

"Can't you see them more clearly on your computer directly? Why are you using the projector?" Wu Hai covered his forehead with one hand and then said while looking at Yuan Zhou.

"This is the computer," Yuan Zhou turned his head and answered primly.

"It's not the time to be thinking about that. What are you trying to do?" Wu Hai decided to ask about that first.

"Looking at cuisines." Yuan Zhou looked at Wu Hai, giving the impression of "What an idiot".

"Alright." Wu Hai then admitted defeat. He straightforwardly turned around and left. Meanwhile, he took a photo of the weird scene with his phone and shared it on the Wechat group.

It was the one that he had created previously with the aim of making Yuan Zhou stay. Currently, the group members were extraordinarily active.

[What's wrong with Boss Yuan? He used the phone the day

before yesterday, tablet yesterday and even a projector today.] from Man Man.

[Yeah, exactly. He seems to be looking at information about take-out all along.] from Wu Zhou.

[Is it because Boss Yuan wants to do take-out business?] from Five Lakes and Four Oceans.

[It's likely to be true. I know a take-out website called Chengdu Online, which specialized in cooperating with upscale restaurants. What about introducing this website to him?] Wu Hai held the phone in his hand silently as if thinking about something.

[Good idea. Ordinary websites don't deserve Boss Yuan's superb culinary skills.] from Man Man.

After the discussion of the idea, they started to chat again. Basically, it was all about eating or how Yuan Zhou's delicious dishes would instantly outclass those of outside.

Yuan Zhou didn't really know that some of his customers had started to take action. He continued to check the take-out websites with the projector, expressing his profound love for take-out dishes.

In the evening, Jiang Changxi entered the restaurant again, with a mysterious smile on her face this time. The bright red dress gave off a contrast against her skin which was as white as snow, making

her face fairly attractive.

"Boss Yuan, long time no see. Have you missed me?" She greeted Yuan Zhou in the same way as usual.

"No," Yuan Zhou said quite straightforwardly.

"Sigh. How could you treat me like that, Boss Yuan?" Jiang Changxi sat down and stroked her hair.

"Why do you always greet him with the same words? Do you really have a fancy for Boss Yuan?" Wu Hai couldn't help uttering that at the side.

"It's you, small mustache. Your hands seem to have become more flexible. You aren't exercising your five fingers any less recently, huh?" With a glance, Jiang Changxi happened to see Wu Hai wiping the chopsticks and hence mocked him.

"Er...." Wu Hai had to admit defeat again.

After finishing off the small mustache Wu Hai, Jiang Changxi looked towards Yuan Zhou, saying, "I have a dish for the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine that you, Boss Yuan, will definitely be unable to cook."

She appeared to be quite firm, yet still had a cunning expression.

"Please order your dishes," Yuan Zhou neither believed in her nor felt curious about her words. After all, she had spoken the same words for at least several times.

"Braised Pork with Soy Sauce," Jiang Changxi brought out the name of the dish smilingly.

"I'm sorry, this restaurant hasn't served this dish yet temporarily," Yuan Zhou was first stupefied and then subconsciously said that.

"It's not like what you imagined, Boss Yuan. It's the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce made from rice," having directly brought out the ingredient, Jiang Changxi looked at Yuan Zhou confidently.

Hearing that, Yuan Zhou was truly lost in a daze this time. He knew with tofu, one can cook various vegetarian dishes that appeared to be genuine meat dishes. As for the rice, however, Yuan Zhou could only indicate that he didn't know and nor had he heard of that.

"Boss Yuan, you can't cook it this time, right?" Jiang Changxi's voice revealed indescribable exultation and gloat.

Since she had eaten the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine for the first time, Jiang Changxi had basically come once per day at least. Every time she came, she would order a different rice cuisine. She just wanted to see if Yuan Zhou had really mastered 100 ways of cooking rice.

It had lasted for half a month and this was yet the very first time that Yuan Zhou hesitated. It was all thanks to one of her friends.

"This dish is made from rice. It was a masterpiece from a great chef during Qing Dynasty, who was said to develop this dish when competing with others for the sake of his restaurant's reputation. Due to its softness, fragrance, and sweetness, it tasted the same as the meat. Therefore, it won the competition." On the face of Jiang Changxi, a complacent sort of expression could be seen.

"Is there such a dish? I have only heard of the meat-like tofu. Is it true?" Wu Hai asked her a question which Yuan Zhou was also curious about.

After all, no matter based on the texture or the material itself, tofu was more easily prepared than rice and resembled meat more in the taste. The name of 'meat from the farmland' didn't just come out from nowhere.

"If Boss Yuan doesn't believe it, I can take my friend here to certify that for me. That friend of mine is a descendant of the great chef, as is clearly written in the family tree," Jiang Changxi spoke unhurriedly with an affirmative expression.

"What a knowledgeable family," Wu Hai heaved a sigh with emotion.

Just when Yuan Zhou prepared to say that he didn't know how to cook, the system suddenly came out.

The system displayed, "Yes, I can. Host, you are the would-be Master Chef. Please say yes."

Yuan Zhou became truly hesitant now. He really didn't know how to cook it. Besides, the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine provided by the system didn't cover this dish, either.

The system displayed, "Yes."

The system displayed, "Host, please say yes."

The system displayed, "Host, please say yes quickly!"

During the short period when Yuan Zhou was hesitating, the system displayed three consecutive messages and even used an exclamation mark at the end. The excitement of the system was clearly seen out of that.

Therefore, Yuan Zhou could only answer, "Yes, I can."

"Boss Yuan, do you really know how to make it?" Jiang Changxi didn't really trust Yuan Zhou's answer, as even that descendants of the great chef didn't know how to cook this dish himself. The most important thing was how to guarantee that the tofu made from rice would be perfectly tender and soft and yet wouldn't be dissolved into pieces when cooked. This was extremely vital.

"Yes, but I have to make some preparations. Please come to eat it on the same time tomorrow." Yuan Zhou remained serious and

didn't reveal any other emotions.

"Ok. I will come for sure tomorrow. Remember, one serving," Jiang Changxi decided to come with the friend of hers tomorrow for a taste.

"Take care," Yuan Zhou then turned around and went back to the kitchen. There was a worried expression on his solemn face. Just from the name, Yuan Zhou judged that the dish was not so easy to make. Moreover, it was not included in the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine provided by the system, hence showing how great the dish was.

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Chapter 157: Soft Meat And Tasteful Gravy

He wasn't worried for long as the system gave the answer soon.

The system displayed, "The method of making Braised Pork with Soy Sauce out of rice is to be provided three hours later."

Seeing that, Yuan Zhou finally felt relieved. After that, the opening hours in the evening started.

When the business time ended, the time for the system to provide the cooking method arrived. Only after Yuan Zhou shut the door did he receive it.

Upon obtaining it, Yuan Zhou got to know the cooking method of making Braised Pork with Soy Sauce out of rice. Although Yuan Zhou was knowledgeable, he still couldn't help praising it, "How exquisite."

The rice tofu was used to make the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce. The system also provided the compounding ratio of the different ingredients.

The system displayed, "The preparation method of the rice tofu is fairly easy."

"The early indica rice is selected as the raw ingredient. After optimized cultivation, the grains are plump and shiny with rich nutrition as high as 9 times that of the ordinary indica rice.

However, the yield of the rice is extremely low."

"Before making the rice tofu, rice grains of identical size and color have to be selected out manually. Then, they are washed clean with the mountain spring water before putting them in a vessel and adding water inside until the water level is 3.5cm above the rice.

"After soaking the rice in the water for 3-4 hours, it is then scooped up, with the water being drained. Then it is ground with the stone mill for 4 times until it becomes rice starch. Water is added with baking soda inside to decoct it; after that, the rice is placed into the bamboo vessel and immersed into a deep well to be shaped, and then the alkaline taste was remove from it with the help of water pressure and cool well water."

By then, Yuan Zhou had obtained the preparation method in his hand. The subsequent procedures of grinding and decocting were to be handled by him.

Luckily, he needn't do the manual selection of the rice by himself as the system provided rice that had been well selected.

Then Yuan Zhou began to wash and soak the rice. Even if Yuan Zhou was fast, it still took half an hour to finish. During the period, Yuan Zhou first went to feed Broth dinner, a bowl of noodle broth from his leftovers.

Then, he went upstairs and took a shower, in order to ensure that no smoke smell contaminated the rice starch when he grounded

the rice.

It took one and a half hours from the start of the process until it was placed into the bamboo vessel. The final shaping of the rice required a longer period of time to finish. Therefore, Yuan Zhou sat on his chair and took a nap to regain his strength.

The whole night passed while Yuan Zhou was continuously practicing making the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce using rice.

Currently, Yuan Zhou's skills were good enough to meet the requirements of the system. Contentedly, Yuan Zhou started the business of the day.

On the other side, Jiang Changxi also began to contact her friend, inviting her to go together and taste the dish.

"Le Yi, shall we go now? It's almost the agreed time," she said to the other end of the phone.

"Humm. But do you think it's possible?" From the other end of the phone passed a clear and melodious female voice, with a hint of uncertainty.

"It's definitely not a question. That Boss Yuan is the one that I have often dropped by for meals," Jiang Changxi spoke to the girl in a gentle and patient manner.

"Well, alright. I'll trust you," there passed an affirmative reply

from the other end of the phone.

"Hurry up and move. I'll wait for you at the crossing." Jiang Changxi hung up the phone as soon as she finished talking.

"This fellow still hangs up the phone as fast as before," Not having answered in time, the girl, Le Yi, helplessly took a look at the phone that had been hung up.

She picked her handbag by the door, tidied her hair and opened the door, heading for the appointed address mentioned by Jiang Changxi.

There were still 10 minutes left before the agreed time when Le Yi caught the sight of Jiang Changxi.

"Changxi, I'm here," Le Yi shouted while crossing the street.

"Careful," standing across the street, Jiang Changxi shouted loudly to Le Yi.

"Sorry, I'm late. Have you waited for a long time?" Le Yi had a gentle personality. She spoke politely and apologized first as soon as she arrived.

"Never mind. Let's go. The time is almost up. That guy never waits for anybody once the time is up." In an ungraceful manner, Jiang Changxi dragged Le Yi heading for Yuan Zhou's restaurant in quick steps.

Thankfully, it was not far and was just located at the street behind them. Le Yi likewise followed Jiang Changxi's pull and rushed to the street obediently.

"Boss Yuan, my Braised Pork with Soy Sauce from the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine," as soon as she entered the restaurant, Jiang Changxi asked in a loud voice.

"Sit down, please. It'll be served in no time," Yuan Zhou made a gesture of 'please' with his hands.

"It seems that he truly knows how to cook it," Jiang Changxi whispered in a low voice and thought in her heart "He's not kidding, right?"

"What's the matter with you?" Staying close to her, Le Yi asked in puzzlement.

"Nothing. Just in a short while, we can finally taste the dish passed down from your ancestors," Jiang Changxi said to Le Yi with an excited expression on her face.

"Humm," Le Yi put her hands on her thighs. Even now, she didn't believe it. However, she still smiled and nodded.

No one knew better than her about the difficulty in cooking that dish. Even after dozens of years of careful study, her father was still unable to cook the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce to be as perfect

as was described in the book, which described that the skin and meat had to be crisp and soft while the lean meat and fat meat were evenly distributed.

Even if it was made from soybeans, a block of tofu couldn't be cooked to that extent, let alone the rice tofu that was more inferior in softness and texture. Where did the feeling of fat meat and lean meat being evenly distributed come from, not to mention the crisp skin?

Le Yi felt those were only some adjectives appearing in the book.

While thinking this way, she was suddenly attracted by the scent of Braised Pork with Soy Sauce. The faint fragrance was quite strong, which contained a scent of sugar and roast, as well as a hint of delicate fragrance. With the combination, the mixed fragrance almost made people drool.

"Wow. Boss Yuan, you are so amazing. I'm drooling just by smelling it," Jiang Changxi said without any exaggeration.

On a small white porcelain plate painted with bright green leaves on the edges as the decoration, the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce was stacked up like a tower. Although there was no chopped green onions for decorations, the dish nevertheless carried a faint delicate fragrance.

Jiang Changxi couldn't help swallowing the saliva, saying, "Is this really made from rice?"

The Braised Pork with Soy Sauce in the plate had also skin, fat meat, and lean meat, which appeared to be made of top-grade streaky pork.

Yuan Zhou had never responded to Jiang Changxi's queries all along, but just gestured for her to have a taste.

"Shall we have a taste now?" Jiang Changxi turned head and asked Le Yi.

"Sure, but I don't have chopsticks," Le Yi was a little embarrassed while saying that.

"Boss Yuan, why is there only one pair of chopsticks?" Jiang Changxi shouted straightaway.

"There's only one pair," Yuan Zhou took a look at Jiang Changxi and then said with a serious look.

"Alright. Le Yi, you just order a dish casually. Every dish here is perfect anyways," Jiang Changxi urged Le Yi. She almost couldn't wait to eat it now.

"Then give me a serving of Jin'ling Grass and Clear Broth Noodle Soup, please," looking at the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce that had an oily luster and attractive color, Le Yi selected refreshing dishes decisively.

"One moment, please," Yuan Zhou then turned around and began

to prepare the dishes.

"Le Yi, let me have a taste first, ok?" Jiang Changxi could no longer bear the tempting fragrance and hence couldn't help asking.

"No, you can't. You promised to eat together with me," Le Yi rarely persisted. She dragged Jiang Changxi away from the dish.

"Alright. I will wait for you," having unconsciously swallowed the saliva, Jiang Changxi said with great effort.

Two girls, moreover, beautiful girls, started to stare at the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce on the table for a moment and at Yuan Zhou's back the next moment, appearing to be just waiting to eat.

Fortunately, Yuan Zhou's cooking speed was amazing. In no more than 5 minutes, he carried the dish back to them; therefore, Le Yi also got her chopsticks.

"I'm starting to eat now." With quick actions, Jiang Changxi picked up a piece of Braised Pork with Soy Sauce and stuffed it into her mouth straightforwardly.

Being reluctant to fall behind, Le Yi also stuffed a piece of the pork into her mouth.

A fragrance of the pork instantly occupied the entire mouth. It

was not greasy at all. The lean meat carried a little chewy texture while the fat meat interspersed in the middle instantly melted, carrying a glimmer of sweetness.

At the end, the skin of the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce was surprisingly too well-cooked, carrying slight colloid texture of pork skin. With the simple bite, it brought about full happiness.

This dish was about to become famous. With the delicious taste of Braised Pork with Soy Sauce and low-fat content of rice tofu, it was simply the best recommendation for those on a diet!

Chapter 158: Food With A Hundred Ways Of Eating

Le Yi didn't actually like eating greasy dishes. All girls liked to be beautiful. Stuff like Braised Pork with Soy Sauce was indeed delicious, however, between putting on weight and beauty she would rather select the latter. This was the common failing of women.

Therefore, she couldn't be considered to be a qualified foodie. This dish nevertheless let her disregard everything else and she straightforwardly started to fight with Jiang Changxi for eating more.

"Le Yi, you don't like eating meat, right? Look, how greasy it is! You better eat your noodles. Hey, the noodles are here now," while protecting the plate with one hand, Jiang Changxi pointed to the noodles carried up by Yuan Zhou with the other.

"Let's talk about that later. Besides, this is not meat. It's rice," Le Yi corrected her.

"The taste is just the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce. Be good. Eat your noodles," Jiang Changxi didn't compromise any bit.

Was she kidding? Only in this short moment, there were only two pieces of the braised pork left on the plate. Out of 6 pieces in all, she had only eaten 2 of them.

"Changxi, only after eating it can I carefully compare if it's the dish that was passed down from my ancestor," Le Yi said earnestly.

"But you have already tasted 2 pieces," looking at the plate, Jiang Changxi wavered a little but soon said firmly.

"But Changxi, remember, it's you who invite me here and treat me to the dish," Le Yi suddenly uttered.

"Le Yi, let's do this. You order a bowl of plain white rice now. I'll give the concentrated gravy to you," after thinking for an instant, Jiang Changxi supplemented.

"Gravy Rice is super delicious."

"Well, alright," Le Yi agreed to the proposal.

"Boss Yuan, serve me another bowl of plain white rice of 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine. She ordered that." Jiang Changxi was very happy to have successfully protected the two pieces of Braised Pork with Soy Sauce. She then said to Yuan Zhou while pointing at Le Yi.

"One moment," Yuan Zhou nodded.

The plain white rice was also cooked with Jing Shan Qiao Rice. Stacked into a cute round shape in the small jade-color bowl, the rice grains were all crystal clear and translucent, emitting the natural fragrance of rice.

"It's really not much, but enough for me," Le Yi twitched her nose mischievously.

"Here's the gravy," during the short period of Yuan Zhou carrying the rice to them, Jiang Changxi ate up a piece of the braised pork. With the other piece still being chewed in her mouth, she said while covering her mouth with one hand.

Without saying anything, Le Yi took up the small bowl and poured the rice into the small plate barely to its brim. That way, the gravy wouldn't be wasted any bit.

She carefully stirred the rice. During the process, the rice and the gravy were slowly mixed. It emitted an even more attractive fragrance, which increased one's appetite.

"It's so fragrant," Jiang Changxi swallowed up her braised pork and looked at Le Yi's rice.

"Indeed," looking at the red rice grains, Le Yi said contentedly.

Using the spoon for the noodle broth, she scooped up a mouthful of rice and quickly stuffed it into her mouth. Instantly, Le Yi was conquered by the dish. The sweetness of the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce matched the fragrance of the rice well and the two different tastes merged together subtly.

With a mere bite, she felt soft and elastic rice grains; the gravy

rushed around in her mouth and came back into the rice grains again, bringing about the fragrance once more. As a result, Le Yi directly carried up the plate and started to eat in an ungraceful manner.

"I am feeling a little regret," when Jiang Changxi saw Le Yi eating so blissfully, she grumbled. Then, she quickly picked up some noodles from the Clear Broth Noodle Soup with her chopsticks and stuffed into her mouth, smiling contentedly.

Just in a little while, Le Yi ate up the Gravy Rice in the small plate. One could hardly tell that the plate had been filled with any dish previously as it was extraordinarily clean.

"Boss, can I ask you a question?" Le Yi stopped Yuan Zhou and asked.

Yuan Zhou turned his head but did not agree. Le Yi said again, "Boss Yuan, why does the Braised Pork with Soy Sauce you made from rice tofu taste so good and has no difference from the genuine one?"

"Because I'm Yuan Zhou," Yuan Zhou said primly.

"Pardon?" Although Le Yi was a gentlewoman, she had never expected Yuan Zhou to say such words.

Even a reply of "It's not convenient to answer you" would be better than the current answer.

"What does that mean?" Le Yi put away her astonishment and asked again.

"It's what it literally means," Yuan Zhou frowned. His answer was obviously quite clear.

"So, if boss you are not called Yuan Zhou, you would be unable to cook a dish so delicious, right?" Le Yi said in a ridiculing manner.

"Yes," Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod and indicated seriously that Le Yi was right.

"Ho Ho..." Le Yi couldn't help laughing ironically.

At the side, the people who heard their conversation nevertheless felt that Yuan Zhou's answer was quite normal, as this question had been repeatedly asked by Wu Hai for at least several times and Yuan Zhou's answer had been identical every time.

Now Wu Hai was not here. But apart from him, there were many other people who heard that.

"Again, somebody asks this question," a customer said.

"I really love to see how Boss Yuan bullies others," another customer said.

"Nonsense. It's apparently a serious issue of 'Although you don't like me, you still wouldn't dare beat me up.' Look at the speechless manner of the two beautiful ladies."

These customers were all not surprised now. Instead, it was a lot of fun to watch others get surprised.

"Boss Yuan truly has a pair of skillful hands. Look at the several layers of the rice tofu. They really resemble meat very much," Jiang Changxi said while looking at Yuan Zhou's slender fingers.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded in order to prove Jiang Changxi was fairly right.

He then couldn't help recalling of the difficulty in cooking this dish of 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine.

In order to make the characteristic of lean and fat meat being evenly distributed of the streaky pork stand out, Yuan Zhou added a little more alkaline water in the bottom layer of the rice tofu, which was then made darker. He then put a heavy object above it to make it smooth. When the rice tofu solidified, Yuan Zhou put another layer of rice tofu, which was, on the contrary, tender this time.

Similarly, Yuan Zhou put six layers of rice tofu all one above another. The outermost layers were made the darkest and the layers of the lean meat were made darker than those of the fat meat. After being cut, it was basically the texture of the genuine Braised Pork with Soy Sauce.

Furthermore, Yuan Zhou ground the rice into the fine powder. Then, he prepared a bowl of dry rice flour and thick rice soup. The pieces of rice tofu were soaked first in the rice soup and then wrapped in the dry rice flour before they were fried in the pan one after another. When the outermost layers resembled the skin of the genuine Braised Pork with Soy Sauce, the crisp and soft pork skin was then ready.

It was easy to use words to say but Yuan Zhou had practiced for a whole night just to adjust the taste, in order to make it more similar to meat and use the culinary skills provided by the system deftly and precisely.

"Le Yi, how do you like it?" With a proud expression, Jiang Changxi revealed a cunning look on her pretty face.

"Thank you, Changxi. This dish finally testifies that my ancestor deserved his well-known reputation," on Le Yi's face revealed a gentle smile.

"You are welcome. You can bring your father here to taste the dish next time. He might be able to also cook the dish to such extent, I can frequently go over to your home to scrounge for food," Jiang Changxi spoke in a low voice for the latter part, thinking that nobody else could hear that.

Although Yuan Zhou heard her, he nevertheless said nothing. Unless her father had amazingly top-notch talents, he couldn't imitate this dish with merely a taste. Even if he had that, he must

also have the master-grade culinary skills and top-grade ingredients. If not so, he could hardly copy the dish cooked by Yuan Zhou.

The opening hours in the evening finally ended. Yuan Zhou had been expecting something ever since Jiang Changxi and her friend ate and left. Only just now did the system have some reactions.

The system displayed, "Since host has supplemented a new dish to the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine, the system hereby releases a delicacy as the reward."

The seemingly non-scanning introduction made Yuan Zhou much more delighted, "What kind of delicacy is it?"

The system displayed, "This delicacy currently has more than 2 ways of eating. Host, you need to continue endeavoring to level up. By then, the ways of eating could reach up to 100."

"What delicacy is it? Duck-related delicacy? But there were only 3 ways of eating it. Or is it the ways of eating the fish?" Yuan Zhou started to guess freely in various ways.

What was it that had more than two ways of eating and could even reach as many as 100? The imagination of Yuan Zhou instant overflowed, "Is it a banquet menu?"

The system displayed, "The reward has been released and is available to be received now."

It didn't answer Yuan Zhou's question, only displaying this sentence. Nevertheless, Yuan Zhou was fairly expectant. Although it had two ways of eating for now, it could increase to 100 ways in the future. Only the banquet had that many dishes, right?

What's more, it should be the level of the Man-Han Banquet, otherwise, how was it possible that it had so many varieties.

Yuan Zhou flipped to the reward and prepared to receive the eating method that could be upgraded to 100 ways. Did it seem to really be the Man-Han Banquet?

[Special Reward] Cooking Method of Palatable Food (available to be received)

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Chapter 159: The Morals Of The System

[Special Reward] Cooking Methods of Palatable Food
(available to be received)

With utmost excitement, Yuan Zhou tapped to receive it.

Then, he found that for those rewards that were gotten without accomplishing any missions, he'd better not to have any expectations.

The reward from the system conformed to its scamming property as always.

[Special Reward] Baked Egg Cakes (received)

It was, surprisingly, Baked Egg Cakes.

Where were the expected Banquet Dishes of the Man-Han Banquet? In Yuan Zhou's heart, a small person had started to overturn a table.

"System, didn't you say that it has more than 100 ways of eating?" Looking at the reward he had already received, Yuan Zhou asked in a really reluctant manner.

The system then indifferently displayed, "After Host has obtained all the sauces prepared, there'll be 222 ways of eating."

"Er..."

Yuan Zhou found himself to have nothing to say to answer.

"MDZZ," Yuan Zhou recovered and greeted the system friendly with the few words before straightaway going upstairs.

Yuan Zhou sat for a long time at the desk and, in the end, decided to turn on the computer to ease up his mood.

He turned on the computer. Yuan Zhou didn't actually like listening to songs in the evening, but when he found there were some unread messages on his microblog, he gave up his intention of watching movies and immediately opened his microblog page.

In the private message inbox, there was a row of 10 private messages, all coming from Meng Meng.

[Boss Yuan, let me recommend you a terrific congee restaurant.] from Meng Meng.

[I recommend a congee restaurant to you. Hope Boss Yuan can go over there for a taste.] from Meng Meng.

....

[It seems Boss Yuan really doesn't often browse the microblog. I hereby recommend a wonderful congee restaurant. The address has been enclosed.] from Meng Meng.

The consecutive tens of messages were almost all talking about the same matter.

[I got it and will go there.] from I'm Boss Yuan.

Yuan Zhou's answer was clear and concise.

Meng Meng had provided quite a lot of help to Yuan Zhou. There were several missions that had been accomplished with Meng Meng's help. Now that he was only asked to taste a delicacy, why wouldn't he agree?

[Oh, Jesus. Boss Yuan, you eventually replied me. Then do remember to savor it. It's really super delicious, though still inferior to yours.] in Meng Meng's replying messages, she complimented Yuan Zhou conveniently.

[Humm, I'm going offline now.] from I'm Boss Yuan.

Yuan Zhou was a vigorous and resolute person. Having turned off the microblog, he immediately started to identify the route and prepared to eat the porridge. Going to eat porridge meant that he needed to shut down the restaurant again, with yet no prior notice.

Since it was very late now, he could only do it tomorrow.

After he finished identifying the route and washing himself, Yuan Zhou went to bed and intended to sleep.

In the dream, the system changed into a physical form, a little yellow chicken. Yuan Zhou used his excellent knife skills to shave off all the feather of the chicken, even the fluff under the feather. In other words, he completely shaved the chicken.

After that, the chicken flapped its meaty wings and went around evading from Yuan Zhou's deadly chase. While sleeping, Yuan Zhou revealed a hint of a smile indicating a successful revenge.

"Ding Ling Ling, Ding Ling Ling"

The old-fashioned ringtone suddenly rang. Yuan Zhou checked the clock and found it was 6 in the morning, the right time to get up.

The reward of Baked Egg Cakes received by Yuan Zhou required some preparations first as it was to be the breakfast provided this morning.

For this reward, Yuan Zhou felt the system was clearly displaying "I am just joking with you" to him. If not, what was the matter of the previous gaudy introduction? Therefore, Yuan Zhou didn't really have any hope for that.

After receiving the cooking method, Yuan Zhou got to know that the rewarded Baked Egg Cakes was a specialty snack of Chengdu and originated from as early as the 23rd year of Dao Guang Emperor of Qing Dynasty, quite long time ago.

The ingredients required were nevertheless very simple. First and foremost were the ingredients of flour and eggs, then the brown sugar and white sugar for different tastes. The yeast for fermentation was an alternative, which would give it two different flavors.

With a sound of "Zhi Ya", Yuan Zhou opened a cabinet marked with the few words of Baked Egg Cakes, in which the green chicken eggs lay. The egg appeared to be dainty and cute, like the green bird eggs."

"What kind of eggs they are? The black-bone chicken eggs are supposed to be bigger than these ones," Yuan Zhou took one in his hand and its size became more apparent.

The system displayed, "The first-laid green-shell black-bone chicken eggs were laid by Hualv Black Chicken and Three Gorges Black Chicken, which are best suitable to live in Yi Chang. The green shell is a natural emerald green color. After meticulously cultivating, the egg is rich in many microelements. The content of the organic calcium is 6 times higher than that of ordinary eggs; and it has extremely low cholesterol, about 1/10 of that of ordinary eggs."

"The egg yolk of the green-shell egg cultivated by the system is 8% bigger than that of local chicken eggs; the egg white is dense

and is quite easy for digestion and absorption; the pigment of the egg yolk could reach up to around Roche grade 13 (usually it's about Roche grade 4-5 for ordinary eggs); contents of lecithin, Vitamins A, B, E and amino acid are 5-10 times that of ordinary eggs; both the ammonia β and γ globulin contained in the egg yolk are also higher than other ordinary eggs. Therefore, it's a top-grade tonic, which has functions of nourishing yin to supplement kidney, producing blood and invigorating energy, as well as strengthening physical body and invigorating the brain."

"The feed eaten by the hens are natural corn kernels, pricklyash seeds, kikyo skin, soybean stems and fresh green grass. It helps to increase the nutrient substances of the eggs by feeding the chicken in that way."

"Only the first clutch of eggs which are laid within 30-60 days are taken from the hens that are cultivated in that way. They are small, but the nutrient content is two times higher than eggs laid later."

"I'm just asking what kind of eggs they are? System, do you really need to forcibly act knowledgeable in front of me again?"

Yuan Zhou felt a crash in his heart. Every time in such cases, the system would remind him that his life was even worse and less promising than a chicken.

Then, Yuan Zhou took out forty eggs from the cabinet quietly and the flour from another. This time, Yuan Zhou wisely didn't ask about the background of the flour anymore. It was already frustrating to know his life was inferior to that of an animal.

Wouldn't it be more miserable if his life wasn't better than a plant?

In order to applaud himself for his resourcefulness, Yuan Zhou decided to eat four pieces of the Baked Egg Cake as a reward to himself.

Yuan Zhou took out the mask and wore it on his face before starting to make the yogurt filtrate of the Baked Egg Cake.

He took out the brown sugar and crushed it into fine particles. After blending some white sugar inside, Yuan Zhou added boiling water to let the sugar dissolve. Next, he took out the flour, sieved it and then split the sieved flour into two parts, one with the yeast added inside and the other without anything.

He picked up an egg with each of his hands at the same time and knocked them with a sound of "Peng". Then, the eggs broke apart and the liquid fell into two different bowls separately. With a very quick speed, Yuan Zhou broke apart 20 eggs. Afterward, he began to beat the egg liquid uniformly with his both hands again simultaneously.

The egg liquid and the sweet water were poured into the two bowls filled with different flour at the same time. Yuan Zhou evenly beat the mixture using wooden chopsticks with both hands. His right hand acted more quickly than the left hand. Only when the mixture in the right-hand bowl started to bubble did Yuan Zhou add the yeast inside. For the left-hand bowl, Yuan Zhou only stirred the mixture until it became smooth and then sieved it.

After being sieved, the bubbling flour paste had to be kept still until it didn't bubble anymore. Then, Yuan Zhou moved the bowl into a special fermenter for half an hour.

Nonetheless, the flour paste without adding yeast and free from fermentation could be used immediately.

The mixture ratio of the egg liquid and the flour was 1:2. A serving of these ingredients could be used to make 100 Baked Egg Cake.

Yuan Zhou began to grope in the cabinet below. After a sound of "Xi Xi Suo Suo", he took out a full set of special appliances used for the Baked Egg Cake.

This appliance was specifically used for cooking the Baked Egg Cake. One pot could only cook one Baked Egg Cake. Now that the system provided him with two such pots, he could cook two cakes at a time.

The appliance was made of yellow brass, glistening with golden light like the genuine gold. Actually, it wasn't an exaggerated statement if you called it the gold. As early as in Qin Dynasty about 2000 thousand years ago, the so-called gold was actually yellow brass.

Actually, Baked Egg Cake was just a half-moon-shaped pancake made of flour with various side dishes and meat stuffing inside.

Therefore, Yuan Zhou felt the system was scamming him again...

Chapter 160: Method Of Eating Baked Egg Cakes

Having quickly wiped and sterilized the appliance, Yuan Zhou began to cook the Baked Egg Cakes for himself as breakfast.

He first daubed the tasteless virgin maize oil on the surface of the brass pot and waited until it got hot.

He then poured a spoonful of the flour paste into the brass pot and spun the pot swiftly to make the flour paste cover the pot evenly. At the other side, he also poured the same amount of flour paste into the other brass pot and did the same thing before covering both pots with lids and waited for a moment.

He roughly counted the time and waited until the surface of the flour paste became solid. Then, Yuan Zhou removed the lids and scattered a spoonful of the beef mince into a pot and the blueberry jam into another. Having covered the pots with lids again and waited another 30 seconds for it to bake, Yuan Zhou then used a small pair of tongs to fold the cake and take it out.

The Baked Egg Cakes made in Yuan Zhou's closed restaurant emitted a strong sweet and fragrant egg flavor. It passed through the cracks of the door, out of the restaurant and hence, attracted the passerby to stop their steps and watch.

"What's Boss Yuan making? It's so fragrant," the customers who had ever been here for meals before said when they smelled the fragrance.

"It's true. Even my belly is grumbling," another person covered his belly and said in a convincing manner.

"It's not likely to be any of the previous food, judged by the smell. Is it a new kind of dish?" the customer revealed an expectant look.

"Dammit. He doesn't open the restaurant in the early morning, but makes delicious food for himself." With the sound "Da Da Da" from his footsteps, Wu Hai quickly went downstairs.

"It's still early. Look, even Xiaoyun hasn't been here yet," this customer apparently had abundant experience in lining up.

"Exactly. I'm almost drooling." A customer couldn't help gulping back his saliva.

"It's really so fragrant. Is this the scent of eggs?" someone carefully inhaled the fragrance and then said.

"Humm, there is supposedly also flour. With such fragrant and sweet flavor, it is definitely the new wheat," currently, the regular customer of Yuan Zhou's restaurant seemed to have much knowledge about food.

"I'm going to knock the door. Who wants to go with me?" Wu Hai indignantly walked to the door and said.

"What's wrong with you, Uncle Wu Hai?" At that time, Mu Xiaoyun, who had just arrived, asked him with her eyes widely open.

"Er... nothing," instantly Wu Hai's spirit wilted. In front of the little loli, he was rather restrained.

Then, the customers outside began to wait for Yuan Zhou to open the door.

At that time, Yuan Zhou was enjoying the rewards that he had offered to himself.

The Baked Egg Cake with spicy beef mince and the other with blueberry jam were placed at both sides of Yuan Zhou.

With his sharp olfactory senses, Yuan Zhou was already attracted by the fragrance of the food, hence directly picked up a Baked Egg Cake with beef mince and immediately gave it a bite.

"Ba Ji, BaJi", while the cake was being carefully chewed in the mouth, he first savored the fragrant and sweet flavor of the cake and then the spicy texture of the beef mince. As the flour paste of the cake had no yeast inside this time and thus had a tougher texture, which brought out the best of the beef jerky in the beef mince.

The spiciness stood out, as if it had dominated in the sweetness in the Baked Egg Cake, forming a fantastic taste together.

The Baked Egg Cakes made by Yuan Zhou were larger by a circle than those sold outside. However, one could still eat up the cake with three bites.

"Perfect match," Yuan Zhou muttered to himself, sighing with emotion.

As for the other Baked Egg Cake with blueberry jam, it was naturally devoured soon. Then, with the well-fermented flour paste, Yuan Zhou made another two Baked Egg Cakes. He only went to open the door contentedly after eating them up and drinking a cup of water.

"Morning, boss. It was so fragrant just now," Mu Xiaoyun walked into the restaurant first. While smelling the remaining faint scent, she asked curiously.

"Yeah, yeah. Have you developed a new dish? Serve me one. Hurry," Wu Hai walked inside in big strides in the wake of Mu Xiaoyun.

"The new dish is available today and this one is provided only," taking a glance at Wu Hai, Yuan Zhou didn't answer him and just said that while pointing at the price list.

"It truly is the new dish. Let me see what it is." The customers turned their heads and looked towards it one after another.

It was bright in the main hall and the sergestes landscape wall was quite pretty. So was the price list on the wall.

Baked Egg Cake, 168.8 RMB per serving

"Boss Yuan, 168 RMB is yet understandable. But what does the 0.8 RMB mean?" A customer asked in puzzlement.

"Money for the paper," Yuan Zhou's answer was clear and concise.

After all, he had also just paid 0.8 RMB himself.

"System, isn't 168 RMB just right? Why is it short of 3.2 RMB?" Looking at the payable number shown in his sight, Yuan Zhou was a little puzzled.

The system displayed, "Host, you used four pieces of paper to wrap the Baked Egg Cakes. The paper costs 0.8 RMB per piece."

"The system still remains the same. Hoho," Yuan Zhou was rather helpless. He then took out a note of 5 RMB and put it into the drawer. Shortly afterward, the system gave back the exact change of 1.8 RMB to him.

Therefore, Yuan Zhou was quite firm now while speaking of that.

"Do you mean this?" Wu Hai pointed to a wad of yellowing

rectangle paper beside Yuan Zhou's hands and asked.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"What's the Baked Egg Cake?" Wu Hai didn't really care much about that small amount of money. After knowing that, he focused his attention on eating.

"It's a specialty snack of Chengdu. Right now there are only two different tastes," Yuan Zhou straightforwardly brought out all the characteristics of the Baked Egg Cake.

"What you just said means nothing to me," Wu Hai felt that every time he talked with Yuan Zhou, he needed a translator in order to understand him well.

"Since there are two types of taste, then I want both," Wu Hai was still as wealthy as before.

"There are two different texture, soft and tough. Which one do you prefer?" Yuan Zhou had originally prepared two different flour pastes, hence naturally needed to ask that question.

"Do they really have much difference? Please, serve me one of each," Yuan Zhou had always been in charge of everything here. It was the first time that he asked for Wu Hai's opinion. And Wu Hai was not accustomed to it despite the flattered feeling.

"One moment, please," Yuan Zhou used the tough cake to wrap

the beef mince and the soft one to wrap the blueberry jam.

After the brass pot was heated, the heating time became shorter, which meant less time was required to make the cakes. In just one minute, two steaming hot Baked Egg Cakes were wrapped in straw paper and put on a blue and white plate.

"Enjoy your meal," Yuan Zhou pulled down the mask slightly and said.

"They are snacks, aren't they? Boss Yuan, you even serve snacks now? They look so delicious. I really want to taste it right away," a girl in line gazed at the plate of Wu Hai.

"Dishes cooked by Boss Yuan are always excellent based on the aspect of appearance," Wu Hai looked at the two plates, each shining more brilliantly in the other's company.

On the plate were the two crescent-moon shaped Baked Egg Cakes. The outer layer was golden yellow and the edges were brown and crisp. One of them was slightly thinner and revealed the red beef mince contained inside, while the other was a little thicker and revealed the dark purple blueberry jam.

"Blueberry jam and beef mince," Wu Hai pointed out the stuffing directly.

Yuan Zhou nodded and confirmed.

Wu Hai had always been interested in hot dishes and of course savored the Baked Egg Cake of spicy beef mince first and then the one with blueberry jam.

As a painter, Wu Hai didn't really dislike sweet food but, likewise, didn't love it much. However, this Baked Egg Cake with blueberry jam was really way too delicious and totally conformed to Wu Hai's understanding of sweet food.

With a simple bite, the brown and crisp edges immediately emitted a flavor similar to the caramelized sugar, with a slight hint of fleeting sweetness. However, in contrast, the soft texture of the inside layer of the cake offset the sweet and sour texture of the blueberry jam.

"Hua"

After Wu Hai ate one mouthful of the cake, the blueberry jam was slowly chewed in his mouth, like an intact blueberry, yet with a sort of milky fragrance.

One cake was spicy while the other was sweet. Both the tastes were made to their utmost best. Even if it was only a snack, it made people unable to put it down due to its extraordinarily delicious taste.

Cool!

On the other side, Mu Xiaoyun had started to accept the orders of

the customers in line just as how Yuan Zhou did just now.

Chapter 161: Courteous Practice

"I didn't eat my fill at all," Wu Hai said in conclusion.

Then, a terrific idea suddenly occurred to him. After turning around and leaving the restaurant quickly, Wu Hai went upstairs to his apartment, took a bottle of mineral water, and then came downstairs again. This time, however, he needed to line up to eat the cakes, of course.

However, he was not here to buy it by himself. He knew very well what one meal meant.

"Bro, I see you have been here for several times. Do you know me?" Wu Hai aimed for one person and patted his shoulder, asking.

"Yes. You come every day. So...?" The person looked like a cultured person, but spoke straightforwardly and bluntly.

"How many Baked Egg Cakes are you prepared to buy?" Wu Hai directly asked to the point.

"One for a taste," the person raised his eyebrows and answered straightforwardly.

"Great. Can you buy two and I pay for one of them so that you give one to me, no matter if it's spicy or sweet?" Wu Hai said with a serious expression on his face.

"No, I can't," the person refused decisively.

"Don't worry. Boss Yuan won't mind it. I have already studied his rules. As long as I eat it up, there'll be no problem," Wu Hai said naturally as if he had known about it quite well.

"I will probably get blacklisted." The person cared a lot about that. Although he couldn't eat here every day, it was nevertheless a good place to reward himself.

"I guarantee that won't happen," Wu Hai endeavored greatly to persuade the person. As for whether or not he offered anything else, it was unknown to others.

When it was the person's turn, Wu Hai finally got his wish fulfilled and ate another sweet Baked Egg Cake.

Nonetheless, Yuan Zhou had no reaction. Just as Wu Hai said, Yuan Zhou had already known about the bug, but he didn't add any other rules to make up for it in order to see if it would be counted as the loopholes of the system.

The system didn't react at all even after Wu Hai ate up the cake. At that time, Yuan Zhou opened his mouth, saying, "Whoever wastes food will be blacklisted directly."

"I know. Look, I have eaten up the cake, not leaving any slightest piece," Wu Hai showed his hands and said.

Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, stood at the azure stone countertop and said nothing, indicating consent to that.

After that, that person left in security.

The morning passed very quickly. Yuan Zhou had originally intended to go and savor the porridge after taking leave but eventually, he changed his mind. Only when the opening hours for lunch finished at 1:30 p.m. did Yuan Zhou change his clothes and set out.

Of course, he didn't forget his Master Chef Set, the taste-free chopsticks, and spoon, which were both required while drinking the porridge.

It was just 2:00 in the afternoon when he took a cab there. It was also a small restaurant. The restaurant owner seemed to be a family, with a couple and their ten-year-old son who appeared to be disabled.

When Yuan Zhou arrived, the business had been no so busy already. Out of the 7 tables in total, four were vacant. As for the remaining three tables, customers were all having their meals.

"Hi, Sir. What do you like to eat?" A plump middle-aged man who was dressed in clean clothes came up to greet Yuan Zhou with a smile.

Yes, here in this restaurant, it was the landlady who cooked the

porridge. The male boss greeted the customers.

"Rice congee and multi-grain porridge, one serving for each. And serve me three side dishes," Yuan Zhou looked at the menu and order his dishes directly.

"My porridge and dishes have an abundant amount. How many are there, sir?" The middle-aged man didn't go to the kitchen and report the dishes ordered immediately.

"It's only me, alone," Yuan Zhou answered affirmatively.

"Then I suggest you order one side dish and one serving of porridge. That way, you can not only eat your fill but also eat well." The middle-aged man showed him a warm smile.

The common suggestion of the middle-aged man made Yuan Zhou stunned for quite a while. Then, he said, "Ok. One serving of rice congee and side dish."

"They'll be served soon." When the man found Yuan Zhou accepted his proposal, he happily turned his head and started to report the dishes ordered.

"Trust me. The foods in my restaurant are definitely abundant and delicious," the middle-aged man even managed to find time to turn his head and said to Yuan Zhou proudly.

"Thank you," Yuan Zhou was lost in a daze and then thanked him

subconsciously.

"You are welcome. They'll be served very soon," as soon as he finished talking, the middle-aged man went to the kitchen, preparing to carry the dishes.

The rice congee and the side dish were all carried onto Yuan Zhou's table in a short while.

The serving of rice congee was filled in an earthenware pot and it was provided along with a small clean bowl and a spoon, as well as a dish of Spicy-Hot Shredded Kelps, which almost equaled to a plate's amount.

Yuan Zhou then took out his own chopsticks and spoon from his pocket and prepared to have a meal.

"The dinnerware is very clean," suddenly a puerile voice sounded beside him.

He turned his head and found the boy who had been in the wheelchair was beside him, with his small face filled with earnest.

"Humm. I'm just used to using mine," Yuan Zhou nodded and explained.

"Ok," the little boy then said no more and moved the wheelchair out of the restaurant.

Yuan Zhou began to take lunch due.

First, a spoonful of the rice congee was stuffed into his mouth after cooling slightly.

A stream of bland rice fragrance dispersed in his mouth. And the overcooked rice grains could basically be swallowed straightforwardly without chewing. With the chopsticks, he picked up a plant of kelp which tasted spicy and tender and a little salty.

The dish went well with the rice congee.

The porridge of the restaurant had, presumably, been boiled with slow fire. The rice was quite fresh, although it wasn't better than that provided by the system. However, from the harmonious relationships of the family members with happiness, he could judge the congee was filled with tenderness. Indeed, it was extraordinarily yummy.

As the shredded kelp had likewise just been prepared, the dish had a tender and refreshing texture. Along with the rice congee, the spicy and tender taste greatly increased his appetite. As a result, Yuan Zhou ate up all of them this time.

When Yuan Zhou paid the bill, the middle-aged man asked him enthusiastically, "Hey, how 's the meal? One serving of each is just fine for your appetite, isn't it? Next time you come here again, you can savor the multi-grains porridge, which is also tasty."

"Humm. I'll come again," with a nod, Yuan Zhou agreed earnestly.

"Young bro, remember to come next time," with the plain voice, the middle-aged man said earnestly.

When he had just gotten out of the door, the phone in his pants pocket rang. The notice that Yuan Zhou pasted on the door of his restaurant had worked as expected.

"Hello. Is that Boss Yuan?" From the other end of the phone came a polite male voice.

"Humm, What's the matter?" Yuan Zhou answered with a flat tone.

Nonetheless, he was still a little excited in his heart, after all his notice truly worked.

As for the content of the notice, Yuan Zhou indicated that it was very earnest and quite explicit.

Notice, the boss has an emergency to deal with and was out. If there are any take-out website looking for cooperation, please call me at this number.

After that were the signature and the phone number.

"I heard you have the intention to work with take-out websites. This is Dang Dang Take-Out. I want to talk with you about that," the man spoke out his purpose of the call with a fairly courteous manner.

"Sorry, I don't have that intention," Yuan Zhou refused politely.

"Oh, ok, sorry for disturbing you," the man then hung off the phone with a good attitude.

Then, the man began to shout, "Xiaowen, what's the problem with you? Didn't you say the boss had the intention? He refused bluntly just now."

"It can't be true. He clearly wrote on the door to call him," Xiaowen was a girl who wore glasses. She was surprised upon hearing that.

"Can't it be true? So you mean I misheard the refusal? Get down to your work seriously," apparently he was a senior worker of the company while Xiaowen was a new staff.

Even if she was criticized, Xiaowen dared not say anything, but just got back to her desk and started to work. However, she still felt quite curious in her heart.

Undoubtedly, she clearly saw the notice pasted on the door of Yuan Zhou's restaurant. How did she make that mistake? She then

decided to go and enquired about this issue after getting off work.

Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, answered two calls from take-out websites on the way back home. With the mission status showing (4/10), the completion of the mission seemed to be in sight. His plan was quite successful.

Chapter 162: An Anonymous Email

Yuan Zhou ran into Wu Hai when he arrived at his own restaurant.

"Boss Yuan, are you really going to cooperate with take-out websites? I can recommend some good ones to you," Wu Hai said enthusiastically.

"No, I am not," Yuan Zhou answered affirmatively.

"Then what did you paste on the door?" Pointing at the A4 paper on the door, Wu Hai revealed a manner of "I have seen it."

"Notice, indicating I am out," Yuan Zhou said primly.

"But you let the take-out websites call to contact you," the tone of Wu Hai was filled with absolute disbelief.

"Humm, this shows respect," Yuan Zhou said earnestly.

"Respect? Respect what?" Wu Hai really got puzzled. What exactly did he mean?

"If they call me for cooperation, I can personally refuse them. This is the basic courtesy of being a man," Yuan Zhou said quite seriously.

"Pardon?" Wu Hai had been stupefied for 3 minutes before he worked out the meaning of Yuan Zhou's words in his brain.

What the hell was this basic courtesy?

"Formerly, I felt I was the one with an eccentric temperament and was not easy to get along with. However, now I found out I'm wrong. Boss Yuan, you are actually much more eccentric than others. Compared to you, I have a really good temperament." Wu Hai suddenly burst out a long succession of words.

"No, you are wrong. I'm more easily to get along with," Yuan Zhou said affirmatively.

"Ho Ho. If it's not that you can cook the top-notch delicacies, Boss Yuan, you would definitely not be popular." Thinking of the appetizing dishes, Wu Hai couldn't help drooling.

"Nonetheless, I can. I have better relationships with others than you do," there was no pride in Yuan Zhou's manner of speaking, but only the affirmation of "This is the truth".

"Boss Yuan, you are so tough and arrogant," Wu Hai turned around and left speechlessly. He then prepared to go back and draw his pictures to ease up his mood. Anyhow, he was a well-known painter.

"Humm, thank you for your compliment," Yuan Zhou expressed his gratitude politely.

"I didn't mean to compliment you," Wu Hai supported his forehead and turned around before leaving.

However, the last sentence of Wu Hai was selectively ignored by Yuan Zhou. He then went back to his restaurant.

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When Yuan Zhou went back to the second floor after finish working all day long, he got some time to carefully think about the matters of the day.

He was greatly inspired by the male boss at noontime of the day. Afterward, he found a problem that had existed for a long time.

He didn't really eat up the dishes that he ordered when he went out for food tasting. There were even two times when he left without touching any of the dishes.

Treating others strictly and tolerating oneself, it was a common mistake that everybody would inevitably make. Although Yuan Zhou admitted that he was also a common person, he would never want to make such a mistake.

"It turns out that I am indeed a little impetuous," while sitting at the desk, Yuan Zhou let out a sigh.

Since no remedy could be figured out in a short time, Yuan Zhou decided to wash himself first.

People said that bathroom was where various inspirations burst out. Things might become better after showering.

Mistakes ought to be corrected. While showering, Yuan Zhou was also thinking of remedies. If not, what was the use only to know about one's mistakes? Anyhow, he was unlikely to apologize to them.

He carefully recalled the cause and effect of the matter and suddenly figured out a terrific idea.

After showering promptly and dressing quickly, Yuan Zhou ran back to his bedroom with heavy steps of "Dong Dong Dong" and turned on the computer to start checking.

Luckily that Yuan Zhou had gotten a good memory. He still remembered the two restaurants where he didn't finish eating before leaving.

The abalones restaurant was the one most easily found on the internet. The current official website had almost been filled with messages or comments such as "You swindler or you cheater..." However, they disappeared soon after the webpage was refreshed. Presumably, they should have been deleted by the administrator.

Yuan Zhou found the entry of private message on the official

website. Having considered for quite a while, he clicked the anonymous option and began to compose the email.

This email was written in formal letter format. Neither of the salutation nor greetings was missing. Yuan Zhou wrote all of them.

[Regarding the dishes in your restaurant, I would like to share with you some tips. If you are willing to listen, please continue to read. For the Roast Pork, the sweetness of the outer layer is more than normal while the middle layer is free from any sweet taste, which means the seasoning would not be even. The salting period is subject to the freshness and the size of the pork...; for the dish of Soy Sauce Stewed Chicken Claws,]

Yuan Zhou wrote about all the dishes that he had ordered that day including both the merits and demerits, which appeared to be quite formal. He might not be able to cook all those dishes, but it was not a problem to point out the problems that he tasted.

At the end of this email, Yuan Zhou wrote at the end "A person who once wasted food".

Having examined the letter once, Yuan Zhou found no wrongly written characters and straightforwardly clicked the "Send" button.

Apologies and remedies might not be accepted by others. All these means were just to make him feel better and not be condemned by his consciousness. Yet, this was considered to be a compensation of Yuan Zhou for him due to wasting food there.

After consecutively sending a few of such similar emails, Yuan Zhou then felt comfortable and started to sleep in peace.

However, the waves aroused by the email were just beginning to take shape.

Other restaurants wouldn't maintain the official website all the time, let alone when it was at night now. The abalone restaurant, nevertheless, was different. Due to the disputes of the wild and nurtured abalones, it was severely criticized and scolded by the furious customers.

Therefore, the maintenance staff of the official website of the restaurant was basically staying at the computer for 24 hours per day.

"Ding", the maintenance personnel Engineer Hu was deleting all the comments concerning personal abuse while eating the instant noodles. At that time, the computer rang.

"This guy didn't turn off the sound again," Engineer Hu spared one of his hands to turn off the sound and then entered the website's back-end, preparing to delete the email.

Emails sent at this period of the day were usually spam emails or ad emails. Engineer Hu didn't really want to read it and ruin his good mood.

Every email had a subject. Usually, emails with polite subjects were all for selling fake commodities, while those with violent subjects were personal abuse.

This one, nevertheless, was quite different. With the wording being normal, Engineer Hu somewhat became interested in reading the email. Among the emails with dirty words all over the screen, this rarely refreshing one, undoubtedly, seized his curiosity.

He tapped open the email and checked it. Then, he couldn't help muttering, "What the hell?"

"It's probably a genuine suggestion email without any dirty words. How miraculous!" Engineer Hu couldn't help saying.

Formerly, such suggestion emails were all immersed in the massive spam emails. By contrast, this email appeared extraordinarily conspicuous and pleasant among the numerous unfavorable emails scolding them as swindlers.

Therefore, Engineer Hu decided to forward this email to his superior to deal with. Anyhow, it could be considered as the welfare of people who were staying up late working. Although he didn't know if the suggestion was true, it was nevertheless better than those scolding emails.

The superior of Engineer Hu was, of course, a person working in the restaurant. When he saw such sincere and earnest suggestions, he also couldn't help feeling happy and contented, hence decided

to send the email to the head chef of the restaurant.

Whatever happened, it was better than that no customers came for meals and they got scolded every day.

The email was then forwarded upward one level after another until it finally went to the computer of the head chef.

It was 12:00 midnight. Head Chef Bai watched the unsettled abalone affair on the official website and frowned helplessly. When he was about to turn off the computer and go to sleep, he received the email, the one from Yuan Zhou.

The several people consisting of Engineer Hu and his superior were all amateurs thus didn't really understand the accuracy of the suggestion concerning which part of pork requiring different time to deal with, which was mentioned in the email. Chief Chef Bai, however, was different. With just a rough scan, he knew the email was undoubtedly from a professional person.

When he carefully studied it again, he found the suggestions were surprisingly all about the improvements of the signature dishes of the restaurant. For some of them, Chief Chef Bai was in great favor of. This was like painting; for some problems, the painter couldn't see while others could easily point out.

Therefore, Yuan Zhou's suggestions also offered useful guidance from a strategically advantageous position.

On-lookers see more than players. These words applied to Head Chef Bai best. He knew that many dishes needed to be improved, but couldn't manage to discover where he should start. Yet, for some other suggestions, Chief Chef Bai just smiled but didn't actually agree.

Taking the dish of Soy Sauce Stewed Chicken Claws for example, the claws usually required some special means to make it easily chewed. In the email, however, the person who offered the suggestions told that only longer heating time was needed to make it soft. That was absolutely impossible as this dish was improved by Chief Chef Bai personally.

He carefully studied the email for the whole night and still didn't feel sleepy at all in the morning. Instead, he felt rather motivated, therefore he cleaned himself and went out of his bedroom, preparing to try the suggested means that he was in favor of.

Chapter 163: Free Publicity

Not knowing how impatient Head Chef Bai was, Yuan Zhou woke up early as usual and prepared the food for breakfast. It was naturally the Baked Egg Cakes, which could be provided up to 200 pieces every day. For one egg mixed with flour, 5 cakes could be cooked. Such proportion was perfect to provide the best taste.

The first customer Yuan Zhou met in the early morning was the staff of the take-out partner Xiao Wen rather than a real customer.

"You are Boss Yuan, aren't you?" Xiao Wen ran into the restaurant with quick steps, even ahead of Mu Xiaoyun.

"Yes, I am," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"Good. Yesterday you pasted a notice on the door saying to look for take-out partners. We happen to be in this business. Can we have a talk?" Looking at the people in a long line behind, Xiao Wen said with an embarrassed manner.

"No need. I refuse," Yuan Zhou refused flatly.

"If it's the timing problem, I can wait until you are free and talk to you later," Xiao Wen was rather persistent.

"I'm sorry. The business hours are going to start now. What do you like to eat?" Yuan Zhou asked politely.

"Boss Yuan, what do you think of my proposal?" Xiao Wen really didn't understand.

"I'm sorry, but I don't need it, thus I refuse. Business hours have arrived," after finish speaking, Yuan Zhou said no more and just waited for Mu Xiaoyun to report him the dishes that were ordered.

"But the notice that you pasted yesterday...?" She was interrupted by the customers waiting to order dishes even before she finished talking.

The morning time was always quite tense. When they discovered Xiao Wen didn't intend to eat, the customers behind her immediately pushed her out of the line. After all, Yuan Zhou's restaurant was only 30 square meters or so.

"This boss is really odd," Xiao Wen complained at the door of the restaurant angrily.

However, it didn't really affect those customers and breakfast time still finished on time. The 200 Baked Egg Cakes, naturally, were sold out. After all, he ate 4 cakes and there were only 196 left for the customers.

When breakfast time had barely finished, the phone in Yuan Zhou's pants pocket rang. He wiped his hands dry and answered the phone. He had thought it from any take-out partners, but the voice that came from the other end told him it was not.

"Bro, just wait for me to send you a great gift," at the other end of the phone, Sun Ming said that from nowhere.

"What do you mean?" Yuan Zhou asked back directly.

"Haha, you'll know it then," after that, Sun Ming hung off the phone bluntly.

"This guy is always doing inexplicable things." Yuan Zhou held the phone and watched the screen for a while before putting it back into his pocket.

Then he began to clear up the kitchen. Although the system would clean the restaurant automatically, it was the obligation of the chef to keep the kitchen clean, except washing bowls of course.

Sun Ming started to rub his hands together as if he were going to do something big.

The matter that made Sun Ming quite excited was, nevertheless, very simple. In their foodie forum, somebody privately organized an activity, to display one's own list of cuisines.

This was to recommend indirectly the places where they believed there were tasty dishes. This forum was originally set up for foodies, which could be easily judged from its name "Danshi Forum".

Sun Ming would occasionally wander around in the forum when

he was free. For the past half month, however, he had been busy with purchasing goods and checking the stock count, hence didn't touch the computer at all. Once he had time to log in to the forum and check the latest information, he obviously saw the notifications at the top.

When Sun Ming tapped open the notification and saw the content, it was already fairly late. This was because the first place was about to be decided.

The first place appeared to well deserve the rank. The candidate listed details of several restaurants where he had breakfast, what he ate and the location of the restaurants, as well as the reasons why they were unknown to others.

The lunch was described complexly and sincerely. There were detailed introductions of all restaurants that he had gone to and each dish he had eaten. So was the dinner.

The candidate was apparently good at writing. The description of the cuisines increased people's appetite as soon as they read it. After checking, Sun Ming discovered that the post had been released five days ago. While scrolling the page downward, he found somebody replied that he had already gone there to taste the dishes and they were truly quite nice.

The comments below were all about compliments, which, nevertheless, left Sun Ming unconvinced.

"Even such simple descriptions could get you first place? No, no.

The first place has to be mine," Sun Ming didn't feel good with that.

Then he began to carefully study those restaurants.

"I have been to these few restaurants before. Although the taste is not bad, it's not as good as described in the post. What the f*ck is the so-called humane taste? As long as it's cooked by a man, the dish would obviously have humane taste. What's more, is humane taste even edible?" Sun Ming muttered disdainfully.

The restaurant that was described as having humane taste left an extremely bad impression on Sun Ming. Of course, he had decent reasons.

Originally, Sun Ming was a senior foodie, who often looked for delicacies throughout alleyways. He heard from others that the Hand-Pulled Noodles cooked in this restaurant was extraordinarily yummy and the master was from JinCheng. It was said that the chef had learned in a century-old restaurant over there and hence had a genuine craftsmanship.

For the sake of his reputation, he would surely go for a taste. Therefore, he dragged Monkey and went there in company.

"Sun, are you sure it's over here?" Monkey didn't like walking. In just a little while, he asked.

"Yes, trust me," Sun Ming said affirmatively.

"We have already entered the residential quarters. Didn't they say it's located outside?" Monkey asked curiously.

"Such residential quarters have paths going inside and outside. Why can't we just go inside and have a look?" Sun Ming surely wouldn't admit that he came into the residential area by mistake. Instead, he appeared to be quite familiar with this place.

"Alright," Monkey then said no more and kept walking with Sun Ming in company.

Coincidentally, although the restaurant was opened outside the residential quarters, its kitchen was nevertheless located at the very back of the restaurant and the back door led to the inside of the residential quarters. It was already 2:00 in the afternoon when they arrived. The back door of the kitchen happened to be open and a man dressed in chef uniform and with a hat worn obliquely was sitting at the door.

There were few people in the residential quarters; therefore, his actions were rather ungraceful. With the slippers on the ground, he crossed his legs barefooted and occasionally scratched the foot with his hands. The disgusting actions directly made Sun Ming and Monkey throw up.

Before they got time to make some comments, there passed a voice from the main hall of the restaurant, "A bowl of Second-Thinnest Hand-Pulled Noodles."

"Coming," the man stood up rapidly and walked to the kneading board before taking up the dough and starting to knead the dough with his hands without even washing them. The two of them instantly got astounded by the scene.

"This is the delicious hand-pulled noodles that you heard?" Monkey stared blankly at the restaurant in front of them and asked.

"No. I was cheated by others," Sun Ming answered without any hesitation.

"Don't talk about any noodles with me for the following month," Monkey felt it that this was a bowl of hand-pulled noodles with an interesting taste.

There were simply no other noodles that had better taste than that.

Afterward, they left decisively and turned to eat Old Lee's Roast Duck to ease up their astonished mood.

That candidate also mentioned another snack of Baked Egg Cakes that was said to be the most authentic in Chengdu district. Sun Ming had already known that Yuan Zhou also served it. Although he hadn't tasted that yet, how was it possible that anyone could cook better than Yuan Zhou?

The next moment, he rolled up his sleeves and started to write

his post.

First, he compiled a post with the subject One-Day Stay in Yuan Zhou's Restaurant, in which he recorded in detail, the various edibles in Yuan Zhou's restaurant and how to wittily eat more delicacies. Of course, the special rules in Yuan Zhou's restaurant were nevertheless indispensable.

This was the one that truly ought to be in first place.

As Sun Ming discovered this competition much too late, it wasn't beneficial for others to vote now. Suddenly, an inspiration occurred to him. He directly sent the link of his post into the foodie group of Wechat and strenuously called his foodie friends to vote for it.

"Bro, I can only help you to such extent," with a solemn expression, Sun Ming said to the computer.

Chapter 164: Sweet Rice Cracker

All that Sun Ming did was naturally unknown to Yuan Zhou. When Jiang Changxi came to the restaurant again, noon had just arrived.

"Boss Yuan, I'm here again," she walked into the restaurant, with a smile.

There were only a few customers, who were all earnestly savoring the delicacies, at that time.

"What would you like to eat?" Yuan Zhou asked politely as usual.

"Sigh. Boss Yuan, you are always so cold to me," Jiang Changxi turned on her daily teasing mode.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded and waited for her to order the dishes.

"Boss Yuan, you'll become more and more unlovable by treating me that way," Jiang Changxi said, pretending to be serious.

This time, Yuan Zhou just kept silent. As a man, he only needed to be handsome rather than lovable. He was just a handsome single man.

"Sweet Rice Cracker of the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine," Jiang

Changxi's teasing was always to a moderate extent. After that, she said the dishes she wanted conveniently.

"Ok. Please come at the same time tomorrow," Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod and said as usual.

"Then what shall I eat today?" Jiang Changxi didn't expect she had to wait until tomorrow for this dish.

"Anything you please," Yuan Zhou gestured that she could order whatever she liked to eat.

"I still want to eat the rice cuisine. What about Tiny Rice Balls?" Having considered for quite a while, Jiang Changxi still liked to eat the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine. She liked to eat it and, meanwhile, could embarrass Yuan Zhou that way.

"Please read the rules behind you," Yuan Zhou showed to her the rules on the wall.

Each customer could only order a dish once for each meal every day.

"But what I ordered just now is Sweet Rice Cracker. Now it's Tiny Rice Balls," Jiang Changxi said that.

"Both belong to 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine," Yuan Zhou answered to the point.

"But the Baked Egg Cakes sold in the morning were also served with two different tastes. Doesn't it violate your own rules?" Jiang Changxi said affirmatively with a cunning smile on her face.

"Beef mince and blueberry jam belong to special plate 22 and 13," not being swayed by her words, Yuan Zhou just said with a calm look.

"Boss Yuan, your words make a lot of sense. I don't even know what to answer," Jiang Changxi was rather speechless. Then she chose to leave quietly.

Luckily, she had already gotten used to Yuan Zhou's scams, hence came to Yuan Zhou's restaurant again at noon the next day as usual, waiting to eat the Sweet Rice Cracker.

Sweet Rice Cracker was a rare snack when she was little. The Sweet Rice Cracker of that decade was quite different from the current one. The craftsman who made the puffed rice didn't ask for money, but two kilos of rice for one kilo of the snack.

The Sweet Rice Cracker, of course, cost a little more. It required three kilos of rice for one kilo of the snack under the condition that the villagers provided the sugar. Only with that would the craftsman agree to make it. However, customers coming for the puffed rice were more than those that came for Sweet Rice Cracker. Every time the person came, the fragrance of sugar melting could be smelled by the villagers around.

Therefore, the dish of Sweet Rice Cracker ordered by Jiang Changxi was just made from rice.

After the opening hours of breakfast ended, Yuan Zhou started to prepare for the Sweet Rice Cracker.

Yuan Zhou naturally knew about the Sweet Rice Cracker. Coincidentally, Yuan Zhou liked to eat puffed rice the most in his childhood, the kind which was also made from rice.

"System, do we have the Jing Rice?" Yuan Zhou thought for an instant and then asked.

The system displayed, "It has been placed in the cabinet."

"That's good." With a nod, Yuan Zhou took out about 250 grams of the rice from inside the cabinet.

The planting of the Jing Rice had a very long history and could be traced back as early as 6900 years ago. The place of origin was basically in the northeast region, but the one that used by Yuan Zhou was from Suhang region, to the south of the Yangtze River, which was well known as the land of fish and rice.

The late-season round Jing Rice produced in this region was in translucent white color. It had small belly white and moreover the rigid particles took up the majority. The rice had a very good quality and carried a sort of particular rice fragrance of the land of fish and rice. Besides, both the viscosity and oiliness of the rice

were high when cooked, bringing about a soft and delicious taste.

It couldn't be better to use this kind of rice grains as the major ingredient for Swell Candy Rice.

While taking the rice, Yuan Zhou wore thin gloves to protect the rice grains from being contaminated. After all, the rice grains couldn't be washed.

What Yuan Zhou used was a primitive puff rice machine, which required the most delicate craftsmanship. Specifically, it required very high proficiency and good command of heat control. Otherwise, the puff rice wouldn't be eatable and it would be quite disgraceful.

The manual machine emitted a slight noise of "Zhi Ya". Yuan Zhou watched the machine carefully with great focus to judge the temperature inside the firepot.

When the Sweet Rice Cracker was almost done, Yuan Zhou suddenly asked, "Can the sound be eliminated?"

The system displayed, "This kind of hand-type machine uses great air pressure to make the explosions, so the sound cannot be eliminated. However, you can turn on the segregation mode."

"As long as it isn't heard by people outside, it'll be good," Yuan Zhou didn't want others to hear the loud sound. It would be much too troublesome to explain the sudden big sound from the

restaurant.

After the necessary preparations, Yuan Zhou began to uncover the machine filled with the puff rice.

With a sound of "Peng", the white and fat puff rice dropped into the connecting cloth bag.

Yuan Zhou revealed a smile of reminiscence. Such familiar sound had long disappeared from people's life.

The system naturally prepared all the tools necessary, including a small wooden box to shape the Sweet Rice Cracker and a hard bamboo knife to cut it into small pieces.

Nonetheless, the most important thing for now was to melt the sugar.

Sugar melting consisted of water melting and oil melting. The water melting was simple to operate and easy to do, but the sugar syrup melted this way wasn't transparent in color. Also, it had a slightly different taste and hence couldn't melt well with the puffed rice.

The oil, however, differed from that. It was difficult to control the flame while the sugar was being melted. Yuan Zhou nevertheless, didn't really want it to become overcooked. But comparatively, the oil-melting sugar was superior to the water-melting sugar, as it was sweet in taste; smooth in texture, and

bright in color.

Of course, Yuan Zhou chose to use the oil to melt the sugar. He added some edible oil in the wok and then poured the white sugar into the oil to let it melt. With a wooden spoon slowly stirring the oil, the white sugar gradually melted and the fragrance of the sugar likewise slowly emitted.

When the white sugar completely melted and became yellowish, Yuan Zhou turned off the fire and poured the warm puffed rice into the big wok and then swiftly stirred it evenly. After that, he poured the puffed rice into the box again to make the final shape.

"Hua La", Yuan Zhou scraped the extra sugar liquid with the bamboo knife. After being made smooth, the Sweet Rice Cracker emitted fragrance along with heat and was then placed aside to cool.

Having wiped the perspiration, Yuan Zhou pulled open the door and found that Jiang Changxi was already waiting out there next to Mu Xiaoyuun.

"Boss Yuan, you were definitely making the Sweet Rice Cracker just now," Jiang Changxi sniffed using her nose at the fragrance from the melting sugar.

"Humm, it'll be ready in no time," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"I'm looking forward to it. Then I'll wait a bit longer," Jiang

Changxi sat in her chair quietly and started to wait.

As a three-lost woman, it was rare for her to be so quiet and obedient.

Yuan Zhou just disregarded her. He took up the box of Sweet Rice Cracker and directly turned the box upside down, leaving the snack on the azure stone countertop that was covered with the bamboo mat. It was no longer scalding but still soft. Then he picked up the sharp bamboo knife and began to cut it.

The Sweet Rice Cracker was easy to cut when it was neither too rigid or too soft.

"It smells so good. I want to eat right now," Jiang Changxi stood up and leaned her upper body on the countertop ungracefully.

"Watch out for your drool," with a mask covering his mouth, Yuan Zhou's voice was a little hollow but still could be heard.

Jiang Changxi wiped her mouth indifferently and didn't care when she found there was none. She just gazed at Yuan Zhou cutting the Sweet Rice Cracker.

"Keep away from it, otherwise your drool will drip inside," this time, Yuan Zhou made the point clear. However, it only made her restrain herself a little bit.

Right now, the 2cm thick and 25cm wide Sweet Rice Cracker had

fully occupied all of her heart and mind.

On the surface of the Sweet Rice Cracker, there was a bright, sunny yellow layer, which wrapped the white puffed rice grains arranged orderly. It emitted a tempting scent and simply made people recall their childhood when they were waiting for the instant that the Sweet Rice Cracker was ready while drooling from their mouth.

How eager she was to eat it immediately.

Chapter 165: Effect of Publicity

The Sweet Rice Cracker made by Yuan Zhou was exactly the same kind which he had eaten in his childhood. It had no other ingredients, only rice and sugar. Of course, they also added some peanuts or sesame seeds inside sometimes formerly, but most of the time they didn't.

Yuan Zhou pressed down the Sweet Rice Cracker gently and easily cut it with the bamboo knife into pieces. Every piece was about finger-width thick and finger-length long, a perfect size to enter the mouth. Yuan Zhou took out a white plate and placed 8 pieces of the Sweet Rice Cracker in it before carrying the plate to Jiang Changxi.

"Here's your Sweet Rice Cracker," Yuan Zhou signaled to her that it was available to eat now.

The Sweet Rice Cracker was most delicious at that moment. It had just been thoroughly cooled, bringing along with it the sweetness of the sugar liquid and the crispness of the popped rice grains.

"Humm," Jiang Changxi answered vaguely. Then, she directly picked up a piece of the Sweet Rice Cracker with the hand and impatiently stuffed it into her mouth.

With a sound of "Peng", she bit one piece off and started to munch it.

Immediately, Jiang Changxi felt as if she had gone back to her childhood. The sweet and fragrant taste as well as the fresh crispness was very refreshing back then. When she was little, there were only a few snacks for sale. Therefore, she wouldn't feel that the sweetness was too much. Even now, she hadn't expected that the sweetness wouldn't be too much, either.

Having eaten up one piece, she finally swallowed up the saliva in her mouth. Only then did Jiang Changxi take up the chopsticks and knock on the Sweet Rice Cracker. It was not loose at all. During her childhood, the craftsman always did that after preparing the snack in order to prove he had used up all the sugar brought by the villagers and never stolen any.

Jiang Changxi nevertheless didn't do that for that purpose. However, only Sweet Rice Crackers that weren't loose could be considered delicious.

"It's really crisp and super delicious. It seems that there is no dish of the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine that could baffle Boss Yuan." Jiang Changxi sighed with emotion while blissfully eating the Sweet Rice Cracker.

What was rare was that she could still speak clearly with a full mouthful of the snack and make herself understood.

"Humm, thanks for your compliments." Yuan Zhou was always open to any form of compliments. After all, he deserved it.

The Sweet Rice Cracker chewed in Jiang Changxi's mouth

emitted sweet sound of "Ka cha Ka cha". One could imagine how yummy the snack was.

In a moment, Yuan Zhou's shop became busier.

On the other side, somebody was likewise looking for Yuan Zhou.

"Presenter Lu, so we are going to record Yuan Zhou's restaurant for this edition, right?" A staff member, who was dressed in a white shirt printed with a television logo, confirmed again.

"Yes. You also read the post on the internet, didn't you? Let's go record an edition of the program when it's still a hot topic," the Presenter Lu said indifferently while examining his costume.

"But there's probably no customers at this period of time," the staff member reminded him kindly.

"Then it's the perfect time for us to record the cooking process of that boss. Let's imitate the 'A Bite of China' and then make up a story. Then the program is done," Presenter Lu raised his head and said confidently.

"Alright. Then I'll start to make the preparation," the staff member took notes of the program procedures and then began to make arrangements.

"Zi", after a screech of brake, all the staff members of the programme division arrived.

"Come on, come on. Move these things down and put them here. They'll be used later," the staff members got off the van first and started to give commands while Presenter Lu got off the van after them and freshened his appearance.

Speaking of them, they were from a county-level local TV station. The program of Presenter Lu was called "Folk Talent", which specifically looked for the craftsmen who had unique skills and craftsmanship in ordinary times. Of course, foodies were ruling the society right now and the crafts that they were looking for were naturally all about foods.

For this particular program, however, it wasn't very successful and always had average popularity. There were basically two reasons. One was the problem of the broadcasting time, which was set after 11:00 late at night. Whoever watched the food program in this period of time was basically torturing themselves. The other one was the problem of the hosting and filming style.

It's also because that the staff who was looking for source materials recommended to them a post in the foodie forum that they came here to record the program this time.

It was 3:30 in the afternoon. With the restaurant doors open widely, Yuan Zhou was seated at the door and leafing through the take-out dishes, preparing to complete the mission without anybody knowing his purpose.

When Presenter Lu and the staff members came up and prepared

to enter the restaurant, Yuan Zhou raised his head and said, "It's not opening hours, so I won't entertain any customers."

"Are you just a waiter or the boss?" Presenter Lu stopped and turned his head to ask him.

"Boss," after that, he lowered his head down and continued doing his own things.

"You are the boss. That's good. We are now preparing to record a program concerning a story about the Baked Egg Cakes in your restaurant. Certainly, you must cook it yourself," the manner of speaking of Presenter Lu's was neither arrogant nor imperious. It's just quite natural.

It was indeed so. Even if his program was not popular, he was from the TV station. Who would decline the precious opportunity to make free publicity on TV? The advertisement campaign on TV was known to be charged on basis of seconds. It was definitely something to be sought just to make a separate edition of the program for one particular dish.

Even big chain hotels wouldn't refuse the precious offer and would endeavor to cooperate with them, not to mention such a small restaurant of Yuan Zhou's.

"I don't have the intention to agree," Yuan Zhou said bluntly, appearing to be not cooperative at all.

"Well, I haven't made any self-introductions. We are the staff members of the program 'Folk Talent' from XX TV station. This is my employee's card," while speaking, Presenter Lu handed his employee's card to Yuan Zhou.

"Thanks, but I refuse," with a frown, Yuan Zhou didn't intend to receive and check the card and instead, still refused flatly.

"I haven't finished yet. This is a program recording of your restaurant, for free. We don't charge anything," Presenter Lu said with a proud expression on his face.

"I don't think you guys understand what I mean. I mean, I refuse," Yuan Zhou stood up and said seriously.

"Er...." however talkative he was, Presenter Lu choked.

They had never encountered such an embarrassing situation. Even those who didn't believe in them at first would still cooperate with them happily after they told them it was for free and they checked their working permit. What was the matter with the boss? Presenter Lu frowned and didn't really understand him.

"Presenter Lu, shall we take Plan B?" Realizing the embarrassing atmosphere, a staff member behind said in a low voice.

"What an eccentric person," Presenter Lu was reluctant to admit failure and spitted out a word at last.

"Indeed. We are offering him free publicity but he still refused." The staff members also had complaints. During normal times, all store owners spoke well of them and flattered them. No one was like this Boss Yuan, who didn't respond to them at all.

"Stop it. Let's take Plan B. Put everything away and leave now," Presenter Lu straightforwardly interrupted the complaints from the staff members.

Dozens of people moved quickly in clearing up all the things. Just in a little while, they packed everything in the van and then left.

Yuan Zhou sat back down on his seat calmly and continued doing his own stuff. At that time, Boss Tong couldn't help craning her neck and asking, "Yuan Zhou, are those people from TV station? Why did they come and go so quickly?"

"Humm, I don't want to be recorded," Yuan Zhou said disdainfully.

"Record what? Your restaurant or something else?" The skinny face of Boss Tong was filled with curiosity.

"Record my cooking process," Yuan Zhou explained.

"That's a good thing. Why do you refuse? That's a free publicity. Many want it but are not able to get it." Watching them disappear in her sight, Boss Tong heaved a sigh.

"They didn't yet inform me beforehand and tried to record the program as soon as arrived. It's not the right way," Yuan Zhou brought out his reason.

"People from TV station always have some air of arrogance. So what? But you can get your own benefits from the program," Boss Tong responded with sincere words and earnest wishes.

"Don't worry, Aunt Tong. I just don't want to spoil them. It doesn't matter," Yuan Zhou felt his heart warm towards Boss Tong's kind heart.

"Yeah, that makes sense. Your good business also brought about more business to me. And your culinary skills are definitely top-grade," when Boss Tong recalled of the long line of customers at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant every day, she then stopped persuading him and talked about something else with a smile.

"That's because Aunt Tong washes clothes well," facing his old neighbor, Yuan Zhou appeared to be more talkative.

Chapter 166: Mission Accomplished

It turned out that the TV station was truly quicker than others by one step, really only one step ahead. At 4:30 in the afternoon, when Yuan Zhou was making preparations to open the door, there suddenly appeared a person, specifically, a man at the door.

He was dressed in a white shirt and khaki pants and had an object that looked like a book in his hand. With a black and wide-brimmed sun hat on his head, he wore a pair of round glasses and also had a little beard. Compared with Wu Hai, he appeared to be more like an artist.

He went up to check the street number carefully and then said, "I'm Zi Yan. I heard the dishes here are especially yummy. That's why I come here to savor them as per the menu."

As soon as he opened his mouth, he spoke slightly ancient words. Luckily, Yuan Zhou managed to understand him, "It's to be opened for business at 5:00. There are still twenty minutes left."

"No problem. Sorry to trouble you," the man called Zi Yan nodded with a gentle smile on his face.

"Humm." Having nodded, Yuan Zhou walked into the restaurant and started to prepare the ingredients.

"You are truly a boss with a personality," seeing Yuan Zhou turn around and leave without hesitation, Zi Yan heaved a sigh with emotion and said.

After that, he took out the object that looked like a book and turned over the cover. Only then, it was found that it wasn't a book. The cover was just cardboard and the inside were some printed paper sheets. They looked like something about addresses and dishes.

The biggest paper sheet was the menu of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

Right on it was a detailed record of things like what to eat for breakfast and for dinner. Zi Yan, nevertheless, was about to have dinner according to this menu.

"Dinner—drinks: a cup of Watermelon Juice (This is the only drink in the restaurant, but it really has a particular texture and a fresh and delicious taste. Furthermore, it gives people a feeling of chewing the watermelon without melon pulp and of course the seeds.)"

"Main food: provided you still have enough money, I recommend three dishes and one soup to you. However, the soup is quite distinctive."

"A serving of Egg Fried Rice Set includes a bowl of soup. It is a high-leveled soup (natural, refreshing and most delicious, but without any bit of MSG as seasoning.)"

"By the way, it also has a serving of pickled radish. I suggest you guys savor it carefully. The radish is fresh, crisp and appetizing, with a slight hint of sweetness in the radishes."

"As for the meat dish, personally, I recommend the Phoenix-Tail Prawns (It's really an enjoyment to watch Boss Yuan skillfully use the knife to process every prawn like a work of art. Nevertheless, throughout the whole process, he wouldn't touch the prawn meat. According to Boss Yuan's own words, the pure fresh and sweet taste of the prawn meat could be maintained to the utmost extent that way.)"

"Jinling Grass is of course the only vegetable dish in the restaurant. This dish is not served all the time and is quite troublesome to be dealt with (It's mainly because Boss Yuan is so picky with the ingredient that it is unendurable by others. Out of 500 grams, other people take 100 grams at most, but he, unexpectedly, takes only 50 grams. If he's asked where the remaining ingredient goes, he would tell you it's recycled. Refreshing and tender, the finished dish is alike to the green jade.)"

"Naturally, for those who weren't so wealthy, a serving of Egg Fried Rice nevertheless well deserved the trip."

The menu was written by Sun Ming himself. As he had personally witnessed these dishes, his writing was extraordinarily appetizing. Zi Yan, nevertheless, was just the one who had been tempted by Sun Ming's writing.

He raised his wrist and checked the time, finding it was just right. Then, Zi Yan walked into the restaurant.

At first, he was touched by the surroundings inside the

restaurant. With a simple glance, he caught sight of the plain but clean kitchen, and the tasteful tables and chairs. The most attractive thing was undoubtedly the Ornamental Sergestes Wall Landscape, splendid and magnificent.

"Are these living shrimps?" Zi Yan went up and had a look before asking.

"Humm, they are sergestes," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"This is a really wonderful idea," when Zi Yan found it was actually a door after carefully checking, he said admiringly.

"Yes, indeed," Yuan Zhou answered immodestly.

"Then Boss Yuan, can I order the dishes now?" The clear voice of Zi Yan carried an air of expectation.

"Yes, sure," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"This is the menu. What do you need?" Mu Xiaoyun said to him at the side.

"Ok," Zi Yan first agreed and then he turned his head and took out his own menu to compare.

As expected, one had to have plenty of money to have meals here.

"One serving of Egg Fried Rice Set, Phoenix-Tail Prawns and Jinling Grass as well as the Watermelon Juice," Zi Yan ordered the dishes exactly the same to the menu in his hand.

"I'm sorry. The Watermelon Juice is provided for only 100 cups every day. It has been sold out today," Mu Xiaoyun answered politely.

"I don't seem to have the fortune to drink it today. Maybe next time," Zi Yan first heaved a sigh and then said.

"Err... the remaining dishes are all available," Mu Xiaoyun didn't get used to Zi Yan's way of speaking and only answered him after hesitating for a while.

"There's no utmost perfection in the world. That's ok. Thank you, little girl," Zi Yan said to Mu Xiaoyun with a smile.

"No need. You are welcome," Mu Xiaoyun thanked him repeatedly before reporting the dishes to Yuan Zhou in the kitchen.

Yuan Zhou's habit was to cook the Egg Fried Rice first and other dishes later.

Yuan Zhou was already much more proficient in cooking Egg Fried Rice by then. It took only two and half minutes to get it ready. After he put the dish in the tray, Yuan Zhou began to process the prawns.

"It's really fantastic and awesome. As written, he really didn't touch the prawn meat any bit," without even blinking, Zi Yan watched Yuan Zhou quickly process the prawns and keep his hands away from the prawn meat until he had processed them and put it aside.

While Zi Yan was enjoying the visual feast and the coming taste banquet, Jiang Changxi was scratching her head and writing a pamphlet, coincidentally also about Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"What exactly should I write," Jiang Changxi threw the pen on the desk restlessly with a sound of "Pa".

Then she took up her phone and began to refresh the microblogs, preparing to get some inspiration.

[Quiet life is beautiful. Let me share a dish of Braised Pork with Soy Sauce made from rice now. It almost has no fat and has a distinctive taste. Whoever was afraid of becoming fat and fond of beauty should go and taste it.] from Le Loving Life.

This was the latest update in the microblog of Le Yi, her close friend. Below that were various queries for the address. Apparently, they were planning to go and taste it.

The Braised Pork with Soy Sauce was basically a very common dish, but was fairly tasty and appetizing. It had been originally popular among the common people. With the fat-free characteristic, it naturally aroused much curiosity now.

However, that also gave her the inspiration needed.

She didn't eat other dishes much, but had truly eaten many different dishes of the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine.

As a result, she picked up the pen again and wrote, "Suggested Use of the 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine," and then continued to write it on the paper, with a flow of ideas and inspirations rushing to her. Her pen point emitted a continuous sound of "Sha Sha" from the paper.

Time flew. It was morning again when good news arrived.

It had been days since Yuan Zhou figured out the idea to complete the mission. Those who looked for business for take-out websites also had results. For example, now.

"Hello, is that the boss of Yuan Zhou's restaurant?" As soon as the phone rang, Yuan Zhou answered it quickly.

"Yes."

"This is the Superman Take-Out. Do you have any interest in joining us?" A soft and sweet female voice came from the other end of the phone.

"I'm sorry, I'm not interested," Yuan Zhou refused squarely.

"Alright, sorry for bothering you," having finished speaking, the girl hung off the phone.

Yet, that single day was really Yuan Zhou's lucky day, as he received another call not long after that. It was definitely the effect of the notice written by him.

Undoubtedly, Yuan Zhou likewise refused the invitation. By then, there was only one refusal left before the mission was accomplished. Just when Yuan Zhou thought he still needed a few more days, the high-end take-out website contacted by the 'Boss Yuan Salvation Center' where Wu Hai and Man Man were inside also called him.

Having refused it again, the system suddenly had a reaction.

The system displayed, "Upgrade mission has been completed. Upgrade and the reward are both available now. The matching snack has been released."

"Hu..." Yuan Zhou exhaled a breath, with a blissful expression on his face.

Finally, he could receive the reward!

Chapter 167: Receiving Reward

Yuan Zhou was quite excited. The difficulty of this mission was higher than that of the previous one and was, furthermore, an upgrade mission. Every level up would bring about a rise in his part of the profit sharing. That meant that Yuan Zhou could get 40% of the total profit now.

Target: The system will help you to get a thorough knowledge of both western and traditional Chinese foods so you can become the top Master Chef in the world.

Host: Yuan Zhou (Ordinary Human, Nationality, Chinese Han)

Gender: Male

Age: 24

Physical quality: C (overall evaluations of neural response, strength, coordination and sensibility, etc.)

Cooking talent: Unknown

Skill: None

Tools: None

5 Dimensions Cooking Evaluation: novice

Level: 3

Title: Master of Cooked Wheaten Food

(As a Master of Cooked Wheaten Food, how could you be so busy in the kitchen? You need some time of your own to improve your culinary skills. Therefore, business hours must be less than 6 hours every day.)

[Upgrade Mission] Please refuse over ten take-out websites invitation for purchasing in bulk (Completed).

(Mission tips: Only rules that are obeyed can be genuinely considered to be rules. In order to stick to your rules, just feel free to refuse the invitations, young man.)

[Mission Reward] a chance at the lottery to gain dishes of a regional cuisine and a matched side dish for the upgrade (available to be received).

As expected, the system had upgraded to Level 3 and the reward was in the state of being available to be received.

"Receive." Yuan Zhou received all the rewards at one go.

Immediately, he started to draw the dishes of a regional cuisine even before he had time to check what the snack was.

The system displayed, "Host, you have drawn several dishes of Rong Cuisine, a subcategory under the Sichuan Cuisine. You can tap it open to check."

"Didn't you say last time that dishes of the existing cuisine would have a higher chance to be drawn?" Yuan Zhou had expected the lottery would be other dishes of Jinling Cuisine. Who could imagine it would, surprisingly, be Sichuan Cuisine which was characterized by its spicy taste. Wu Hai would be definitely the happiest person.

Hot pepper was an indispensable ingredient in most of dishes of the Sichuan Cuisine. And Wu Hai basically wouldn't be happy without spicy dishes. It's because of other excessively delicious dishes in Yuan Zhou's restaurant that he managed to restrain his desire to eat the spicy dishes.

The system, nevertheless, didn't answer Yuan Zhou's question and just kept silent.

Yuan Zhou decided to check first how many dishes he had drawn. This time, the lottery reward appeared to be slightly bigger than Jinling Grass.

Having tapped open the reward, it had, as expected, slightly more dishes but not that much. They were merely two vegetable dishes and two meat dishes, with only one vegetable dish more than the

Jinling Cuisine.

"Finally, I obtain some dishes that go with liquor," Yuan Zhou got quite delighted when he saw two of the dishes among the four.

Subsequently, the recipe of the four dishes entered deeply into Yuan Zhou's brain one after another, along with the cooking method of various snacks.

Now, Yuan Zhou was a man who was able to cook two regional cuisines.

It was too late. Yuan Zhou restrained the thought to cook them at once thus he went for a bath. Having calmed down, he lay down on the bed and fell asleep in a short while.

Early next morning, Yuan Zhou began to prepare the ingredients to make breakfast. Of course, the recent breakfast was always Baked Egg Cakes.

"Boss, you are very happy today, huh?" As soon as Mu Xiaoyun came, she noticed Yuan Zhou's mild expression. He seemed to have a fairly good mood.

"Humm, pretty good." Yuan Zhou admitted with a nod.

Yuan Zhou had already planned well for his dinner. A pot of Bamboo Liquor, two dishes with liquor and also a plate of Egg Fried Rice. Life was so wonderful and awesome.

"Are you going to serve new dishes?" Having gotten along with Yuan Zhou for so long, Mu Xiaoyun knew Boss Yuan well. Therefore, she asked him tentatively.

"Humm, they'll be served at noon." Yuan Zhou nodded, not revealing any bit of his aloof manner.

"That's great." Mu Xiaoyun instantly became delighted.

Nowadays, many customers enquired about when Yuan Zhou would serve new dishes every day, sometimes even every meal. Although they hadn't gotten tired of the current dishes, novelty was the instinct of humans.

After thinking for a while, Mu Xiaoyun asked, "Then can I inform them?"

Mu Xiaoyun was referring to the Wechat group members of the Rescue Center of Boss Yuan, of which Yuan Zhou had already known about. As a person who didn't like playing these electronic goods, he didn't join the group. Mu Xiaoyun, however, was the major administrator of the group due to her special position.

"Ok, sure." Yuan Zhou nodded.

"Humm, thank you, boss." Mu Xiaoyun revealed a sweet smile with dimples.

She took out the phone and tapped open the Wechat group, in which she was called Xiaoyun.

[Hey, guys. Good news. Boss Yuan has confirmed new dishes would be served at noon today.] from Xiaoyun.

The moment Mu Xiaoyun's words were sent, the group members all got excited. Even though it was still in the morning, many people started to show up and asked one after another, with almost over 99 messages in a minute.

However, there were a total of 30 members in the group only and all were regular customers. It seemed that the mouth of these people was not any inferior to Gatling Guns. At that time, Mu Xiaoyun was holding the phone in her hand and reading the messages carefully before preparing to reply them.

[Is that real? How nice. He'll surely serve spicy dishes this time.] from Brother Wu Waiting to Eat. The new nickname of Wu Hai directly represented his personality.

[I still feel light dishes are better. I love those.] from Brother of Boss Yuan. Needless to say, this was Sun Ming's nickname, of which he was so proud of.

[I want to have some dishes with liquor. The dishes from Fang Family Pub can't match Boss Yuan's liquor. It's really painful. Who can help me?] Coach of Martial Arts. The drunkard, Chen Wei, naturally cared more about things related with liquor.

[All of you just ask Xiaoyun and you'll know.], Man Man came to the point.

[Xiaoyun, are they spicy dishes?] from Brother Wu Waiting to Eat. Wu Hai responded the first. His hands were truly flexible as stated by the Three Lost woman.

[I think it must be dishes with liquor. Am I right, Xiaoyun?] from Coach of Martial Arts. The next one was naturally the drunkard, who was fairly persistent for dishes with liquor.

[The boss didn't mention what dishes they were. You guys will know when you come for lunch.] Mu Xiaoyun mischievously sent a smiley to the group. She had even started to consciously attract people to Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

[Go, of course I will go. Hope I can get to know it in the morning.] from Brother Wu Waiting to Eat, namely Wu Hai. He happened to be at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant and was prepared to have breakfast.

[Wealthy Wu Hai, you take that place as your canteen for every meal. Of course you will go.] Man Man ridiculed him relentlessly, making the topic changing slightly.

Then, they started to discuss what dishes Yuan Zhou was going to serve and what they should do to eat the new dishes first and quickly.

Nonetheless, Wu Hai put down his phone and went straightway into the restaurant. For such kind of things, he would rather ask Yuan Zhou directly and get an answer quickly.

"Boss Yuan, a serving of breakfast for me," Wu Hai ordered the dishes first obediently. Only when he had eaten his fill could he have the energy to ask.

"One moment, please," Yuan Zhou nodded, signaling at him to wait for an instant.

"Boss Yuan, I heard you had developed some new dishes. Are they spicy?" As expected, Wu Hai cared more about the taste.

"Yes. You can eat them at noon," as Yuan Zhou was wearing the mask, his voice sounded a bit hollow.

"Tell me the taste first. It's not likely to be any of your rules." Wu Hai tried to persuade him with the rules.

"No, it isn't. But you'll know at noon." Yuan Zhou swiftly made two serving of Baked Egg Cakes and carried them to Wu Hai.

"Bro, it's merely a question of taste. Just tell me, please," Wu Hai took over the plate and purposely avoided looking at it. He picked up one of them and started to eat after asking that.

"Boss Yuan, if I don't want the paper, you won't charge me. Right?" Somebody else suddenly asked that before Yuan Zhou had

time to answer Wu Hai.

"Yes, you are right," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"How surprising, I really can do that. Then I don't want the packing paper. Just give me a pair of chopsticks and a sweet Baked Egg Cake. It's too hot to directly take it with hand," the man said delightedly.

With the wrapping paper, the Baked Egg Cake cost 168.80RMB. Without it, the cake cost only 168 RMB.

"Just wait a moment."

It was awesome. Again, he saved another 0.8 RMB, with which he could buy an egg outside. The mission was then completed.

Chapter 168: Translucent Beef Slices And Sautéed Vermicelli With Spicy Minced Pork

Following that, many more people dropped the wrapping paper but asked for chopsticks. Many did so to save money while more did that because the change of 0.2 RMB was awkward to keep. No one ever thought of throwing it away. However little the amount was, it was still money.

"These people don't know to appreciate it at all. Of course the Baked Egg Cakes should be eaten while being held in the hand. Otherwise, where would that taste come?" Wu Hai uttered that with a seemingly knowledgeable manner.

"Even if you say so, I still won't tell you anything about the new dishes," Yuan Zhou uttered a rare long sentence, but it was to refuse Wu Hai.

"Boss Yuan, I won't say anything else. I'm going home. Bye-bye," Wu Hai felt it would be great if he was capable of cooking the dishes, if possible.

However, he was lucky if the gas furnace didn't explode and if it did explode... it was considered normal if he did cook. He would rather keep away from the kitchen, which improved the safety of others and him.

The breakfast time was almost up when Wu Hai left. After all, he had originally waited there for quite a while.

Then, Yuan Zhou started to prepare the ingredients for the new dishes at noon. Three of the four new dishes required advance preparations.

Yuan Zhou prepared for the Silk Twined Rabbit first as it required the most time. Beside him, there was a cabinet that had been marked with "Rabbit". With a squeak, he pulled open the cabinet straightforwardly.

"What the hell?" As soon as the cabinet was open, Yuan Zhou was so surprised that he immediately shouted.

Inside the cabinet, several living rabbits were bounding about actively. To his surprise, there was even some grass on one side inside of the cabinet and the rabbits were eating the grass leisurely.

Some of the rabbits were astonished by the sound of opening the cabinet and thus stared blankly at Yuan Zhou, their long ears hanging down.

"Is there anything you are unable to do? Even the cabinet can be made into a cultivation farm by you. You are really awesome, my system," Yuan Zhou closed the cabinet and couldn't help ridiculing the system.

The system displayed, "Thank you for your compliment."

"I'm not actually speaking highly of you." Yuan Zhou suddenly

felt like he was conversing with Wu Hai. He had the same feeling of being speechless when talking with the system, which Wu Hai also had when he was talking to Yuan Zhou.

Having taken a deep breath, he focused the attention back to cooking and then felt better. The dish of Silk Twined Rabbit had very high requirements on rabbits and craftsmanship. Living rabbits were required to complete the preparations for the next process.

Yuan Zhou prepared all the ingredients for 6 Silk Twined Rabbit in one go. It was definitely not a problem to sell it based on the number of his customers.

The remaining work was to prepare the beef, which was also required beforehand so that it could be available at noon.

Luckily the beef was placed together with the pork this time, rather than living cattle. Yuan Zhou then began to process the beef calmly after he had soaked the beans.

After finishing all the preparations for the Translucent Beef Slices, all he had to do was just to wait until someone ordered this dish and then cut it into slices.

The other dish was even more troublesome. Starting from soaking the beans, it needed many procedures to be eventually made into tofu.

Speaking of which, the origin of tofu was awfully interesting. It was invented by Liu'an, an alchemist and the King of Huai'nan. It had the advantages of high protein and low fat along with the good effects of lowering blood pressure, blood lipid and cholesterol. It was also edible no matter if it was cooked or uncooked.

In the Compendium of Materia Medica written by Li Shizhen, the most well-known medical expert in Ming Dynasty, the way of making tofu was also listed.

The tofu was divided into south school and north school. For the tofu of south school, it was tender, smooth and refreshing, suitable for making soup and being a cold-dish. However, for that of north school, it was more suitable for braised-dishes and boiled in clear soup.

What Yuan Zhou was preparing today was to make the tofu of north school.

The morning time filled with various preparations soon passed. When he opened the door for lunch at noon, there had been a lot of people waiting outside. The first, of course, was Mu Xiaoyun.

"Boss, what a fragrant flavor it is. Have you prepared the new dishes?" As soon as she came in, Mu Xiaoyun asked with a smile.

"It surely is. I smelled the spicy and fresh scent. What a wonderful taste." Wu Hai was the second who entered the restaurant.

"Humm, come on in, please." With a serious look, Yuan Zhou made room for the customers to get inside.

"That's great. I feel I can finally eat something spicy," a young girl said happily.

"Aren't you scared of getting pimples?" a man standing behind the young girl said mischievously.

"No, dishes of Boss Yuan never bring about pimples." The young girl showed a manner of trust on her face.

"What does delicious dishes have anything to do with not getting pimples?" the man indicated that he was unable to understand.

"What? You think I'm wrong?" The girl said discontentedly with a long face.

"No, not really. A Yuan is always right. Let's order the spicy dishes in a while." Immediately, the man smiled flatteringly.

"Now, that's the right way," the girl nodded contentedly and continued to line up.

Then, the customers entering the restaurant instantly occupied all the remaining vacant seats

"The new dishes are all written on the wall behind you guys.

"Please tell me directly what you guys wanna eat," Mu Xiaoyun instructed deftly at the side.

"Wow, just the names of the dishes are almost letting me drool. Finally, there's meat for me," Chen Wei said while reading the dish names at the side.

"Didn't you eat the prawns and chicken claws last time?" Wu Hai turned the head and counteracted his words while staring at Chen Wei.

"They are not one and the same. Only the beef, pork and rabbit meat could be considered as the meat dishes," Chen Wei defended himself seriously.

"Don't show me this expression. It makes my liver hurt." Instantly, Wu Hai turned his head away. The expression of Chen Wei reminded him of the moment when Yuan Zhou had refused him primly.

"Who wants to talk to you? Xiaoyun, let me order my dishes," Chen Wei said generously.

"Tell me, please," Mu Xiaoyun waited for him to order at the side.

"Offer me a saucer of beef, a plate of rabbit meat and a serving of the plain white rice from 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine." Although Chen Wei wanted to order all the dishes available, he nevertheless also had to consider the feelings of his wallet. Despite being single

and not needing to consider much for his family, he was, nevertheless, reluctant to give up on the liquor in the evening. Luckily, he had a part-time job to make some extra money besides his salary.

"I'm sorry. You have to reserve the Silk Twined Rabbit in advance. It's not available for now," before Mu Xiaoyun answered Chen Wei, Yuan Zhou told him directly.

"Huh, that really sucks. How long does it take?" Chen Wei asked curiously.

"If you order it now, you can only eat it at 6:00 in the evening of the day after tomorrow," Yuan Zhou brought out the time.

"Such a long time!!!! Then change it to the dish Sautéed Vermicelli with Spicy Minced Pork," with a frown, Chen Wei straightforwardly changed to another dish.

"One moment, please," with a nod, Yuan Zhou then returned to the kitchen, preparing to cook. The work in the main hall was then in the charge of Mu Xiaoyun.

Having quickly stir-fried with a big flame, Yuan Zhou soon carried the dish of Sautéed Vermicelli with Spicy Minced Pork and the sliced beef to Chen Wei.

The beef was like a cold-dish, with its fragrance not so strong as the other one. Therefore, Chen Wei turned his sight to the Sautéed

Vermicelli with Spicy Minced Pork in one go.

"This dish well explains that vivid nickname of Ants Climbing the Tree," Chen Wei sighed with emotion.

The vermicelli was shiny, with minced meat scattered over them as if ants were climbing up the trees diligently. The shredded leek inside the dish was like the verdant tree leaves and the dish emitted a special scent.

He picked up a piece of vermicelli, finding that the minced meat was hanging firmly on it, unlike other restaurants where when the vermicelli was picked up, the minced meat directly fell into the plate. At the late part of the meal, the vermicelli and the minced meat would be totally separated which did not give the feeling of ants climbing up the trees. It should be called Minced Meat Fried Vermicelli then.

This one was nevertheless different. The vermicelli was covered with minced meat and shredded leek. On the glossy shredded leeks were the tiny minced meat and the shredded leek was to increase the fragrance and remove the underlying smell.

He stuffed it into his mouth and ate it with a blissful sound of "Ba Ji Ba Ji". The smooth, tender and refreshing taste of the vermicelli and the crispness and fragrance of the minced meat were thoroughly merged into one. With a slight chew, he caught a hint of spicy taste from the leek. It was devoid of any greasy taste and he could only feel fragrant, tender and refreshing taste.

Chapter 169: Limit Of The Beef

After eating halfway, Chen Wei found he hadn't eaten any bit of the white rice, therefore he brought up the bowl and stuffed some rice into his mouth.

Theoretically, such dishes which could be eaten without rice would definitely taste a little milder when eaten with the rice. However, this dish was different. The smooth and refreshing taste of the vermicelli and the moderately soft rice brought out the best texture of each other. So did the slightly spicy taste of the powdered pepper and the sweetness and fragrance of the rice.

Along with the white rice, Chen Wei ate up the remaining half of the dish Sautéed Vermicelli with Spicy Minced Pork.

"Boss Yuan's skills are really convincing," Chen Wei complimented Yuan Zhou with a thumbs-up gesture.

"I still feel that only the beef dish can really reflect his genuine skills," Wu Hai suddenly chimed in at the side.

"Ah, I still have the beef," instantly, Chen Wei recalled of the beef dish he had ordered just now.

He turned the head and looked toward the brown stoneware plate which was approximately as big as volleyball. Inside the plate were big beef slices about the size of a girl's palm, appearing rather comfortable to look at.

All males looked forward to the feeling of drinking liquor freely and gulping down big pieces of meat, believing that it was the most wonderful taste.

He could clearly see some pepper flakes on the big beef slices. Moreover, the sesame oil scattered on it made the beef appear even more extraordinarily appetizing. Even if he was already half full, Chen Wei unconsciously swallowed up a gulp of saliva with a sound of "Gu Dong".

He reached out the chopsticks and picked up one piece and then got to know why it had this name. After being picked up by the chopsticks, the beef slice was as thin as a piece of paper.

Normally speaking, such thin beef slices surely couldn't be picked up. Even if it was picked up, the big beef slice would either break or fold. This one, however, was totally different. It was as if the beef tendon were still there and the beef slice only slightly bent; moreover, the overhead light passing through it could be clearly seen.

Chen Wei opened his mouth wide and gulped down the beef before starting to chew.

The spicy and hot taste suddenly exploded in his mouth first. Instantly, he had a feeling that all the hair pores were open. Then a stream of acrid flavor directly rushed down his throat, yet it didn't make him choke. Meanwhile, the spiciness stimulated the surface of his tongue, followed by the delicacy of the beef with slightly

chewy texture. After gulping it down with several bites, he didn't have the feeling of beef being stuck between his teeth.

"Spicy, crisp and fragrant. It's really a good dish with liquor," Chen Wei gulped down one beef slice and then immediately said.

"You are right. The beef and the Bamboo Liquor are definitely a perfect match," rarely did Wu Hai agree with Chen Wei.

"The taste of both spiciness and mellowness is indeed a nice match," after speaking, Chen Wei continued to eat the beef.

Every gulp of the beef was followed by a mouthful of white rice. Chen Wei did the same for the rest of the meal. This was one of the most cultured ways of eating by Chen Wei.

"They all look very delicious. What shall I order?" A man waiting for his turn at the front of the line asked all of sudden.

"Provided you have money, savor them all. If not, then savor them one by one," lining behind the man were the lovers who had just bickered. The girl kind-heartedly suggested.

"As a victim of choice phobia disorder, I have no idea what to select," the man was a little depressed.

"I recommend the beef. I was too far away just now and hence didn't see clearly Boss Yuan's marvelous technique using the knife. The beef slice is said to be so thin that light could pass through it,"

the girl was rather interested in that.

Everyone wanted a dish that they could both enjoy the appearance and savor the delicious taste.

"The beef that costs 688 RMB for one serving? Well, ok, that's it," the man was a little hesitant at first, but the thirst for the beef overwhelmed the concerns about the wallet.

"What shall we order?" The man behind the girl approached her and asked.

"What about Jinling Grass and the beef?" the girl said generously.

"Since we seldom come here, it's up to you," the man said in a flattering manner.

"What do you mean? So if we often come here, it will not be up to me. Do you mean this?" instantly, the girl turned the head and said discontentedly.

"No, definitely not. It's always up to you," the man then became stupefied. However, he was knowledgeable in such situations and thus tried to coax her.

"Humph, now that's the way," the girl wasn't really angry as she was just joking with his boyfriend. Seeing her boyfriend admit his mistake, she then turned her sight to Yuan Zhou.

"Boss, two servings of the beef, one serving of Jinling Grass and three servings of white rice," having taken note of the three customers' order, Mu Xiaoyun turned the head and said to Yuan Zhou, who was busy cooking.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou nodded, indicating that he had heard her.

The beef had already been well prepared and pickled in the morning. He only needed to cut it into slices and pour some sesame oil over them.

The beef provided by the system was quite normal.

The system displayed, "Optimized Nanyang yellow cow of grass-white color breed was reared with the improved feeding method of Bai Lixi, the renowned prime minister in Qin Dynasty. It was fed with the *pennisetum hydridum*, green grass, perennial ryegrass and alfalfa in an alternate manner. It also received a professional massage every day to relax and to reduce the acidic materials contained in the beef.

As for the massage mentioned by the system, Yuan Zhou automatically disregarded it, after all every cow had received a massage to relax. Right?

"What the hell is right? It's again a cow that lives better than me," Yuan Zhou couldn't help making complaints.

Only when Yuan Zhou took up the beef did he find every piece of the beef was individually packed and was very beautiful. It was just that the size didn't appear to be a one-piece shank.

"Is this the middle part of the beef shank?" Taking the beef in his hand, Yuan Zhou said with an affirmative tone.

The system, nevertheless, still had no reaction.

Having been unpacked, the beef proved Yuan Zhou's speculation right. It was indeed the middle part of the beef shank.

After the several procedures of pickling, cooling, drying, steaming, deep frying and then stir-frying, the dish of Translucent Beef Slices eventually reached the last step, cutting. Every piece of the beef was about a girl's forefinger thick and was just the right amount for one serving.

"Look, Boss Yuan is going to cut the beef," the girl took her boyfriend's arm and said excited.

"Humm, I will try to learn," right, this was the only purpose of the girl to let her boyfriend watch.

The chopping board used by Yuan Zhou was provided by the system. Since it basically had no taste at all, there was no concern about the beef being contaminated by other flavors.

Having erected the piece of the beef, Yuan Zhou picked up a very

sharp knife and started to cut it. Before the lovers could even see the process clearly, a thin slice of the beef had fallen to one side. With a consecutive 11 slices, the beef was cut into a total of 12 slices in the end.

Then he took up a small bottle. Having slightly shaken his wrist, the beef slices were then evenly covered with sesame oil.

"A lamp of beef is ready. Carry it away," Yuan Zhou's voice was a little difficult to be clearly heard in the mask. Hearing his instruction, Mu Xiaoyun then went up and carried the dish to the lovers.

"Boss Yuan, what does "a lamp of" mean?" The big eyes of the girl were full of curiosity.

Other customers that were either having a meal or waiting in line likewise looked at Yuan Zhou curiously.

"The beef slice was so thin that it could be made as the lampshade and the light could penetrate it. A plate of the beef slices is just enough to make a lampshade," Yuan Zhou said concisely.

"That can't be true. Although the light is said to be able to penetrate the beef slices, it would be too exaggerated to make it into the lampshade." The girl frowned. She didn't actually doubt Yuan Zhou. But considering that only paper with great light permeability could be used as a lampshade, and this was obviously beef, she couldn't quite understand. How could the beef be made into a lampshade?

Yuan Zhou cared little about the customers' suspicion and just continued to do his own work.

"Why don't we have a try?" The boyfriend always spoiled his girlfriend to the utmost extent.

"That's right. You try," those waiting in line were more curious than those who had meals.

"You have a lighter, don't you? Let's have a try?" the girl rolled her eyes and said decisively.

"Pa", her boyfriend supported his girlfriend with the actions of striking the lighter.

The girl meticulously picked up a beef slice with the chopsticks and moved it to one side of the fire, making it block the light. In just a little while, she saw the clear veins of the beef started to shine with red light gradually. To her surprise, the light had truly passed through the beef slice despite the small flame of a lighter.

Those who waited in line and those that were having meals as well as the lovers who did the experiment, were all astonished. The technique of using the knife like that could be genuinely regarded as godlike.

Chapter 170: Steamed Tofu With Minced Pork

The dish of Translucent Beef Slices cooked by Yuan Zhou was really all the rage for some time. With the characteristics of light transparency, paper thickness and the mixed taste of spicy, hot, fresh, fragrant, crisp and tender, it basically became a signature dish in Yuan Zhou's restaurant that everyone would definitely order. Delicious foods will always be popular among foodies.

Of course, it was also a pleasure to watch Yuan Zhou's supreme knife techniques during the meal time. The customers could both watch the spectacle and relish the delicacies.

The development of the new dishes instantly increased the number of customers in Yuan Zhou's restaurant by a large margin. During the opening hours every day, Yuan Zhou basically busied himself preparing the dishes in the kitchen the whole time while Mu Xiaoyun endeavored to greet the customers in the main hall.

Even so, there were still many customers who couldn't manage to have their meals on the same day. When the customers were too many to be served in Yuan Zhou's small restaurant, it was the neighboring restaurants that benefited the most. It was also a decent choice to eat something near Yuan Zhou's restaurant if they couldn't get their turns.

As a result, the visitor rate of this side street, on the contrary, increased a lot due to Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

Even the hawkers selling soybean milk on this side street were getting more business because Yuan Zhou didn't provide drinks for breakfast.

Every time they finished the breakfast and left Yuan Zhou's restaurant, a cup of soybean milk would be pretty good. Naturally, they had to wait for a while before they drank it, otherwise, the remaining delicate taste in the mouth would be washed away.

However, that was also good to the customers. Due to the absolute delicacies that they had just eaten, they nevertheless had a higher requirement on the quality of the soybean milk. Basically, there were only two or three hawkers who didn't add water into the soybean milk and hence had a booming business.

Imitation was the only thing that the countrymen weren't short of. Therefore, no hawkers in the street would add any water into their soybean milk now. After all, they would go bankrupt by doing that.

This was a benign cycle. As picky customers always compared among different hawkers, whoever made superior soybean milk would have more customers. Other hawkers would follow suit and stop adding water, thus the customers could also drink the pure soybean milk.

The whole neighborhood could also benefit from that, for example, Boss Tong.

"Recently the soybean milk has become purer than before." Boss

Tong was in a good mood at the moment. She revealed a faint smile on her skinny face and pinched a little piece of paper in her hand.

"Boss Tong, are you going to buy the vegetables so early?" someone bumped into her and asked with a smile.

"Yes, I'm going to buy vegetables." Boss Tong nodded with a smile. The direction that she was heading for, however, was not the vegetable market.

Where she was really headed for was the lottery ticket station. Naturally, the paper held in her hand was the lottery ticket.

"Old Tong, here to buy the lottery ticket?" A woman with fashionable curled hair, the boss of the lottery ticket station, greeted her with a smile.

"I come for the reward of the lottery ticket today," when Boss Tong saw the woman, she immediately said happily.

"Wow, you won the lottery again? How much is the reward this time?" The woman touched her own curled hair and said with an unsurprised manner of speaking.

Boss Tong was a regular customer who came every day to buy a lottery ticket worth 2 RMB. However, she was different from others. As far as the boss knew, Boss Tong calculated the numbers in her store every day whenever she was free.

Basically, she would get some small amount of money from time to time. It was indeed a small amount of money, 5 or 10 or at most 200 RMB. Even so, she was fairly impressive. That way, she was able to earn an extra few hundreds or one thousand RMB every month.

"You check it by yourself. It's really not bad this time," Boss Tong became even more delighted and directly handed the lottery ticket to the boss.

"Ok, let me check. When do you become so hesitant while talking?" The boss likewise didn't really care much about that. She straightforwardly received the lottery ticket while smiling, and started to operate on a machine.

One minute later, the woman revealed a look of surprise on her face.

"Old Tong, your reward is pretty much this time. It's as high as 3000 RMB."

"Yeah, yeah. I really have a good luck." Although she felt quite happy when she got the confirmation from the woman, Boss Tong nevertheless appeared to be humble in speech.

"Do you want to get the reward now or what?" The woman asked while taking the ticket in her hand.

"Now, for sure," Boss Tong hadn't even gone to buy the vegetables before coming here for the reward. Obviously, she wanted to get it right now.

"Ok, wait for a moment. Let me go inside to get the money," the woman took the ticket and entered the inner room.

With a blissful expression on her face, Boss Tong waited outside.

"It seems that I ought to celebrate my good luck. Only by spending some money would the windfall be secure," while muttering that, Boss Tong was thinking of what to buy.

Shortly afterward, the boss came out with an envelope.

"Thank you," Boss Tong then made small talk again with the boss before leaving.

Having returned to her store, she cleared some things away for a while and packed the clothes that were to be returned today. When she finished, it was about 11:00. Outside of Yuan Zhou's restaurant, there were already been some people lining up sparsely.

"I promised him to go to savor the tasty dishes," suddenly, Boss Tong recalled of the matter of going to Yuan Zhou's restaurant to congratulate him. Now that she had obtained so much money, Boss Tong prepared to go there for a taste.

"Hua La", she shut the door and went up to line up.

"Boss Tong, you also come here for a meal?" seeing Boss Tong approach, Wu Hai asked politely.

"Yes. By the way, your clothes have been washed. Just come to get them back when you are free," when Boss Tong found it was Wu Hai who often brought his clothes to her store to wash, she answered with a smile.

"Sorry to bother you." Wu Hai was quite courteous to aged people.

Boss Tong appeared to be 50 years old or so, however, there was already some white hair on her head.

Shortly afterward, Yuan Zhou's restaurant was opened. Then the two of them stopped talking. Coincidentally, Boss Tong got the last vacant seat.

"Aunt Tong, what do you like to eat?" Other customers were all greeted by the obedient girl, Mu Xiaoyun. Only for Boss Tong, Yuan Zhou went up to greet her personally.

"Yuan Zhou, the dishes here are really not cheap," looking at the price list on the wall, Boss Tong felt a little astounded by the high prices of hundreds of RMB for each dish.

"Trust me, they are very delicious," Yuan Zhou was fairly confident when he spoke of his skills.

"Is the Steamed Tofu with Minced Pork made from genuine tofu?" Boss Tong looked at the price on the wall and said suspiciously.

"Yes, it's indeed tofu. Do you wanna try it?" Yuan Zhou said with an affirmative tone.

"Well, tofu of this price..." if it were at normal times, Boss Tong would never order a dish costing 388 RMB per serving. However, it was a little special today. Since she came to spend the money from the windfall, she had no more concerns.

"Serve a plate of that dish for me to have a taste. Let's make a deal beforehand. If it's not tasty, this Boss Tong won't pay," Boss Tong said seriously.

"Don't worry," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"Ok, good. Do you have white rice here?" If there was a dish, there must be rice.

"Yes, I do. You can order a bowl of white rice from 100 Styles of Rice Cuisine," while pointing at the menu, Yuan Zhou said.

"A bowl of white rice worth 98 RMB? I'd rather go back to my store and get a bowl of the rice myself," Boss Tong drew a deep breath and then said promptly.

It was acceptable for her to spend hundreds on a dish anyway, first to spend some money from the windfall and secondly to eat some genuinely delicious tofu. She wouldn't say much about that. But for a bowl of white rice worth almost 100 RMB, Boss Tong suddenly recalled that there was still some leftover white rice in the cooking pot at home.

"No problem. When you come back, the Steamed Tofu with Minced Pork will be prepared," Yuan Zhou didn't really get annoyed.

Usually, no one actually did so, as the difference was too sharp and one would probably get their heart broken.

"Great. Just keep the seat for me. This is the money of the dish," Boss Tong knew the rule of paying first before eating here. Although neighbors had nothing to worry about, she still paid for the dish first, after which Boss Tong immediately left the restaurant and went back to her home to get her leftover white rice.

"I feel that Boss Tong will surely scold you after she eats the dish cooked by you and then those cooked by herself," Wu Hai said with a manner of glee.

"No, she won't," Yuan Zhou nodded affirmatively.

Chapter 171: Definition Of Delicacies

Yuan Zhou responded to Wu Hai's question with an affirmed answer. The reason was very simple. He believed his craftsmanship could offset the defects of Boss Tong's white rice.

Wu Hai said directly, "Since your dishes are so delicious, how can she eat anything else?"

By his standards, he would rather eat the dishes without white rice than eating inferior rice along with the delicious dishes.

"Eat your food. People are waiting behind," Yuan Zhou signaled him to hurry up as many customers were still waiting in line.

Wu Hai turned the head and found the line was indeed getting longer. With his two small tufts of mustache turning up, he said proudly, "My home is near ."

As this guy always looked for trouble every day, Yuan Zhou just ignored him and went back to the kitchen to cook dishes.

The main ingredient of Steamed Tofu with Minced Pork was tofu, which was made by Yuan Zhou himself. Since it was used for steamed dishes, it was definitely tofu from the north school.

First of all, Yuan Zhou was quite satisfied with the raw ingredients. The soybeans provided by the system were all plump and uniform in the size, looking round and lovable. After being

soaked in water and becoming bloated, they carried a faint aroma of bean flavor in the atmosphere, Each of them looked chubby.

For this time, Yuan Zhou used the stone mill to grind the soybeans manually. After grinding carefully thrice, he filtered the soybean milk to be used later. Then he added the brine water inside to solidify the soybean milk. During the process, the spring water taken from the mountain streams was used.

The scent was pure and sweet. Taken during the winter, the spring water carried a faint cool air. Yuan Zhou then poured the solidified soybean milk directly into the bamboo frame. The subtly-woven bamboo splits left clear and visible patterns on the tofu, as if they had been allocated beforehand.

With every piece being identical in the size, the finished tofu was white and tender. While it emitted a strong aroma of bean flavor into the atmosphere, it also carried the sweetness of the spring water.

"Hua Hua", Yuan Zhou waved the bamboo knife and cut one piece of the tofu off before holding it with the bamboo knife and placing it on a flat plate.

Every surface of the tofu was incomparably neat as if they had all been measured.

"Boss Yuan likes bamboo very much, but unfortunately he isn't like the bamboo," Wu Hai gave him another hit while smiling at the side.

Yuan Zhou took a glance at Wu Hai and then continued with his own work, not preparing to answer him.

However, he waved the bamboo knife faster this time. With only several cuts, he split the tofu into a few smaller blocks of the same size.

It was enjoyable to watch Yuan Zhou cook. Every time he prepared such ingredients that were soon to be eaten, he would usually keep them away from the direct touch of his hands, like the previous treatment of the Phoenix-Tail Prawns. This time, it was the tofu.

Although it was the firm tofu from the north school, it nevertheless appeared to be white and tender as well as tottering, like pieces of top-grade white jade.

Yuan Zhou heated the pot until it became hot. Then, he poured some oil into the pot until a sound of "Zi La" was heard in order to sauté the tofu.

This time he used the soybean oil. Provided it was not processed properly, the soybean oil would emit a faint beany flavor. Nonetheless, Yuan Zhou immediately put some pieces of red onions straight inside the pot. After the onions were stir-fried in the oil, the soybean oil, on the contrary, carried the delicate fragrance of the onion. Therefore, it couldn't be better to sauté the tofu with it.

When the tofu was sautéed until two sides turned golden, Yuan Zhou changed the oil again. Apart from the onions, he also added a spoonful of vegetables oil this time to increase the fragrance. After that, he put other flavorings into the pot and stir-fried them until the scent was emitted. During the process, the pot was ceaselessly making the melodious sound of "Zi La", as if the ingredients were melting together blissfully.

Then, he poured the sautéed tofu into the pot for braising, added other flavorings inside, and cooked it with slow fire in order to let the sauce penetrate the tofu, thus making the inside of the tofu taste the same as the sauce. When it came to the step of sauce reduction, Yuan Zhou added the green garlic sprouts into the pot to increase the aroma.

Finally, a plate of Steamed Tofu with Minced Pork was ready. Meanwhile, Boss Tong entered the restaurant with a bowl of steaming hot rice.

"Enjoy your meal, Boss Tong," Yuan Zhou served the tofu and said to her politely.

"Yuan Zhou, your swift actions resemble your father," looking at the steaming hot tofu served to her, Boss Tong said to Yuan Zhou.

"Thank you," Yuan Zhou answered with a nod.

It was strange that although the tofu was steaming hot, the aroma was surprisingly little. With slight curiosity, Boss Tong broke apart a piece of the tofu with the chopsticks, after which the

aroma started to become stronger.

"It seems the aroma was all wrapped inside the tofu," Boss Tong could also be considered to be knowledgeable, hence brought out Yuan Zhou's technique of cooking in one go.

She picked up the broken tofu and stuffed into her mouth. She got burned immediately by the scalding inside of the tofu. Then, Boss Tong constantly inhaled the air with a sound of "Si Si" to cool her burnt tongue down. Even so, the tofu was soft, tender, salty and fresh, along with an extraordinarily wonderful taste. Being reluctant to spit it out, Boss Tong had to chew and swallow up the tofu while breathing incessantly.

"Little Yuan, your craftsmanship is really nice," after eating up the piece, Boss Tong heaved a sigh with emotion and then said.

Yet, these words weren't heard by Yuan Zhou, who was busying with other dishes.

After lamenting for a while, Boss Tong continued to eat her Steamed Tofu with Minced Pork slowly, but with slower and slower speed. While looking at somewhere far away, she acted as if she had recalled of something.

When Boss Tong was young, she was sent by her family to a tofu house to be an apprentice. Girls seldom did this kind of work, but her family was poor at that time. Moreover, she was the eldest daughter. Although the work in the tofu house was tiring, she could at least earn a little more.

For that alone, she had to go there.

Carrying water and soybean and helping to operate the hand mill, she did various kinds of heavy and hard works. Looking at the white and tender tofu taking shape, she felt proud and also felt like eating it. That was right. Boss Tong's simple wish in the past was just to eat the tofu freely. That was probably the most delicious dish for her.

Despite her work in the tofu house, the miller only gave the young Boss Tong 1 kg of the tofu during Chinese New Year as a festival gift.

In the past, even the boiled tofu added with some salt and cabbage leaves was considered to be fragrant and appetizing, not to mention the sautéed tofu.

All year long, Chinese New Year was the most expected period for her to get 1 kg of the tofu. This strong expectation along with the nice taste of the tofu itself became the most impressive memory in Boss Tong's mind when she was young.

As society progressed gradually , the manually-operated mill died out. After that, Boss Tong entered the business of producing and selling tofu for a period of time, but the business was really slow. Since she could no longer live on that business, she opened the current dry cleaning store.

Nevertheless, Boss Tong no longer liked to eat tofu and always

felt that the tofu was not as tasty as before.

Right now while she was eating tofu, she seemed to find the delicious taste again.

Having finished the meal and returned to her home, Boss Tong went to buy vegetables to cook. No matter how delicious the dishes were, she couldn't afford to eat in Yuan Zhou's restaurant every day.

"Sister Tong, what would you like to eat today?" The butcher's greeting woke Boss Tong up.

"I'd like to buy some minced steak," Boss Tong recovered herself and said to the butcher while looking at him.

"How much do you want? Lean meat or fat meat?" The butcher lifted up the pork for her to choose.

"Please get me some streaky pork and mince them," Boss Tong said after taking a look at the streaky pork.

After she bought the pork and returned to her home, Boss Tong was a little speechless when she saw the prepared tofu pudding that she had added with the brine water.

"I'm really too old to know what I should do," Boss Tong revealed a helpless look on her skinny face.

Only after a little while, she began to get busy again in the kitchen.

While busying, she muttered to herself, "It seems I can only eat some fried tofu for dinner tonight."

That was right. The appetizing Steamed Tofu with Minced Pork cooked by Yuan Zhou reminded Boss Tong of the old days when she had learned to make tofu. Therefore, after coming back and closing the store, she made herself a pot of the tofu without realizing it.

Boss Tong was lamenting relentlessly that she was old and didn't even know what she had just done.

In the bottom of her heart, however, she was both expectant and hesitant, as she hadn't made tofu by herself for a long time.

After the tofu took shape, Boss Tong cooked a plate of home-style tofu as per her liking.

On a brown square table placed a plate of home-style tofu and a bowl of white rice, with a chair standing beside.

The blocks of tofu on the white plate had been mashed into small pieces due to too much strength used during the stir-frying. Only a few blocks of tofu were still intact. If the tofu was not intact, the taste would also disperse.

Nonetheless, Boss Tong picked up a piece of tofu and ate contentedly.

"The tofu seems to be as delicious as before."

A conspicuous smile showed up on Boss Tong's skinny face. Despite her face was full of wrinkles, her whole person appeared to be warm....

Chapter 172: Dishes With Liquor And The Time

On the first night when Yuan Zhou developed the new dishes, Chen Wei brought his two brothers happily to Yuan Zhou's restaurant. It was he himself who drew a pot of Bamboo Liquor today. To a person like him who had never drawn any rewards before, it was definitely extremely lucky of him to get the liquor.

"Boss Yuan, give us three plates of the beef and one pot of liquor for the three of us, please," Chen Wei, a large and well-built man, was very happy when he thought of the leisurely moment when he could eat beef and drink liquor. Therefore, he said loudly while grinning.

"Dishes are not served at night," Yuan Zhou stopped and turned his sight to Chen Wei before saying earnestly.

"That can't be true. The beef is definitely a dish to go with liquor," Chen Wei's delighted expression instantly turned into disbelief.

"Yes, it's indeed a dish that goes with liquor but it's not provided during the opening hours at night," Yuan Zhou first confirmed Chen Wei's words and then said primly.

"Boss Yuan, I feel you are messing with me," Chen Wei stood up in front of Yuan Zhou like an irritated brown bear.

"This is the rule," Yuan Zhou directly disregarded him. Then he said while pointing at the several words of "Dishes Unavailable at Night" written on the wall.

"You eccentric boss, why are you refusing business," One of Chen Wei's brothers, Dong Zi, couldn't bear Yuan Zhou's refusal and hence asked in puzzlement.

"A rule is a rule," Yuan Zhou didn't have any intention to break the rules established either by the system or by himself. At least for now, he wouldn't provide them with any dishes.

"Just do us a favor. Anyhow, the rules are established by you," Dong Zi didn't have a habit of sticking to the rules.

"Rules can't be broken. Do you guys still want to drink the liquor?" Yuan Zhou answered directly and calmly.

"Now I know why this guy comes here to drink liquor. They all have the same personality, stubborn," Dong Zi shrugged helplessly and then gave Chen Wei a hit with his fist.

"I still have a long way to go to catch up with Boss Yuan. He's known as Compass," Chen Wei also said snappily.

The several brothers sipped the Bamboo Liquor while eating peanuts during the opening hours at night and chatted freely. Occasionally, they spoke with other customers coming in for the liquor for a while.

Nevertheless, Yuan Zhou sat on the inside of the countertop as usual. Occasionally, he would listen to the customers telling some interesting stories but most of the time, he played single-player games

"We have good liquor here but no delicacies. So frustrating." Suddenly, Dong Zi drank a small half cup of the liquor and grumbled.

"I agree. Chen Wei, don't you have any ideas?" Another brother gestured at Yuan Zhou's direction, meaning to ask if Chen Wei had any other method.

"This guy sticks to the rules more than me. What can I do?" Chen Wei shook his head and drank a mouthful of the liquor to ease his mood.

"Looks like you also know that you are a stickler to the rules?" Dong Zi couldn't help rolling his eyes.

"Is it the right time to talk about me?" Chen Wei took a glance at Dong Zi and said discontentedly.

"No, no. I really want to taste the Translucent Beef Slices along with the good liquor." Another brother deftly mediated the dispute. It seemed that he often did similar things between the other two brothers.

"Let me think of an idea," While speaking, Chen Wei drank another half cup of the liquor and then spontaneously filled the cup with liquor again.

"Hey, why do you pour the liquor into your cup so frequently? Just concentrate on working out a method," Dong Zi pressed down on the wine pot.

"He's right. Chen Wei, you must think of a solution. There's only one mouthful of the liquor left in the pot," another brother likewise began to help Dong Zi.

"How can I not drink liquor while thinking about an idea? And how could I manage to work out a solution without liquor?" Chen Wei began to contest with his brothers for the wine pot confidently.

"You'll get dizzy if you drink too much. Then how will you figure out a method? So you just think. Bamboo and I will wait for you while drinking the liquor slowly." Dong Zi tried his best not to let Chen Wei take the wine pot away.

"If you are my brothers, just let go. I haven't drunk much of the liquor." Chen Wei looked at the wine pot seriously with a long face.

"Brotherhood is one thing and liquor is another. We have promised to split and drink the liquor evenly." Dong Zi didn't compromise at all.

"That's right. I have got an idea. Let's pour the liquor in everyone's cup evenly," the man who was called Bamboo proposed.

"Ok. I agree. Bamboo, you pour the liquor," Dong Zi and Chen Wei looked at each other and said at the same time.

"No problem. Let me do it," while speaking, Bamboo took up the wine pot and poured the liquor into each of three cups, letting all three cups have the same amount of liquor.

Only then did the debate stop. Now, Chen Wei could also consider the matter carefully.

In just a short moment, he figured out a method, "On the day after tomorrow, you bring some more people to draw the Bamboo Liquor early. Then, I can guarantee to you guys that you'll have dishes to eat."

"You sure?" Dong Zi half believed and half doubted it.

"You got the idea so soon?" Bamboo was a little suspicious.

"Don't worry. No problem," Chen Wei revealed a manner of "Trust me".

The next evening,

Chen Wei arrived at Yuan Zhou's restaurant again when the

opening hours was almost up.

As soon as he entered the restaurant, he took out a notebook and a fountain pen and then placed them aside after getting seated. After that, he began to ask Yuan Zhou questions.

"Boss Yuan, how long does it take to prepare the Silk Twined Rabbits?" Chen Wei asked, appearing to be curious.

"37 hours," Yuan Zhou answered him whenever he was asked.

"Are they prepared freshly?" Chen Wei asked again.

"Yes, they are all freshly made." The Silk Twined Rabbits were immediately sold out once they were prepared. Only then would Yuan Zhou make another batch of the rabbits again. There was no problem with storing it for long.

"Do you have any ready-made Silk Twined Rabbits now?" Chen Wei asked tentatively.

"Sorry, they have been sold out," Yuan Zhou frowned. He totally did not understand why this guy suddenly had so many questions to ask.

"Boss Yuan, are you gonna prepare the rabbits tonight?" When Chen Wei asked that, he obviously became much more excited.

"Yes," Yuan Zhou's answer was still as concise as before.

"Ok, I got it. Thank you, Boss Yuan," Chen Wei said contentedly.

Yuan Zhou turned around and left and then went to prepare the dishes ordered by other customers.

Of course, he still felt in the heart that there must be something wrong with Chen Wei's brain that made him become a problem youth. Thinking of the word youth; however, Yuan Zhou couldn't help getting goosebumps all over his body.

The appearance of large and tall Chen Wei truly couldn't match the word youth.

When Wu Hai entered the restaurant, he saw that Yuan Zhou was still preparing the dishes earnestly while Chen Wei was sitting on a chair and writing something carefully.

While writing, he was also muttering something to himself. At crucial moments, he would stop and think for a while with a frown.

He appeared to be thinking about something important.

"What are you writing in the notebook and mumbling?" Wu Hai took his seat beside Chen Wei.

"You don't understand. It's a very important matter," Chen Wei raised his head and glanced at Wu Hai discontentedly and then said in disgust.

"Wow, awesome. Even you have important matters? Isn't your brain filled with muscle?" Wu Hai's mouth was not only picky with foods but also malicious to others. If not so, how could he often make his broker Zheng Jiawei weep?

"I don't want to argue with you now. Let's wait until we play games next time," Chen Wei and Wu Hai had drunk the liquor together several times in Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Basically, Wu Hai was defeated every time. That was why Chen Wei was not afraid of him.

"That was a coincidence. With your muscles, I think you are only good at doing hard work," Wu Hai didn't compromise at all.

"Be quiet. You made me calculate it wrong." Looking at the stuff in the notebook, Chen Wei began to carefully calculate again from the very start.

"What the hell are these things?" Wu Hai craned his neck and took a look at the notebook. On the page, Chen Wei had marked time, number of days and also number of people, which appeared to be quite confusing.

"It's normal that you are unable to understand. It would be surprising if you could comprehend it," Chen Wei finally got it after quite a while. Only then did he answer Wu Hai.

After that, he checked the time without noticing Wu Hai's reaction. There were still five minutes left before business time was up and this was also the last moment to order dishes.

"Boss Yuan, give me a serving of Silk Twined Rabbits." Chen Wei shouted loudly in case that Yuan Zhou couldn't hear him.

Chapter 173: Matter Of Taste

"Boss Yuan, give me a serving of Silk Twined Rabbit," Chen Wei shouted loudly in case Yuan Zhou couldn't hear him.

"There are only 5 minutes left before business hours ends." Yuan Zhou now knew the purpose of Chen Wei's shout along with the questions that he had asked previously.

"Yeah, so I can still order the dish." a smile emerged on the face of Chen Wei.

"You want to eat it with the liquor?" Yuan Zhou revealed Chen Wei's purpose without reserve.

"I didn't break Boss Yuan's rules," with a grin, Chen Wei directly showed his white teeth.

"Tsk-tsk, it's so dazzling," suddenly, Yuan Zhou said in disgust.

"Boss Yuan, what's happened to you just now?" Chen Wei said in disbelief.

It was known that although Yuan Zhou had a surname of Compass and stubbornly stuck to his rules, he nevertheless always showed enough politeness to the customers. Such obvious disgust had never happened.

"It's your misconception. A serving of Silk Twined Rabbit, right?" Yuan Zhou said primly.

"Really? But I indeed saw Boss Yuan you..." he was then interrupted by Yuan Zhou before he finished speaking.

"There are only 4 minutes left now. The business hours will end very soon," Yuan Zhou's tone was calm and composed.

"Yes, right. One serving of Silk Twined Rabbit," immediately, Chen Wei changed the topic and confirmed the dish he ordered. For him, only the good liquor and nice dishes mattered.

"Ok. Please come at the same period of the day on the day after tomorrow. Payment first, please," Yuan Zhou then answered.

"Ok, at once. I'll make the transfer," Chen Wei had already gotten Yuan Zhou's online bank account previously.

"Thank you, goodbye," Yuan Zhou checked the notification message on his phone and then started to drive other customers out decisively.

"Wait, I haven't ordered my dish," at that time, Wu Hai, who thought himself as quick-witted, also reacted and immediately uttered.

"Sorry, dish ordering is not available now." Yuan Zhou pointed at the time, indicating the business hours had ended.

"This cunning Chen Wei didn't tell us about the good thing," Wu Hai was so angry that even the two tufts of his mustache tilted up. He was quite dissatisfied.

"Business hours have ended. Please come earlier next time." After Yuan Zhou uttered the final words, other customers waiting in line outside then gradually left.

On the other hand, Wu Hai just walked away in quick steps with a "Da Da Da" sound while wearing slippers. Judging by his manner, he seemed to be going to pick on Chen Wei, for which Yuan Zhou was rather happy to see it happen.

"Boss, did you really say something just now?" After all the customers left, Mu Xiaoyun asked curiously.

"No, it's your misconception," Yuan Zhou said with a firm look.

"Well, ok," Mu Xiaoyun didn't see what happened, but she indeed heard something. However, since his boss had said no, it was probably true. While walking out, Mu Xiaoyun thought with uncertainty.

"Humm, be careful on your way back home," Yuan Zhou nodded solemnly.

"Ok, bye, boss," Mu Xiaoyun left after answering him.

In the evening, Yuan Zhou cooked a bowl of Clear Broth Noodle as usual. Having eaten up the noodles, he prepared to carry the remaining broth to the mixed fur Maltese to drink.

"Zhi Ya", he opened the back door and walked out while carrying the bowl.

The alley at the back door was still as quiet as before. The bright moonlight shining on the blue flagstone ground made the atmosphere seem more quiet and colder.

"Da Da Da", hearing his own footsteps, Yuan Zhou walked to the trash can at the end of the alley in a few minutes. Beside the trash can, the mixed fur Maltese was still lying prone on a plastic bag.

However, the living conditions now were much better. A pink piece of worn clothing that was abandoned by a girl and seemed quite thick, was unfolded beneath the dog. Beside it were two bowls, with one that seemed to be for drinking water and the other dry bowl for food. Furthermore, there was, surprisingly, some brown dog food in the dry bowl.

"You little thing really have a good life," after taking a look, Yuan Zhou poured the broth into the wet bowl for drinking water.

The reaction of the Maltese was quite straightforward, that was, no reaction. With its grape-like dark eyes, the Maltese just stared at Yuan Zhou quietly and didn't move at all, like what it had always done whenever Yuan Zhou came.

"I saw you play up to the girls to get food that day. Don't you intend to do the same to me? After all, I saved your life with the broth," Yuan Zhou crouched and looked at the Maltese earnestly.

That's right. After last time, Yuan Zhou saw again the cute manner of the Maltese by rolling on the ground at a girl's feet and revealing its soft belly. There was a world of difference between that appearance and the current indifferent manner.

However, the Maltese didn't have any reaction to Yuan Zhou's long sentence of words, indicating that, "This dog doesn't really understand you".

"Alright. Sometimes, you are too clever to be a dog, but now I feel that you are merely a wounded dog," Yuan Zhou stood up while grumbling and unhurriedly went back to his restaurant, preparing to start the business of his pub.

Yet, not until Yuan Zhou vanished from its sight did the mixed fur Maltese stand up and leisurely went to drink the broth.

The everyday life of Yuan Zhou was dull but fulfilling.

On the noon of the next day, Yuan Zhou shocked the regular customers again.

A new customer entered the restaurant. Wearing plain clothes and a pair of round glasses with a full beard on his face, he looked like a rough man, who spoke with Mandarin Chinese with a heavy

accent.

"Boss, get me a serving of the beef and a bowl of white rice," After checking the price list, the man only ordered two dishes.

"The beef is spicy. You won't like it. You can change another bland one," before Mu Xiaoyun answered him, Yuan Zhou suddenly broke in.

"Gee? How do you know I don't eat spicy dishes?" The man with a full beard was quite curious.

"A secret of a chef. What dish would you like to change to?" Yuan Zhou didn't actually answer his question, but asked directly.

"So weird. Do you know me?" The man looked up and down at Yuan Zhou.

"Sir, what do you want to reorder?" Mu Xiaoyun asked at the side.

"Then get me the prawns and white rice," the man hurriedly ordered his dishes and was still puzzling over the matter.

While eating the Egg Fried Rice beside the man, Wu Zhou guessed enthusiastically, "Is it because of your accent that made Boss Yuan guess where you are from?"

"It is impossible to know where I come from according to my accent," the man straightforwardly denied.

"I don't know, but Boss Yuan might know that. It's common," Wu Zhou wasn't really angry. He just felt it normal for Yuan Zhou to distinguish the accent.

"Ho Ho. My accent was from the region of Chu. Almost all the people there love to eat spicy dishes, like the very hot Taste Shrimps," the man said, with a face full of fear.

"That also makes sense. Did Boss Yuan ever see you before and happen to know you don't eat spicy dishes?" Wu Zhou continued to guess with curiosity.

"I just arrived here only today," the man felt this young guy was truly stupid, hence said with a contemptuous tone.

Nevertheless, on his face full of the beard, Wu Zhou couldn't see any contemptuous expression and just continued to guess randomly.

When Yuan Zhou carried the dishes to him at that time, the man asked curiously, "How did you know I don't eat spicy dishes?"

"I guessed," Yuan Zhou's answer was simple and explicit as if he were joking with him.

"Is it so easy to guess?" With a suspicion shown on his face, the

man nevertheless stopped asking.

Wu Zhou was so curious that he still wanted to ask again, but Yuan Zhou didn't give him an opportunity. He immediately returned to the kitchen.

Coincidentally, when lunch time almost ended, there came another customer who enjoyed spicy dishes, which Yuan Zhou, likewise, successfully "guessed".

As a result, Wu Zhou scratched his head and appeared to be more curious. However, Yuan Zhou's explanation was still that he guessed it just like the previous person. Yuan Zhou still didn't give Wu Zhou a chance to question him.

This time, W Zhou wittily brought out this matter in the Wechat group.

Instantly, the group members started a fervent discussion...

Chapter 174: Understanding

Disputes arose among the members of the group over how Yuan Zhou could instantly distinguish if a person ate spicy dishes.

One party believed it was merely a coincidence and Yuan Zhou had seen the people before by chance. Although the man with the full beard had confirmed that he came here for the very first time, Yuan Zhou probably had encountered him somewhere else.

The other party believed that Yuan Zhou definitely had some special skills to distinguish. After all, Yuan Zhou's culinary skills were known to all and it was, likewise, not surprising for him to have such skills.

The two parties disputed ceaselessly. For Wu Zhou, he naturally felt that Yuan Zhou should have some special ways to distinguish them.

At the end of the dispute, they all agreed that Wu Zhou should ask Yuan Zhou flatly.

Having stayed seated there and thought for a while, Wu Zhou stood up while taking his phone and then stopped Yuan Zhou loudly, "Boss Yuan, please wait a moment."

"What's up?" Yuan Zhou turned the head and asked Wu Zhou, looking at him.

"Why do you know this person and that person do not eat spicy dishes but another person will eat them?" Wu Zhou pointed at the several customers who had just entered the restaurant and then asked.

After considering for a second, Yuan Zhou said affirmatively, "I am guessing."

The answer of Yuan Zhou was obviously kidding around with Wu Zhou.

"That can't be true. Boss Yuan, I also want to know why," the person, who had just arrived and accidentally ordered the bland dishes instead of his favorite spicy dishes, likewise asked curiously.

"Yeah, yeah. I also want to know." Then, all customers in the restaurant felt curious.

"Because I'm a chef," Yuan Zhou looked around and said calmly.

"Er...." The customers choked with the answer.

What the hell? They would rather believe that he had guessed. How could a chef directly tell if the customer liked eating spicy dishes or not, especially when he came for the first time and hadn't ever told Yuan Zhou about his favorite taste?"

Did he have a special skill for distinguishing that?

When he found the customers accepted his explanation and no longer asked, Yuan Zhou returned to the kitchen contentedly and began to do his own work.

Regarding whether or not they were satisfied with Yuan Zhou's explanation, it could be clearly seen from their expression of "Are you fu*king with me?"

One morning, Wu Hai walked down from the upstairs with a pair of slippers making "Pa Da, Pa Da" sound. As usual, he wore a pair of floral short pants and a singlet, appearing to be like a retired man.

There had already been customers waiting outside Yuan Zhou's restaurant. He walked to the end of the line and waited in line.

He put his hands in the pocket and felt so bored that even his mustache hung down spiritlessly. At that time, he suddenly opened his mouth, "Hey, you come here."

With a natural tone, Wu Hai shouted to a young man at the door of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

The young man was Li Yi, who was dressed in a decent and well-fitting black suit and hence appeared to be tall and straight as well as bright and spirited. Right now, he was looking inside of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"Are you talking to me?" Hearing somebody shouting, Li Yi

turned around the head in puzzlement. When he saw Wu Hai looking at him, he then asked curiously as he didn't know this person.

"Whom else do you think I'm talking to?" Wu Hai had always been impatient to others.

"What's the matter?" Li Yi's temper wasn't really bad. He came up with a mild smile on his face.

"Formerly, you always came from that direction, but why did you circle here this time? Are you jogging for exercise?" Wu Hai asked straightforwardly.

"Yes, jogging for exercise," Li Yi nodded while smiling. After finishing speaking, he passed by Wu Hai and then left.

And likewise, Wu Hai didn't ask anymore.

Li Yi's company was in the other direction of Yuan Zhou's restaurant. So was his home. Recently, he got used to jogging in the reverse direction of his company and home until he arrived at Yuan Zhou's restaurant and jogged around it before going back to his company.

The major business of his company was medical care, which required very professional knowledge. He worked in the company as a team leader of a department there. Unless the three staff under him made mistakes, he seldom lost his temper. Normally, he

treated them quite well.

One day, Li Yi was seated at his desk and leafing through a job report with a frown. He unconsciously knocked on the desk making the slight noise of "Du Du Du", appearing very anxious.

"What's wrong with Brother Yi. He doesn't seem to be happy," a senior staff member who worked with Li Yi for quite a few years, asked curiously.

"Is the job report yours?" another one asked a girl beside him.

"Yes, the report was made yesterday by all of us. There shouldn't be any problem," the girl answered with uncertainty.

"Then there's indeed no problem. It's just that we don't know what's wrong with Brother Yi," another colleague said.

"But I don't feel Brother Yi is unhappy. Obviously, he isn't any different," the girl craned her neck and took a look at Li Yi.

"You don't understand. After working with him longer, you'll know," the senior staff didn't actually explain to her. He just turned the head and did his own work after speaking.

The girl paid much attention to the words of the senior staff. She worked with great care all long day long, for fear of making any mistakes. Until they got off work in the evening, however, Li Yi still remained the same, neither losing his temper nor getting

picky about anything.

"What the hell is it? He definitely lied," the girl walked out of the company in quick steps while making complaints. For the whole day, she had been deeply depressed and didn't feel good.

Li Yi, nevertheless, passed by Yuan Zhou's restaurant again after getting off work. A sign of "Under Renovation" was still hanging on the door. He took a glance at it and then turned around and left with a normal look.

Two days later when Yuan Zhou's restaurant was opened for business, Li Yi passed by again in the early morning. He looked at the inside of the restaurant and then left.

After the renovation, the restaurant was opened.

Having arrived at his company, Li Yi greeted everybody as usual.

In a short moment, the senior staff who had worked with Li Yi for several years said mysteriously, "Brother Yi is in a good mood today."

"I don't trust you anymore. Last time, you said Brother Yi was unhappy and hence made me worry all day long," the girl said with a disbelieving expression.

"Little girls know nothing," the senior staff answered, pretending to be serious.

"But I don't feel that Brother Yi was happy, either." Another one of the three had just been summoned into Li Yi's office and scolded due to the mistakes in the files.

This was nevertheless the most favorable evidence. Then, the two of them both felt that the speculations of the senior staff were totally baseless.

When the senior staff found the other two didn't believe his words, he felt bored and then left.

Wu Hai was ruder when he bumped into Li Yi again. He didn't even say "Hey" before going up and questioning him.

At that time, Li Yi was standing not far away from Yuan Zhou's restaurant and looking at the inside.

"What are you looking at? Do you want to eat?" Wu Hai walked close to Li Yi and then said.

"No, I'm just looking at it," Li Yi said with a smile. He didn't deny the fact that he was looking at Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"I believe with your economic conditions, let's not say to eat every day, eating occasionally shouldn't be a problem," Wu Hai said after looking up and down at Li Yi for a while.

"Thank you, but I just want to have a look." Although he was smiling, his eyes were serious.

"Why do you only look at it? That's just a visual enjoyment. Only a meal can solve all the curiosity," Not really understanding Li Yi's thoughts, Wu Hai frankly brought out his own opinion.

Li Yi waved his hand, saying, "Really, no need. It's good to just watch it from outside."

"Is it because you have handed your payroll card to your girlfriend?" Wu Hai guessed again.

This time, Li Yi didn't answer Wu Hai. Instead, he turned around and left with a smile. As he had to go to work in the morning, he had to hurry to his company to clock in.

Today, the mood of Li Yi wasn't bad either.

For some things, one need not eat it to personally know it was a good thing.

Sometimes, it was also a comfort to look at something when he passed by every day, not to mention that this thing was Yuan Zhou's restaurant. For sure, it could bring a smile to people's hearts.

Chapter 175: Silk Twined Rabbit

Wu Hai wasn't too curious about things unrelated to him, he just asked a bit. Seeing Li Yi come at intervals, he nevertheless understood his intention.

"Dong Dong Dong," a series sound of hasty footsteps could be heard.

Chen Wei walked into the restaurant in quick steps along with Dong Zi and Bamboo.

"There is just 10 minutes left." Having raised his wrist and checked the time, Chen Wei revealed a smile.

"Do you think we can make it?" Dong Zi was still worried if Chen Wei's idea worked..

"According to Boss Yuan's rules, there shouldn't be any problem," Bamboo was more confident about that.

"Let's do it first to see," Chen Wei finally made the decision.

"Boss Yuan, one serving of the beef, please," Bamboo first ordered a serving of the beef.

Only after that did he turn the head and look at Dong Zi, saying, "We'll know after we try."

Following him, each of the several people ordered a plate of beef and then stared at the beef in front of them miserably, without moving their chopsticks any bit.

"There are only 5 minutes left until the opening hours end. Chen Wei, here's the Silk Twined Rabbit," Yuan Zhou glanced at the three people seated at the table with a speechless look on his face.

"Thank you, Boss Yuan." Chen Wei's attention to the beef in the plate was distracted and he then raised his head and said to Yuan Zhou while looking at him.

"You are welcome," Yuan Zhou nodded.

After Chen Wei received the dish, the three of them started to look at each other while facing the beef and Silk Twined Rabbit.

"Business time is up. Please come early tomorrow," after Yuan Zhou finished the routine closing words, Chen Wei became relieved.

"Bro, let me taste one piece of the rabbit. I haven't savored the taste yet," Bamboo was the first who couldn't endure the temptation.

"No way. We have come to an agreement," Chen Wei's tone was no longer that solemn when he spoke

With the slober filling his mouth, he definitely couldn't speak so swiftly.

"The fragrance is truly tempting. I think eating one piece out of so many wouldn't affect drinking the liquor much," Bamboo said with decent reasons.

"I think so, too. Let's each taste one piece. They won't taste good if they are cold." Dong Zi was also supportive of him.

They have all tasted the beef, it was very appetizing. But 12 pieces were really too little for them to taste. On the contrary, the dish of the rabbit filled up the bowl.

It was a jade green big bowl with a small opening. There on the surface was an exquisite painting of a farmyard with the cooking smoke curling upward. With the genuine heat of the dish, the cooking smoke curling up appeared to be real.

Therefore, the fragrance spread out and floated around the noses of the three people.

"No way. We have agreed on eating it with liquor, then we must do as planned," while taking a look at the beef and the rabbit, Chen Wei still said persistently.

"You fellow! Are you possessed by Boss Yuan to be so principled?" Bamboo said speechlessly.

"Almost there," Chen Wei looked at the time and comforted them.

When the other two found Chen Wei didn't agree at all no matter how hard they had tried, the three of them had only to quietly stare at the dishes in front of them again.

Fortunately, Yuan Zhou finally declared, "The pub is open now. Whoever has drawn the liquor can come in now," after 10 minutes.

"Boss Yuan, can I eat the unfinished dishes while drinking the liquor? I don't want to waste the food," Chen Wei stood up, pointed to the rule of "Wasting Not Allowed" on the wall and then asked happily.

"Yes, sure." Looking at the untouched dishes, Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod.

"See? I have already said Boss Yuan would agree. Although he sticks to punctuality, he has never expelled any customer before they finish their meal," Chen Wei said as if he had known it very well.

"It's great that we can eat it soon." For Dong Zi, he only cared about eating in a while.

Judging from his appearance, he almost couldn't wait to give the alluring rabbit meat an immediate bite.

A writer drew the liquor today for the second time. He had never eaten anything in Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Every time, he would just come for the lottery drawing during the daytime. If he can draw the liquor, he would come to drink; if not, he wouldn't come for a meal. Besides, he had never brought any dishes with liquor.

His comment was like this, "Good liquor is to be savored rather than drunk."

"Boss Yuan, this sergestes wall landscape is indeed a wonderful workmanship that excels the nature. Moreover, the pink color of the shrimps is also graceful." The writer watched carefully when he passed through the arched door of the wall.

"That's true. It looks more beautiful during the daytime. We could watch the scenery of the courtyard from inside the restaurant. It's really two different sceneries on both sides of the wall." Another man who drew the liquor was Wu Anlu.

He also loved drinking liquor. In order to save money to buy the liquor, he no longer came to Yuan Zhou's restaurant for meals frequently. As long as he had enough money, he came to draw the lottery and then drink a cup of liquor.

"While a winding path leads to a secluded retreat, the bamboo forest is deep in the courtyard," the writer chanted a totally irrelevant poem, but it was fit for Yuan Zhou's pub more.

Having passed through the courtyard, the several people followed Yuan Zhou up to the second floor. With the bamboos

standing upright in great numbers, a bright moon and a lamplight as bright as day overhead made an exquisite scenery.

"Just put it here, put it here" Dong Zi paid no attention to anything else right now. While carrying two plates of the beef, he repeatedly asked Chen Wei to put down the rabbit meat in his hands.

Originally, Dong Zi had intended to carry the rabbit meat. For the sake of security, however, Chen Wei carried the dish by himself and let Dong Zi carry two plates of beef.

"We are gonna eat it right now. Take it easy, man," Chen Wei steadily put down the rabbit meat and then grumbled.

"Yeah, I am taking it easy now. Anyway, I will take the first bite" At a lighting speed, Dong Zi quickly picked up a piece of reddish brown rabbit meat and threw it into his mouth.

The rabbit meat was fresh, tender and delicious. Besides, the bones are thin and small. After Yuan Zhou's special treatment, the bones are awfully soft and crisp, which, for Dong Zi, simply equaled to nothing. He swallowed it up with several bites.

"Great," Dong Zi said loudly.

Bamboo was, nevertheless, more cultured. At least he meticulously savored the meat for a while. The rabbit meat slowly melted in his mouth along with miraculous scent.

The major difference of the Silk Twined Rabbit cooked by Yuan Zhou from others was that he used lemongrass to twine the rabbit.

He peeled off the exterior leaves from the perennial lemongrass and only kept rhizomes. After the rhizome was boiled and heated until it got soft in the clear water, he carefully cut it into three pieces and then heated it in the water again.

At that time, the lemongrass had been quite soft. He then knitted the three pieces into a rope.

After the rope was well knitted and cooled, it was then used to twine the rabbit firmly. The lemongrass inherently carried refreshing lemon fragrance. The cutting and knitting just enabled the fragrance to grow. During the process of pickling, the lemon fragrance slowly infiltrated the rabbit meat.

That way, the rabbit meat would carry very mild lemon fragrance when people ate it again. This sort of lemon fragrance had, nevertheless, merged into the overall flavor.

"Why is the rabbit meat totally different from those sold outside?" Dong Zi said admiringly while eating.

"Rabbit meat was formerly known as Hundred Taste Meat. I finally understand it now," Bamboo picked up a piece of rabbit meat first and then said.

"What do you mean?" Dong Zi asked curiously.

"You'll understand as long as you don't eat like a pig, only swallowing without chewing," Bamboo said angrily.

While this fellow was desperately stuffing the rabbit meat into his mouth, he was also talking. From the way he ate, no one knew if he really savored any taste before swallowing up.

The rabbit meat was fine and tender, and was quite easily digested and absorbed. Therefore, it was unnecessary to worry if he would overeat or choke.

Luckily, the Silk Twined Rabbit weighed a lot and was supposed to have half a rabbit's quantity. Every piece was basically the same in size and was placed neatly. There was no minced meat in the bowl as the meat was all cut completely.

They stopped talking and earnestly enjoyed the steaming hot delicious rabbit meat.

What a wonderful taste!

Chapter 176: Change In Expression

Just when the three people were happily eating the steaming hot rabbit meat, the person who declared himself to be a writer uttered.

"Boss Yuan really treats you guys well," at that time, the writer said after drinking a mouthful of the liquor.

"Why do you say so?" Wu Anlu asked curiously.

At the side, the three people were likewise looking at the writer with puzzlement while eating.

This writer, who claimed to be writing speculative fictions, didn't talk much, but when he spoke occasionally, it was all about strange things. Nevertheless, it made sense to some extent.

"This dish of yours had been well prepared and carried to you before we came here," the writer said while observing the reactions of the three people.

Seeing them nod their heads, the writer continued to say.

"From the moment we came in until now, this dish of yours is still slightly giving off steam. Although it's not cold, the rabbit meat should have been cooled down once the time exceeds half an hour," this time, the writer said with a firm tone and also took a look at Yuan Zhou, who was sitting at the inside of the countertop.

"Last time when I came to draw the lottery, a customer who ordered the rabbit meat definitely got a big plate, a very beautiful one." The writer recalled that beautiful big plate all of a sudden and then nodded affirmatively.

"What's the difference between the plate and the bowl?" After swallowing up the rabbit meat first, Dong Zi asked.

"Of course it's different. This bowl of yours has a big body and a small opening, so the heat won't be lost easily and the dish can stay hot for a long time. That way, you guys are able to eat the hot dish right now." The writer brought out the reason bluntly.

For a while, the second floor was lost in silence.

Chen Wei just wanted to take advantage of Yuan Zhou's rules, which was known by Yuan Zhou.

"Boss Yuan, you really are a nice person." Chen Wei was an honest and straightforward man.

"Thank you. I have always believed so as well," with a nod, Yuan Zhou admitted without any hesitation.

Once the words were spoken, the crowd instantly became speechless. Where was the agreed emotion? Now the atmosphere was totally ruined.

"Come on, let's drink," Wu Anlu first interrupted the silence and then took up the wine cup, saying that.

Not knowing he made the crowd silent again, Yuan Zhou continued playing his single game with relief.

After all, Wu Hai described him as a scammer of different means every day. Yet, now there was suddenly a person who, with his discerning eyes, believed Yuan Zhou was such a nice man. Therefore, Yuan Zhou indicated that he approved of Chen Wei's capability.

On the morning of the following day, the former Wechat group of Rescue Center for Boss Yuan, that had changed its name to Cuisine Backup Group, was filled with bustle.

[Big news. Boss Yuan was despised by all the take-out websites.] This news was from the programmer Wu Zhou. It was early morning and this guy secretly logged on Wechat and told everyone about this matter.

[Um. What's the matter?] The first one who replied was the wealthy Ling Hong. As he had been on a business trip recently, he hadn't been to Yuan Zhou's restaurant for a long time.

[Wealthy Ling, Boss Yuan has been checking take-out websites at his door every day recently. But when the take-out websites come to him for cooperation, he nevertheless refused all of them. So...] The way that Wu Zhou called Ling Hong was quite straightforward, just as usual.

[Ha Ha. I have already known he will be scolded.] As soon as Wu Hai saw this message when he woke up, he was naturally happy.

[Why exactly do you guys think Boss Yuan is checking those take-out websites?] Man Man cared about the more essential problem.

[Is it because he wants to do take-out business but couldn't find a suitable one?] Wu Zhou trusted Yuan Zhou's morals and believed he should have some purpose by doing that.

[I don't think so. I would rather believe it is his periodic madness.] Wu Hai spoke conclusively.

[The reason of doing the business can be considered. The problem is his dishes are neither more nor less, which is difficult to deal with.] Ling Hong would prefer to consider problems based on the reality.

[Wealthy Ling, are you gonna invest in this business?" Wu Zhou asked curiously.

[Not actually. I am just helping Boss Yuan to consider that.] Ling Hong spared a moment to have a look at Wu Zhou and then answered.

[I feel we should share this news with Boss Yuan. After all, it's all about him.] At the other side of the phone, Man Man revealed a cunning smile.

[That's right. He has a decent reason to know about such good news.] Wu Hai supported this idea first.

[Then this work is hereby given to the small mustache and you.] Man Man made the final decision.

Ling Hong didn't check the phone anymore and began to work attentively. As for Wu Zhou, he also had a look and then revealed a smile.

All of them wanted to see Yuan Zhou's look after he got to know such remarks, hence all agreed.

Following a "Peng" sound, Wu Hai rolled over and got up from the bed.

After quickly washing himself, he got out of the restaurant.

By then, there had been some people lining up at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

Luckily, breakfast hours always passed quickly. For the past few days, Yuan Zhou had always been cooking the Baked Egg Cakes, which tasted delectable and, moreover, was convenient. Except for the grandpa and Wu Hai who were fond of Soup Dumplings, all the customers loved this dish.

When it was Wu Hai's turn, he took out the evidence that he had collected while waiting in the line.

"Boss Yuan, I have something related to you. Do you want to know it?" Wu Hai's face was filled with an evil smile.

"Nope," as soon as Yuan Zhou saw Wu Hai's manner, he knew that this guy didn't have any good intentions.

"Boss Yuan, you don't play by the rules every time. It's not good," Wu Hai said seriously.

"Here's your Baked Egg Cake. Next one." Yuan Zhou handed the snack to Wu Hai and immediately asked the next customer.

"Listen to me. I feel that the existing take-out websites won't come to cooperate with you anymore for sure," Wu Hai consciously made room for the customer following him and then said after he walked aside and got seated.

"Um, got it," Yuan Zhou managed to find time to answer him.

"Gee? Aren't you curious about the reason?" Wu Hai never believed that Yuan Zhou had the spirit of introspection, hence felt quite strange to Yuan Zhou's answer.

Yet, Yuan Zhou knew this matter very well as he was the leading role. After he consecutively refused ten take-out websites looking for cooperation, naturally no one would come to him in a short

time. It was quite normal.

"No, I'm not curious at all." Nevertheless, Yuan Zhou still answered Wu Hai.

"Sigh. Let me tell you directly. Boss Yuan, your restaurant is deemed by the take-out websites as the most insane store." Wu Hai couldn't help bursting out laughing while speaking.

Yuan Zhou didn't answer him right away this time. When Wu Hai felt that Yuan Zhou hadn't heard him and prepared to say it again, Yuan Zhou spoke. He directly uttered, "I know about that."

"Boss Yuan, you are so calm," When Wu Hai recalled the courteous practice formerly said by Yuan Zhou, he couldn't help laughing out.

It turned out that Yuan Zhou really was the problem while people from take-out websites and Wu Hai were normal.

For the whole day long afterward, every customer, as long as they were from the Cuisine Backup Group, would ask Yuan Zhou about the remarks given by the take-out websites to him.

Yuan Zhou's answer was always that he had known about it. He managed free himself from being a joke.

When there was only half an hour left before the dinner time ended, a man who had some bruises on his face and a rupture on

the mouth walked into the restaurant.

"Boss Yuan, a bowl of Egg Fried Rice." The man's wounds probably ached from speaking. As a result, he contorted his face in agony for an instant and then sat down quietly.

"Ok, one moment, please." Without showing any curiosity about the bruise on his face, Yuan Zhou just answered indifferently.

Two and half minutes later, Yuan Zhou carried the dish to him, "Here's your Egg Fried Rice."

"Thank you," the man reached to receive the bowl, revealing some more bruise on his hands.

Having eaten two mouthful of the dish, he said to Yuan Zhou who was standing in front of him after quite a while, "I failed."

"Um, I know," Yuan Zhou nodded and then went back to the kitchen to make dishes for the next customer. This customer had been here for several times and every time he came, there would be bruises on his face.

Besides, he would say, "I failed" or "I made it" every time. Apart from that, they strangely didn't have any other communication.

Ten minutes later, the man finished the meal and then left.

All that was merely an interlude. Although the customers were curious, they were still more interested in watching Yuan Zhou's change in expression.

Chapter 177: Selection Of Restaurant Flower

Ever since the last upgrade mission, the system no longer released any missions. Yuan Zhou was also happy to be free like that. He would slowly familiarize himself with the newly-served dishes and then add them to the price list. This was the requirement he had for himself now.

This was different from the former times when he immediately sold out the new dishes once they were served.

Yuan Zhou opened the restaurant every day and once he was free, he would play electronic games, exercise the flexibility of his fingers and train his carving skills. Yuan Zhou's life was greatly enriched by all that. Of course, the happiest moment for him was when he calculated the turnover at night.

As for paying taxes, Yuan Zhou selectively neglected this matter directly due to the system giving him a comforting red packet every time.

Naturally, the current amount of the tax paid was getting larger and larger. Consequently, Yuan Zhou had already enjoyed the preferential policies of paying a large amount of taxes. For example, the express tax-paying line which could let Yuan Zhou pay taxes faster and quicker.

In this regard, Yuan Zhou just expressed, "I am so grateful" and almost knelt down to thank them.

If he weren't saying that while grinding his teeth, these words would be more convincing.

"The turnover increased a little bit again today," looking at the increasing number in his bank account, Yuan Zhou said delightedly.

"I should buy a house," as alike as most of the countrymen, he also wanted to buy houses once he had sufficient money. At this point, real estate companies earned more money than others.

Although the neighboring two stores and the current restaurant all belonged to him, he would like to buy a villa anyhow to show off to others since he had plenty of money now.

Yuan Zhou indicated that he needed to consider this matter very carefully.

"After I have a house, I will have a wife and then children. How many children should we have? Should we have boys or girls? The key problem is if we have children, they would have to go to school. Then do I need to buy another house at the school district?" With a solemn look on his face, Yuan Zhou was thinking about this very serious problem.

Luckily the system never revealed any information under the circumstances that there was no mission. Otherwise, it would remind Yuan Zhou that a girlfriend came before a wife.

As for Wu Hai, he was expected to say, "As a single man, it's better for you to consider how to make good dishes."

While taking the money, Yuan Zhou was lost in a daze. Only after quite a while did he regain the consciousness.

Just at that time, the system revealed some words, not for mocking at Yuan Zhou's ideals, but for a mission.

The system displayed, "A country has a national flower; a city has a municipal flower, and a store has a store flower. Host, please choose one to be the store flower of yours."

"Spider plant, hyacinth, orchid, wintersweet,, lotus flower, peony, fragrancs, lotus, cottonrose hibiscus..."

The system listed almost all flowers at one go which couldn't be covered in Yuan Zhou's sight. Luckily that first-sight attraction was quite mysterious. Therefore he chose the flower immediately.

"As the poem indicates that the lotus flower is not contaminated although it was grown in sludge and is not immodest after being washed. This is obviously referring to me. I feel it represents my personality. I choose it," Yuan Zhou said complacently.

Under the condition that the system never ridiculed and there was no customer by his side, Yuan Zhou had abandoned his sense of shame.

The system displayed, "Host, please complete the side mission."

[Side Mission] Please furnish the restaurant with 10 different ornaments related to lotus flowers.

(Mission Tips: As a Master Chef restaurant that took the lotus flower as its restaurant flower, how could it not have ornaments of lotus flower? Go and buy them lavishly now, young man.)

[Mission Reward] Lotus Root Starch

(Reward tips: Eating lotus root starch is also what the celebrity and cultured people do.)

"Can't you just have some reliable tips?" Every time Yuan Zhou couldn't help grumbling about the content of the tips.

Fortunately, the tips didn't tend to affect Yuan Zhou's judgment for the mission.

There happened to be a lack of food for breakfast in the restaurant, especially soup.

He took out the phone and checked the time. As it was quite late now, he couldn't make calls anymore and could only leaf through some information on the shopping website.

There was sufficient time. After Yuan Zhou's persistently search, he finally found some ornaments.

"What an almighty website!" Yuan Zhou then placed everything he had searched for into the shopping cart in silence.

For women, shopping was a pleasure and online shopping was likewise a means to reduce stress. Therefore, they would carefully compare the commodities and choose one that was to their utmost satisfaction in the end. That had actually nothing to do with money itself.

On the contrary, Yuan Zhou was buying things more straightforwardly and purposefully. He searched for ornaments related to lotus flowers on the shopping website and then a great number of the ornaments popped out instantly.

However, only small and delicate ornaments were suitable for his restaurant and furthermore, they must live up to his taste.

After becoming wealthy, Yuan Zhou's taste was to buy the most expensive ones since he couldn't distinguish the difference.

It was a long-neck flower vase painted with lotus flowers, which would be placed on the countertop.

"Do clothes that I wear while working count? I think they are also an important part of my restaurant," Yuan Zhou, on a whim,

asked.

The system displayed, "Yes."

"Good," Yuan Zhou let out a sigh of relief.

He immediately found a store of Han Chinese Clothing on the website and ordered two sets of the clothes, the particular kind with lotus flower patterns, naturally on express service.

By then, he had bought two ornaments. Plus another two for tomorrow, he would have 4 in all. Then there were 6 ornaments left that he should buy. Consequently, Yuan Zhou started to rack his brains to contemplate this matter.

"Many objects are not actually required by the restaurant. Otherwise, ordinary things like the dinnerware could easily help to complete the mission," while pondering, Yuan Zhou also muttered to himself. It was not Yuan Zhou's style not to use it after the purchase. What's more, dinnerware sold outside was apparently inferior to those provided by the system.

In a moment, Yuan Zhou found another one, a lotus flower knot. As it was small and exquisite, and didn't take up too much space, he could hang it on the wall.

What Yuan Zhou was searching for was all about home decoration objects. "This one is also not bad." After a short moment, Yuan Zhou caught the sight of a decorative table lamp,

which was pretty and delicate and could emit faint light without being glaring.

He straightforwardly bought 8 lamps generously, preparing to insert them between the bamboo forests in his pub.

Of course, a physical book of Lotus Loving Essay was also considered to be very nice. Thus, Yuan Zhou chose it without hesitation.

"Only three ornaments left now," Yuan Zhou stood up and walked for two steps. As he couldn't think of anything more right now, Yuan Zhou decided to take a rest.

While walking around, he suddenly recalled the mixed fur Maltese Broth guarding the back door.

"System, can I change the dog's name to Lotus Flower now?" Yuan Zhou suddenly asked.

The system, however, didn't even reply him with a "Ho Ho".

"Can I replace the flower pot that you have provided with a new one?" Yuan Zhou intended to take advantage of the flowers in his restaurant.

The system displayed, "No, you can't. If you do so, the plant will wilt easily."

"Is the flowerpot another kind of advanced technology?" Yuan Zhou felt speechless and grumbled.

Nonetheless, Yuan Zhou was likewise inspired by the system. He then bought a bunch of stickers on the shopping website and prepared to paste them on the flower pot.

Then, only two ornaments were left undone.

"I think I can change to a new quilt cover with lotus flower patterns," looking at his own bed, Yuan Zhou said decisively.

The system displayed, "Host, please pay attention to the requirements of the mission."

"Ok," Yuan Zhou hadn't really expected that the mission could be completed in that way and was just asking casually.

Having thought of something suddenly, Yuan Zhou immediately went to the shopping website again to place an order for a towel of lotus flower patterns, which should also be considered as a decoration, for customers' use though. It could be clearly seen that this idea worked.

Now, there was only one left.

"Does another flower vase with a different shape count?" When

Yuan Zhou caught sight of a lotus-pod shaped vase, he asked with great curiosity.

The system displayed, "The same type can't be used twice."

Yuan Zhou went through to the next page and began to look for something else.

A flower vase, two sets of clothes, a painting for the price list, a pot of real flower, a lotus flower knot, a lotus flower table lamp, stickers, a book, a custom-made towel and last, the decorative shop sign of the restaurant.

After all the ten ornaments were all bought, Yuan Zhou went to bed securely. Now he was only waiting to receive them to complete the mission...

Chapter 178: Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake

"Ding Ling Ling, Ding Ling Ling"

A different alarm of the clock woke Yuan Zhou up from his sound sleep.

"This new alarm is really strange." After muttering some words, Yuan Zhou turned off the alarm and began to wash himself.

Since Wu Hai made fun of the alarm on Yuan Zhou's phone last time, Yuan Zhou immediately changed a new one. Although there wasn't much difference between the two, the former one being "Ling Ling Ling" and the current one "Ding Ling Ling", he himself believed the difference was great.

When he finished cleaning himself, it was exactly 7:30 in the morning.

Then Yuan Zhou took out his phone and began to make calls.

"May I ask if that is Painter Fang?" Once the phone got through, Yuan Zhou immediately asked.

"Um, what's the matter?" A soft and melodious female voice passed from the other end of the phone.

Yuan Zhou was stunned for a second while holding the phone

before saying, "I'd like to request for you to paint the wall."

"No problem. When do you want me to start?" The girl answered earnestly when she heard it was about work.

"If possible, we can start today. Could you come here to negotiate the price?" Having considered awhile, Yuan Zhou sent her the invitation.

This Painter Fang was found by Yuan Zhou on a forum. She was said to have wonderful painting skills and did her work earnestly and responsibly. Though she charged a little higher, the materials that she used were nevertheless very good.

Yet, Yuan Zhou hadn't expected it was a girl, a girl with a soft and melodious voice.

"No problem. So can you tell me your address?" With a shoulder holding the phone against the neck, Painter Fang used her spare hand to get dressed and rise from the bed.

"No.14 of Taoxi Road. Let's meet at 9:30," Yuan Zhou told her about the time.

"Ok, see you then," after saying goodbye, Painter Fang cleanly pulled up her hair and tied it into a ponytail.

Her whole person appeared rather spirited and her clear face was full of vigor.

Now that the ninth one was settled. He continued with the tenth one.

He went on making calls.

Luckily he didn't have too many contacts in his phone and hence soon got the number that he wanted.

"Hello, this is the Floriculture and Gardening store" a familiar male voice passed from the other end of the phone.

"This is No.14 of Taoxi Road. Please send a pot of lotus flower that is about to blossom here," Yuan Zhou told him about his request directly.

"Ok, what's your requirement for the size?" The man asked him about the details politely.

Yuan Zhou explained one by one while the man took notes meticulously. In just a little while, he finished the last one.

"7 minutes, not bad," Yuan Zhou nodded contentedly.

With nothing else to do, Yuan Zhou felt quite relaxed; therefore he got into an extraordinarily good mood. He thought that he should change to a new taste by cooking something else for the breakfast.

When Yuan Zhou upgraded this time, the system had released a matching snack to him. This was given automatically by the system rather than through the way of drawing lottery.

Yet, he couldn't have too much hope in the system.

"System, aren't there Eight Unique Qinhuai snacks in all?" Yuan Zhou looked at the lone four unique snacks and asked with puzzlement.

The system displayed, "This is rewarded at random."

"Good. Even if they are not complete, it should theoretically the first four or the last four, what's the matter with the current four that are not in order"? Yuan Zhou turned over the content inside and felt rather speechless.

The system displayed, "At random."

"It's truly the personality of the system," Yuan Zhou was convinced with the system. Fortunately, all the dishes released this time were liked by Yuan Zhou.

Nevertheless, he didn't receive all the snacks immediately since only the rewarded dishes were as many as four. If he received the snacks now, he probably couldn't master them in a short time. Therefore, Yuan Zhou intended to first have a thorough grasp of the received dishes and then receive the rewarded snacks, step by

step naturally.

"It's so nice to have extra." Yuan Zhou couldn't help sighing with emotion.

Having rewards stored was like having money deposited in the bank. It gave Yuan Zhou a terrific feeling, like he was wealthy.

He could serve new dishes whenever he wanted to.

Yuan Zhou first received one of the eight unique snacks and started to prepare the breakfast for today.

This time, he was preparing the salty Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake, a traditional snack of Jinling City. Among the numerous stores or restaurants, only the cakes made by Qi Fangge in Jinling City were most well-known by the public and most palatable.

For the breakfast snack of Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake, the most important procedure was the melting of the duck oil.

After Yuan Zhou received the snack, the system had given out all ingredients required in the kitchen, which was then easily found by Yuan Zhou after a careful search. The duck oil was quite different from the one he used for cooking dishes last time.

The duck oil that Yuan Zhou took out had been coagulated, like white snow, carrying a faint delicate fragrance, which seem to be even rarer.

"What kind of duck oil is this?" It was a required course to know about the ingredients first.

The system displayed, "The duck oil is extracted from the whole piece of duck fat taken from the belly of the Baiwu Duck."

"The Baiwu Duck has white feathers, black feet and a black mouth. With its stable heredity, it is the unique medicinal duck and is called the quintessence of the duck. The growing conditions of the duck are extremely harsh. The duck can only be reared at the junction of six varieties of soil including red clay, purplish soil, alluvial soil, paddy soil, rare earth and bentonite clay, and in the superior ecological mountain environment where there is sufficient heat, plenty of rainfall, four distinct seasons and an obvious monsoon as well as the source of limpid water."

"Ducks growing in such conditions are totally free from any offensive smells. The meat texture is fresh and tender and the duck fat inside has functions of clearing heat and detoxicating, dispelling phlegm and promoting resuscitation, calming the heart and tranquilizing the mind and whetting the appetite and tonifying spleen."

"The longer the duck is reared, the more apparent the functions appear. The duck fat used by the system is taken from a three-year old duck, which has a sweet smell."

"It's merely a main ingredient of the sesame seed cake. Do you need to make it so exaggerated? It almost makes me drool for the

stewed duck meat," Yuan Zhou swallowed slobber quietly when he read about the Baiwu Duck.

Duck meat was originally low in cholesterol and was suitable for most people to eat.

Having concentrated his mind, Yuan Zhou began to make the sesame seed cake formally.

Yuan Zhou kneaded the dough first. He added a little duck oil in the flour, kneaded it into a glossy dough and then put it aside. After that, he began to prepare the oil dough. This time, the proportion of the duck oil and the flour was reduced.

He first heated the duck oil and then poured the oil slowly into the flour after cooling it down. Afterwards, he stirred the oil and the flour evenly and put it aside.

The heating temperature and the stirring time were all judged from experience. Normally, one wouldn't be able to master this ability without ten years of experience. Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, clearly knew if the temperature was suitable just by watching the boiling bubbles of the oil and the heat given off.

This was just the gift of experiences.

As Yuan Zhou was to make the salty Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cakes this time, he started to prepare the chopped spring onion mixed with salt and pepper.

A handful of the tender spring onion was chopped into small pieces in identical size. After that, he added duck oil, white pepper and salt as well as some flour and then stirred them evenly, clockwise. While stirring lightly, a strong fragrance was emitted from it.

Next, he only needed to make the sesame cake step by step. As Yuan Zhou preferred the oval shape, he made the cake into this shape.

Currently, ovens were mostly used to make the sesame seed cake. Normally, families used small domestic ovens while restaurants used large ones. In Yuan Zhou's restaurant, however, there was only the most primitive kind of the oven that required fruitwood charcoal to get burned. The sesame seed cake made from the primitive oven was crisp and tasty and besides, the sesame seed could be guaranteed not to be burned black.

After shaping a cake into an oval, he pasted it in the small oven, which could bake twenty sesame seed cakes at a time. Yuan Zhou didn't make many cakes. Only 100, as usual.

Some people enjoyed eating the sesame seed cake when it was cooled while others preferred it when it was hot. Therefore, Yuan Zhou took them out once they were ready and kept them warm.

Every time the new dish was developed, Yuan Zhou always savored it at the first time. This time was no exception.

The baked Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cakes were crisp and fragrant with a golden yellow skin. Every cake was an intact oval.

While the cake was emitting luring scent, Yuan Zhou straightforwardly gave it a bit with a sound of "Ka Cha".

The taste...

Chapter 179: Delicate Flavor Of The Sesame Seed Cakes

The freshly baked sesame seed cakes emitted a fascinating fragrance and were stacked together on a clean porcelain plate. The cake skin was like the crab shell and none of the white sesame seeds covered on it fell. Instead, they all stuck on all over the cake skin.

Yuan Zhou directly bit down on the cake followed by a "Ka Cha" sound.

Instantly, his mouth was filled with fragrance. Theoretically, the duck oil and the cake would surely melt together when it was hot. This one, however, didn't give people any of that feeling.

With a bite on the cake, the inside was soft and the stuffing was crisp; the cake was bitten neatly; its residues neither fell nor stuck to the teeth; it left a delicate flavor lingering in his mouth, which made Yuan Zhou not able to stop. Therefore, Yuan Zhou began to eat the cakes one after another.

The sesame seeds were stuck all over the cake with the help of the melted sugar. The stuffing inside was savory with chopped spring onion. The faint sweetness and the savory taste had a distinct texture but, nevertheless, merged together marvelously, enabling a light fragrance to spread out.

In his mouth were the stickiness of the duck oil and the softness of the cake. When he was biting, the crisp cake skin emitted a

sound of "Ca Ca". The two different texture and the distinctly layered tastes made the Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake seem especially exotic.

Without even taking a sip of water, Yuan Zhou immediately ate up three pieces of the sesame seed cakes.

At that time, there were many people lining up outside Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Of course, they were all attracted by the scent of the Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake filling the air, thus came.

At both sides of the long line, a circle of hawkers surrounded the customers in harmony.

"Iced Soybean Milk.... Steamed Bread, Steamed Stuffed Buns..."

"Soybean Milk and Deep-Fried Dough Sticks..."

"Steamed Sponge Cake, fragrant and sweet.... Millet Congee..."

"Drinks, various drinks..."

The shout rose repeatedly one after another. And all the hawkers had a common characteristic, that was, everyone had drinks on their menu and the drinks made up the dominant percentage.

As the watermelon juice was the only drink in Yuan Zhou's restaurant and, moreover, was not provided in the morning, these

hawkers, who had sharp discernment, started to sell various drinks around Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"I think everyday about what exactly Boss Yuan is eating privately in his store," a customer who was at the end of the line said anxiously.

"I'm also curious. This Boss Yuan cooks appetizing dishes every day in his closed restaurant. This makes me unable to have a good sleep," standing in front, Wu Hai scratched his head and chimed in with great discontent.

"You could close the window and then sleep," having waited impatiently there, Man Man pointed to the opened window of Wu Hai's room and said bluntly.

"It feels stuffy that way," Wu Hai answered concisely.

"You can open the windows at the other side of your room. Besides, the scenery there is more beautiful," Man Man said. She seemed to know the region well.

The opened window of Wu Hai's room was exactly facing the second floor of Yuan Zhou's restaurant. From that position, he could easily see Yuan Zhou's restaurant, not to mention the fragrance of the dishes.

Speaking of which, the residents living around had basically all put on weight, due to hunger.

"Xiaoyun, how long before your boss opens the door?" at that time, a customer asked anxiously.

"It should be any minute," Mu Xiaoyun raised her hand and looked at the cartoon watch before saying with conviction. After all, Boss Yuan had always been punctual.

Just as Mu Xiaoyun finished speaking, the tightly shut door emitted "Hua La" sound as expected.

Yuan Zhou had already got used to the long line and hence, naturally, went back to the countertop, preparing to sell his sesame seed cakes.

"Boss Yuan, you made delicious food again, right?" As soon as the customer entered the restaurant, he couldn't wait to ask.

"Yeah, yeah. Did you developed a new dish?" This customer regarded himself as a well-informed man concerning new dishes. Every time Yuan Zhou developed new dishes, he would surely come.

"Why don't you guys check the menu directly?" With an impatient attitude, Wu Hai got seated and immediately looked towards the menu.

"Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake: 98 RMB/piece. So this is the new dish, right?" Wu Hai opened the mouth and asked.

"Yes, everyone can only buy one cake," Yuan Zhou specifically instructed them. After all, he had eaten another one again before he opened the door. Now there were only 96 cakes left in total.

"Is it savory or sweet?" The well-informed man of new dishes cared more about this problem.

"savory," Yuan Zhou always answered whenever he was asked.

"One sesame seed cake." The instant Yuan Zhou finished speaking, Wu Hai immediately stated his order.

"One moment."

Then, other customers came to realize the situation and hurriedly ordered the single cake.

By then, Wu Hai had already received his cake and started to eat it.

As a painter, Wu Hai's behavior sometimes would imitate those artists. For example, now. Though he had chopsticks in his hand, Wu Hai, nevertheless, preferred to eat it while holding it with his hand.

While taking the sesame seed cake with one hand, he subconsciously put the other below his chin, preparing to catch the

sesame seeds and crumbs of the cake which might fall.

All those who received the sesame seed cake basically made this gesture subconsciously.

The girls ate in a more cultured way. They all prepared napkin tissues and placed them on the table. On the contrary, men were eating without a care. They either used the plate or their hands, preparing to catch the crumbs like Wu Hai.

It was a common sense that this kind of multi-layer sesame seed cakes would produce crumbs while being eaten.

However, they soon realized that common sense didn't apply to Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

For the Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake made by Yuan Zhou, every bite on the cake skin emitted a sound of "Ca Ca". The inside was on the contrary soft, with distinct layers that were giving off visible slight steam.

What's more, the bitten part was neat and no crumbs fell from the cake. Even the sesame seeds remained on the surface without falling at all. After chewing, the cake didn't stick to the teeth at all. They just swallowed a full mouthful of fragrance.

While these few customers were eating in the restaurant, others outside were nevertheless waiting for the seats anxiously. When they smelled the fragrance, they became far more anxious.

"How tempting this fragrance is! I can even smell the taste of the chopped spring onions," after gulping down his saliva, a customer in line craned his neck and said while watching.

"Stop speaking, please. My belly is growling." However, another person acted quite differently. He just stood still and never looked at those who were eating.

"Sorry, I'm too anxious." The man stood upright and smiled in embarrassment.

"We are all anxious to eat it. There're only a few people ahead by now and we can get our turn soon." This person didn't even know if he was comforting himself or others.

Wu Hai, who had finished his meal by then, just stood at the side and didn't leave while counting something in low voice.

In a little while, Yuan Zhou announced, "The 100 sesame seed cakes for today have been sold out. Everybody, please go back now and come earlier next time."

"Jesus. I have been waiting here and smelling the fragrance for half a day. Even my saliva flowed to the ground," the one that didn't get his turn said that, feeling rather speechless.

Seeing the scene, the hawkers wittily started to shout for their business.

"Fragrant Steamed Meat Stuffed Buns, as well as vegetable stuffed buns."

Those who couldn't endure the hunger turned around and went to buy the steamed buns. It was not a weekend and they still had to work soon.

"Wait, Boss Yuan. I find every time you say 100, there's a shortage in the quantity. What's the matter?" Wu Hai stood out and said with certainty.

Wu Hai's words drew attention of the customers who hadn't left

"Hum, a total of 96 sesame seed cakes," Yuan Zhou answered quite frankly.

"Then where are the remaining four cakes?" Wu Hai asked in surprise.

"I ate it," Yuan Zhou said even more earnestly.

"Boss Yuan, how can you feed yourself with the snack that belongs to us? This is absolutely a horrible habit," Wu Hai was first astounded and then he said painfully while pointing at Yuan Zhou.

"I made them," Yuan Zhou didn't really understand Wu Hai's thought. He said seriously with a long face.

"You can't count the snacks eaten by you into the 100," Wu Hai thought for a while and changed his way of saying that.

"No way. This is the rule. You know, I'm a person who strictly adheres to rules and furthermore, has a good-looking face," Yuan Zhou was always very serious every time he spoke of the rules.

As soon as he spoke that, the customers including Wu Hai became speechless. They had experienced many times how difficult it was to get Yuan Zhou to change his rules...

Chapter 180: Taste

"Boss Yuan, I'm really convinced," Wu Hai realized that he, surprisingly, didn't even know how to answer Yuan Zhou.

"Um, opening hours end now." With a nod, Yuan Zhou expressed his acceptance of Wu Hai's admiration.

Wu Hai had accumulated plenty of bad words to say. But thinking of Yuan Zhou's skills, he could only hold them back and then left with a grievance.

He had always believed that Boss Yuan would be beaten to death if he was not a chef. However, Wu Hai was wrong. He spoke as if no one wanted to beat Yuan Zhou to death even if he was a chef right now.

"Xiaoyun, come at noon." Yuan Zhou nodded to Mu Xiaoyun at the side.

"Humm, I'm leaving, boss," Mu Xiaoyun answered obediently with a smile.

As soon as the clock hands went to 9:30, a girl who carried a big bag on her back and a suitcase in her hand appeared at the door to Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

She was wearing gray casual clothes. The lively ponytail and the comely face made her appear neat and clean.

"You are Boss Yuan, aren't you?" When she saw Yuan Zhou at the door, the girl went up and asked for confirmation.

"Humm, I am. Nice to meet you, Painter Fang," Yuan Zhou stepped forward and said.

"Nice to meet you, too. I will have to both you to tell me what you want done," Painter Fang got straight to the point.

"Come over here and have a look." Yuan Zhou was naturally quite happy when he found the girl spoke about work as soon as she arrived.

The painter was different from others, as she charged on the basis of the time used. It was great to save time.

"It's this price list. I need you to draw a lotus flower on the wall, under the condition that these characters are not wiped," Yuan Zhou led the girl into the restaurant and said to her while pointing to the price list on the wall.

Following a sound of "Peng", Painter Fant put down the small suitcase in her hand and then started to observe the interior surroundings around.

After quite a while, she asked, "Do you need the kind that is dyed or not dyed?"

"Dyed. Please use the best dyestuff," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"No problem. I charge 120 RMB per hour and I can finish it within about 5 hours," Painter Fang told Yuan Zhou about the time required.

"Ok. When can you start?" Yuan Zhou nodded and didn't bargain with her.

He had already inquired about the price. As expected, it was within the reasonable extent.

"I surely won't disturb you during the opening hours. So what are your opening hours?" When the girl realized Yuan Zhou didn't intend to shut the restaurant for this painting work, she said directly.

Subsequently, Yuan Zhou explained to her in detail his opening hours and Painter Fang confirmed the time to work accordingly. She was preparing to come in the afternoon to draw the outline first.

Once she came, however, she found in this plain-looking small restaurant, the business was unexpectedly booming. Even when she arrived ten minutes before the opening hours ended, there were still many people waiting in line outside the restaurant.

What she had no idea was that there were more people in Yuan Zhou's restaurant in the evening.

At seven in the evening, cars were scattered everywhere in the narrow street. Some cars could only be parked along the main road.

"Honey, what kind of delicious dishes are there in such a remote place in the evening?" In a BMW series 3, a fashionably dressed woman said with discontent.

"The dishes here are especially delicious, but the boss doesn't allow anybody to order take-out. You'll know how tasty they are after eating. Let's get off the car," dressed in casual clothes, the man said with certainty.

"We get off here? What about the car?" The woman was quite surprised.

This was still at the side of the main road, where parking the car was not allowed.

"Never mind. Let's just leave it here," the man was very generous.

"God knows how many traffic tickets we are gonna receive after the meal in a while," the footsteps of the woman emitted a discontented sound of "Da Da Da".

"Let's just go. The dishes are definitely worth it even if we get two more tickets. The opening hours of that restaurant is not long," while speaking, the man went up and pulled the woman,

walking in quick steps toward Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

When the two arrived, there, as expected, were customers who had already lined up outside the door.

It was still when the restaurant was about to be closed that the man carrying wounds came. This time, the wounds on the man's face became even more severe. Apart from the corner of his mouth that ruptured, one of his eyes had turned black and blue while the other was also ruptured at the corner; besides, all the wounds were still bleeding. He was just waiting in the line expressionlessly.

When it was his turn, he said to Yuan Zhou as usual.

"A plate of Egg Fried Rice," the man spoke in a low voice and moreover couldn't help inhaling with a "Si Si" sound.

"Ok, one moment, please," Yuan Zhou answered with a nod but didn't start to cook immediately. Instead, he took out a white towel of which the edge was printed with lotus flower patterns from under the countertop.

"Wipe the wounds, otherwise it will affect the taste of the Egg Fried Rice if the blood drip into the plate," Yuan Zhou handed the towel to the man and said solemnly.

"Ok, got it," the man answered gently. After that, he received the towel and started to wipe the bloodstains on his face and mouth.

Only then did Yuan Zhou turn around and prepare for the dishes.

Having just entered the restaurant, the couples were waiting for their dishes. Seeing the wounded man, the wife became slightly dissatisfied.

"Honey, how could this person come to eat like that, with so much blood on his face and at the corner of the mouth?" The woman didn't even dare to look in that direction.

"Never mind. There's possibly any kind of people," while firmly holding the woman's hand, the man tried to comfort her.

"Are the dishes really that delicious?" After the couple waited for an hour outside in the line and, furthermore, encountered such a bloody man while eating, the woman became a little discontented.

"You'll know the taste after a while," while smiling, the man didn't explain much, but just said affirmatively.

"Ok," the woman leaned her body on her husband and waited quietly for the dishes being served.

In a short while,

"Here are the dishes for you two. Take your time, please," Mu Xiaoyun helped to carry the dishes ordered by the couples to them and greeted them politely.

Nevertheless, Yuan Zhou personally carried the Egg Fried Rice to the man with wounds all over his face.

"Your Egg Fried Rice," Yuan Zhou put down the dish and said.

"Thank you," the man received the plate.

When he carried the plate, his hands slightly trembled. There were bruises all over his hands.

Having set down the Egg Fried Rice steadily, the man took a look at the dish and then said without any clue, "I made it."

"Um," after nodding, Yuan Zhou turned around and went to prepare the dishes.

The husband, who had been observing the wounded man on the other side, nevertheless frowned and felt it was a little inexplicable. However, since the delicacies were in front him and this matter was irrelevant to him, he no longer paid any attention to that.

It was as bright as day in Yuan Zhou's restaurant, but the lamplight was mild rather than glaring. On the other side, however, it was quite different.

"You, you and you, come to wipe this place. Where did this

handprint come from?" A man dressed in a formal suit was instructing several waiters to do the work.

Just when he was busy, a man rushed to him following with a "Dong Dong Dong" sound and said clearly.

"Manager Gou, I have already finished arranging the main hall. The scentless flowers and unscented napkin papers have also been placed on the table. I can guarantee there's no other flavor at all over there."

"Great. The person will arrive in 5 minutes. He is said to be extremely punctual. Our boss had invited him for a long time before he agreed to come." Manager Gou revealed an earnest look.

"No problem. I have arranged everything. Also the kitchen staffs have made good preparation. Chief Chef Zheng has accumulated much strength," the man said with a smile.

"Ok, get all these people to leave now," Manager Gou stood at the door and prepared to welcome the important person by himself.

He couldn't let these waiters stay as that person would come together with the boss later.

The shop sign outside the door was quite bright, with the several gilding characters of "Lotus Restaurant" written on it. It seemed to be opened not long ago.

"Yanyi, thanks so much for coming. I don't have to worry about my business anymore with your favorable comments." Three people were walking towards the restaurant from a distance. The man who led the other two looked to be 40 years old or so. The wealthy-looking mannerism and the way he talked indicated that he was the boss of the restaurant.

A young man, who had a joyous appearance and made people happy upon looking at him, followed another person in silence at the side.

The other person was a middle-aged man. Wearing loose-fitting Tang suit, he appeared even slimmer. His face was cleanly shaved but his expression was, on the contrary, quite serious, appearing to be a reserved man. With the corners of his mouth turned down, he seemed not to be an easy-going person.

The moment he spoke, he made people feel embarrassed, "I won't really say any flattering words."

The boss, "...."

Chapter 181: A Huge Conspiracy

The middle-aged man said frankly that he wouldn't say flattering words, which immediately made the atmosphere slightly depressing. Seeing that the young man following the middle-aged man had no intention to smooth things over, he could only endure that.

Fortunately, the entrance of the restaurant was in sight. He changed to a smiling face right away, saying, "Here we are. Yanyi, let's go inside now. I have prepared everything."

"Humm," this time, the middle-aged man acted even more straightforwardly. He just answered with a single word and walked forward by himself.

"This old fellow really has a bad temper," the boss ground his teeth privately but revealed a mild look on his face and led the way enthusiastically ahead of them

"Hello, Boss. Hello, Mr. Lee. I have got everything ready. Please follow me," Manager Gou walked up for two steps and started to greet them before leading the three of them into the restaurant.

They passed through the main hall into the VIP area. Eventually, they arrived at a room with Green Bamboo Room written on the door.

After a sound of "Zhi Ya", Manager Gou pushed open the door and retreated to one side, making way for them to get in.

"Don't worry, Mr. Lee. Everything in the room has no smell. The dishes are to be served very soon. Please wait a moment," Manager Gou said politely while standing aside.

"Ok. Go and tell Head Chef Zheng to hurry up," the middle-aged man didn't intend to speak while the young man beside him was also just watched with a smile, without saying anything. It was the boss himself who had to speak first.

However, he specifically pointed out whom the head chef was.

"Ok. Boss, Mr. Lee, please wait for a little while," after that, Manager Gou immediately shut the door and left in quick steps, going to the kitchen to inform serving dishes.

"According to your rules, I have instructed my people to serve all the dishes available. Please do savor as many as you can," seated at the side, the boss said with a smile.

"Humm," the middle-aged man still said little and was reluctant to speak more.

Fortunately, a constant stream of attendants started to serve the dishes in no time. The big round table was soon stacked with various cuisines.

As a feast for eyes, these diversified and exquisite dishes were waiting for people to savor them.

The middle-aged man didn't speak. He just picked up the chopsticks and began to taste them.

This person was called Lee Yanyi. He was a quite well-known gourmet reviewer. Different from others, he was famous for his severity and harsh words. The fact that he never received money to give false comments provided him with extraordinary fame in the gourmets circle.

He had also decent prestige in the hearts of the public. Everyone knew that reviewer was not his full-time occupation and he didn't make money out of that. Therefore, he gained even more trust as a result. Besides, his remarks were extremely accurate.

Consequently, a great number of restaurants or hotels would invite him to savor their dishes for free.

Every time, they would serve him all the dishes they had, just like this time, wishing that one of the dishes could be rated by him as the delicacy.

That further brought about his more picky character, for example, now.

"Ok, I'm full now," Lee Yanyi savored about half of the dishes before setting down the chopsticks and saying that.

"Ok. Sorry to bother you, Yanyi. Let me see you off," standing at

the side, the boss didn't ask about the result and still said enthusiastically.

The boss wasn't really good at enduring. It was just because this was also one of the rules of Lee Yanyi.

"You are welcome," Lee Yanyi didn't become politer after eating the free dishes, but just said a few more words.

Without making any more small talk, the boss stood up and began to see Lee Yanyi off.

On the big round table behind them, exquisite dishes gradually lost the heat and became cool.

After sending Lee Yanyi away, Manager Gou asked, "Boss, how did it go? Is he satisfied?"

"There should be no problems," the boss first carefully thought back for a while and then answered with certainty.

"There are definitely no problems. I didn't see any discontented expression on Mr. Lee's face," Manager Gou nevertheless said confidently.

"Humph. Go to work and clear away the dishes now." When the boss recalled the long face of Lee Yanyi, he felt extremely bad.

When Manager Gou caught sight of the discontent of the boss, he didn't dare to ask more and obediently went to work.

Having returned home, Lee Yanyi washed himself and came to the study room to remark on the dishes he had savored today.

[The Peony Lotus Pastry is simply pretending to be cultured and is to the utmost vulgar. Even the literati and poet wouldn't be so affected. With an apparently nice flower, yet the food was oily and was deprived of the intrinsic taste of the ingredients itself. As for other dishes, they are not even as good as the home-made ones. There's nothing to speak of.] from Delicacy Researcher.

The Peony Lotus Pastry mentioned by Lee Yanyi was the signature pastry of Head Chef Zheng. The taste was fragrant and furthermore combined the scent of the two flowers. However, it was bluntly criticized by Lee Yanyi as a vulgar dish, which might make Head Chef Zheng cry upon seeing it.

Of course, what the boss of the Lotus Restaurant would think was unknown. After all, he went out on a limb to invite Lee Yanyi and cared about his remark the most.

Naturally, Lee Yanyi had not any personal feelings about it. He straightforwardly went to bed and had a rest after writing the remarks.

It was another restaurant who was criticized by him.

It was midnight. Even Yuan Zhou's pub was about to be closed. At the other side, however, in a room as bright as day, a group of people, tall, short, slim and fat, gathered together.

The several people were talking in a low voice. It seemed that they were discussing a big event.

The slim guy gradually lost control of his voice excitedly, "I feel that we cannot be ruled by Boss Yuan anymore."

"That's right. I can't eat my fill for breakfast every day. How can I have the energy to lose weight?" Among them, the fattest and seemingly stoutest man was likewise dissatisfied.

"Then what do you guys think of my idea?" a tall guy who seemed to have the leadership asked seriously.

"Let's just do it. Just be careful with his hands," a short guy who appeared to be composed agreed first.

"How's the thing that I assigned you going on?" The tall man with leadership turned his head to the slim person.

"You guys can count on me. I have inquired that Boss Yuan would go to the trash can and feed the mixed fur Maltese shortly after the pub is closed every night," the slim person reported detailed information about Yuan Zhou.

"Do you know the exact time?" The tall man continued to

confirm the time.

"Yes, I do. Boss Yuan would appear at the trash can at around 11:20," the slim guy took out a notebook. On it, he wrote the detailed time of Yuan Zhou's activity at night.

"Great. Let's just do as what we have discussed," the tall man made the final decision.

"No problem. I will take the vanguard. Slim, you are in charge of surveying the terrain," the fat guy stuck out his chest at the side, appearing to be ready to shoulder the responsibility.

"I'll support you with coordinated actions," the tall person likewise brought out his position at the side.

"I'm flexible, so I can cover you guys." The short man also chose a suitable position.

"Ok, so now it's settled," in the end, the slim guy said conclusively.

The several people acted carefully, planned rigorously and allocated reasonably. Even the peasant uprisings in ancient times did no better than them.

Soon, the clock hands walked to 11:20 as mentioned by the slim guy. As expected, Yuan Zhou turned up at the trash can while carrying a bowl of broth.

"Tall, Fat and Short, you guys go to ambush hurriedly. Boss Yuan has walked out of the restaurant," while holding a night-vision telescope in one hand and the phone in the other, the slim guy said to the one at the other end of the phone, acting like a spy.

"Roger," from the other end passed the answer of the fat person.

The slim guy then had his mind secure and murmured in the heart, "Humph, humph, humph. Let me show you the great strength of this extreme foodie.

The actor's lines were fairly weird. And of course, the remaining several guys were also like that...

Chapter 182: Consequence

In the pitch-dark alley, only Yuan Zhou's footsteps emitted a sound of "Da Da". Even the moon hid behind the clouds and thus made the back alley darker.

However, such darkness was very normal to Yuan Zhou, who often came and went in this alley. Thus, he just walked forward habitually.

As Yuan Zhou lived at the middle part of the alley, he could normally return to his restaurant in 5 minutes. But when he had just walked halfway, a dark figure suddenly popped out in the way.

He blocked the way straightforwardly. With a frown, Yuan Zhou felt something was wrong. He looked back and as expected found two men, one tall and the other short, blocked the route of retreat.

"What do you want?" Yuan Zhou carefully thought back for a while and felt he was not likely to be hated out of jealousy, as he was an extremely nice youth that had always adhered to virtues and moral integrity.

Was it because he was much too handsome, or because his appearance was much too showy?

"Beat him. Don't hit his hands and do beat him gently," the tall man specifically held his nose to disguise his genuine voice and then said.

"Don't worry," the fat guy blocking the way answered and then immediately approached Yuan Zhou.

"Wait." Yuan Zhou made a gesture of "Stop".

"Hold on. Let's see what Boss Yuan wants to say," the tall man said loudly.

Then the fat and short guys stopped obediently and waited for Yuan Zhou to speak.

Yuan Zhou first crouched and set the bowl down on the ground. This was anyhow provided by the system. God knows whether or not he needed to compensate it if he broke it. It was better to set it down on the ground.

Meanwhile, he said in his mind, "System, your host seems to be in lethal danger. Can you revive the dead?"

The system displayed, "Host, please don't propose any unrealistic illusions."

"Since you can't, don't you prepare to give me something so that I tide over this crisis?" Although Yuan Zhou appeared to be calm, he was actually quite worried in his heart.

However, the system thoroughly went quiet this time.

"It seems that I can only rely on me." Yuan Zhou thought silently and then stood up.

"Boss Yuan treasures the bowl so much," the tall man said ironically.

"Thanks. I have been always doing that. Now that you called me Boss Yuan, you supposedly know me. So what do you guys want today?" Yuan Zhou stood up with his back straightened and said coldly.

"Ho Ho," hearing Yuan Zhou ask about that, the tall man didn't actually prepare to answer him.

"Bro, it's not early now," beside the tall man, the fat guy made squawky "Si Si" sound. His voice was like that of a night owl.

The several people who appeared to be self-righteous had made adequate preparations.

"Do remember, don't wound his hands. Be careful," after the tall man finished speaking, he turned his back on them and didn't watch them anymore.

"Hey, hey. Are you guys serious? Wait, wait. We can negotiate about anything," Yuan Zhou became worried with that up-coming fight.

Yuan Zhou had the system backing up his culinary skills, but he was truly not a top martial artist. Under the condition that two versus one, it was basically impossible for him to defeat the other two people.

Nonetheless, the opponents had scruples and moreover, a helper of Yuan Zhou had arrived.

"Wu Wu Wu...", the dog Broth ran to the front of Yuan Zhou and remained alert, with the hair on the back all standing up. None of them knew when the dog came out from the end of the alley.

As a result, the two parties were well-matched in strength.

Subsequently, a fierce fight took place in the alley. The final consequence was naturally that the three guys fled from the biting of the dog that went berserk. As for Yuan Zhou, he basically had no wounds, if the panda eye was not included.

"Fie. Why did all the guys punch on my face? It hurts so much," Yuan Zhou spitted out some slobber blended with blood and said discontentedly.

"Woof, woof...", Broth was still barking dutifully.

"Ok, stop, you can stop now," Yuan Zhou crouched and said to the dog.

"Wu..." Broth uttered a moan and calmed down slowly.

"Thank you. Finally, I didn't feed you with the broth in vain," Yuan Zhou reached out his hand and prepared to stroke the dog. But he stopped halfway and didn't manage to touch it.

While looking at Yuan Zhou quietly, Broth suddenly turned around and left. Finally, he vanished from Yuan Zhou's sight.

"Well, ok. I'm also leaving. Thank you," Yuan Zhou stood up and said to himself. While saying, he stroked around his eyes gently.

Having encountered such an accident at night, Yuan Zhou still opened the restaurant persistently on the next morning. Nevertheless, the breakfast was neither the Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cakes that were expected by most customers nor the Soup Dumplings. Instead, it was the simple Clear Broth Noodle Soup.

Yuan Zhou's appearance, however, first startled Mu Xiaoyun who arrived early in the morning and then the customers who followed her into the restaurant.

"Boss, what's wrong with your eye?" Mu Xiaoyun opened her mouth slightly in surprise, with her eyes widely open.

"Nothing," Yuan Zhou's answer was concise and comprehensive.

"But your eye has turned blue," Mu Xiaoyun said worriedly.

"I fell over on the ground, but there's no problem now," Yuan Zhou said straightforwardly in case Mu Xiaoyun asked again.

"So your eye got hurt after you fell down?" Mu Xiaoyun felt it to be unbelievable.

"Um, it's not early. There's only Clear Broth Noodle Soup this morning," Yuan Zhou signaled to her the customers waiting outside in the main hall.

"Ok, boss," Mu Xiaoyun answered obediently.

However, Yuan Zhou had never expected it was just the beginning of his nightmare.

Yuan Zhou didn't really get many wounds last night. Those few people didn't specifically want to do anything severe to Yuan Zhou either, but just vented their resentments. After they were chased by Broth and became hasty, they punched Yuan Zhou's eye by accident. As a result, Yuan Zhou carried a conspicuous panda eye now.

"Boss Yuan, who beat you?" Wu Hai was unable to hold himself back first. He said slowly while holding his laughing.

"Same question. It's impossible that you can hurt your face even if you fell down," another customer who often came for meals deprived Yuan Zhou of his excuse beforehand.

"That's true. The panda eye of Boss Yuan is fairly unusual," the regulars customers had no time to attend to the Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cakes today.

"Who is so wicked to beat only one eye like that? Look, how weird it is to have one eye like that and the other as normal," after staring at Yuan Zhou for quite a while, Man Man suddenly said primly.

"Yeah, absolutely. This is much too wicked," Wu Hai continued to mock at Yuan Zhou while holding his laughing.

Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, had a solemn face all along and didn't respond to any of them. He appeared to be indifferent and calm.

However, it was too naive of him to think their curiosity would diminish if he didn't respond.

"Sigh. Boss Yuan, let me see if there's problem with your hands," suddenly, a customer who was trying to hold back the laugh said in surprise.

"Right, let us see," Wu Hai likewise chimed in with them.

"Opening hours will end in no time," Yuan Zhou said expressionlessly.

"Don't worry, we'll surely leave early today. After all, Boss Yuan get wounded and doesn't feel good," Wu Hai showed a caring

manner.

Others who waited behind in the line also agreed to Wu Hai's words.

Everyone instructed Yuan Zhou to carefully rest well before they left one after another. If they didn't specifically mention it was due to falling down, it would seem like concern for him.

As soon as they got out of Yuan Zhou's restaurant, the customers all laughed loudly.

"Ha Ha Ha Ha"

Their voice was so high that Yuan Zhou couldn't just ignore them before he shut the door.

The only person who could be considered to care about him, Mu Xiaoyun, however, left with a worried expression.

"Is the wound so conspicuous?" Yuan Zhou touched the corner of his eye and felt more speechless.

Then, the system that had played dead yesterday night suddenly had a reaction and, furthermore, provided Yuan Zhou with something that he was in urgent need of.

Chapter 183: Encouragement From The System

With regards to the current reaction of the system, Yuan Zhou only wanted to say, "Where were you last night?"

The system had no intention to defend itself. Instead, it directly released a new mission.

[Side Mission] Get up early in the morning and exercise for one hour every day. The specific way of exercise is up to you."

(Mission tips: As a Master Chef, even if you are a green hand, you can't be beaten by others. Do exercises and run to the sun, young man.)

[Mission Reward] Superb Knife Skills

(Reward tips: With the super knife skills, your mom won't worry about you cutting vegetables.)

"System, does your program crash or get affected by viruses?" Yuan Zhou was greatly shocked by the uninhibited tips of the mission and reward.

With absolute silence, the system didn't have any reaction.

"Can you return to normal next time? I really suspect that you have been affected by the virus," Yuan Zhou said tentatively.

The system, naturally, still had no response.

Yuan Zhou stood in the kitchen and carefully considered for 5 minutes before he came to a surprising conclusion, "System, did you want to make me laugh just now?"

Although this conclusion seemed to be illogical, the great detective Holmes once said, "When you rule out all impossibility, no matter what is left, it must be the truth even if it's impossible."

Yuan Zhou firmly believed that; otherwise, how should he explain the system going mad today?

With regards to the mission, it was naturally in accordance with Yuan Zhou's idea. If he exercised and became stronger, he might be able to teach others a lesson next time.

Besides, it was a must for an excellent Master Chef to own a robust physique.

However, Yuan Zhou had a very important thing to do at that time.

"Dong Dong Dong", he ran upstairs and went to make

preparations while customers outside the restaurant were discussing about the panda eye on Yuan Zhou's face.

"Be honest, Wu Hai. Did you do that?" Man Man looked at Wu Hai seriously and asked severely.

"I wish I did it. The problem is this guy has a really weird temper. I couldn't find any opportunity to do that," Wu Hai did not disguise his discontent of Yuan Zhou.

"Then, it must be you," Man Man turned the head and looked at another customer.

With a butch haircut, this person looked much spirited. It was also him who laughed most loudly.

"Of course it's not me. I haven't been here for a long time. But the moment I came again, I saw an interesting scene," the butch haircut man said contentedly with a smile.

"Don't look at me. I didn't do that, either," the customer who had asked Yuan Zhou most questions just now also tried to get rid of the suspicion.

Having turned the head back, Man Man looked at Wu Hai with puzzlement, "It's still you who is the prime suspect."

"Woman's heart can be as sinister as the sting of the hornet, sometimes. Why don't you suspect yourself?" Wu Hai was not

likely to admit failure, hence immediate fought back.

"You are the sinister woman, humph," Man Man let out humph discontentedly.

"Stop quarreling, please. No matter who did it, he has helped to vent our anger. He's a hero," while speaking, the butch haircut man couldn't help laughing.

"He really is. The single panda eye of Boss Yuan is quite artistic. I have inexhaustible inspirations now and am preparing to paint an Irritated Panda, which could definitely reach the summit of my artistic career," while stroking his mustache, Wu Hai said with a cunning smile.

However, all these people forgot one important point. Yuan Zhou cared much about his image. The consequence of laughing at him would be discovered in no time by them.

Yuan Zhou first made a call to Mu Xiaoyun.

"Xiaoyun, don't come today and tomorrow. Come in the morning the day after tomorrow," Yuan Zhou was always frank and straightforward.

"Ok. Boss, don't you feel comfortable? Do you need safflower oil?" Mu Xiaoyun asked meticulously.

"No need. Bye," Yuan Zhou then hung off the phone.

"What's the matter?" Mu Xiaojie, who had got out of bed with splints tied on one of his leg, asked her curiously when he saw his sister not happy after answering the phone.

"Boss Yuan seems to be injured, "there was an expression of concern on the white face of Mu Xiaoyun.

"It doesn't matter. Look at me, I'm still frisky," Mu Xiaojie said indifferently while pointing at his wounded leg.

Then, Mu Xiaoyun was amused by her brother. However, news passed quickly from mouth to mouth. Soon the matter that Boss Yuan was beaten and got a panda eye was known by all the regular customers.

At noon, even those customers who came occasionally arrived to watch Yuan Zhou. With an inconspicuous concern on her face, Yin Ya also came to the restaurant.

After they arrived, however, they found Yuan Zhou's restaurant was tightly shut. There was a conspicuous A4 paper pasted on the door, which brought them with a bad feeling.

[Request for Leave

As my handsome face was unfortunately attacked secretly by bad guys and is not good-looking anymore, the customers' mood while dining here has been severely affected. Therefore, I decide to take a

rest until the wounds heal in order not to affect everybody's happy mood during dining.

I give the most sincere apologies for the inconvenience made to everybody during the breakfast.]

The signature was, of course, Yuan Zhou, of which the customers were familiar.

"What, what does that mean?" Wu Hai pulled the collar of a customer nearby and said in disbelief.

"This scamming fellow closed the restaurant again." This person was also rather upset. He paid little attention to Wu Hai's rude manner and merely got rid of Wu Hai's hand, appearing more upset.

"Although the wording was earnest and he seemed to be sincere, this was nevertheless one hell of a scam. How could he have the nerve to say that his appearance will affect customers' mood of dining?" Chen Wei came to watch the bustling scene specifically after he heard of Yuan Zhou's encounter. But now, he clenched his fist with a sound of "Ge Zhi, Ge Zhi".

"Ho Ho. Earnest wording? And the most sincere apology? Where the fu*k is the sincerity? I really want to kill you." Having endured the hardships of a journey, Ling Hong just arrived at Yuan Zhou's restaurant when he encountered such a bad news.

"I feel I am unable to have control of my hands now, which is telling me that they want to hit Boss Yuan's face," a regular customer also said with a sneer.

"He did that as if he were quite considerate," another customer said angrily.

While it was noisy at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant, Yuan Zhou nevertheless was busy with his own thing quietly on the second floor.

He took out a super heavy notebook and wrote something on it. The friction of the pen point and the paper emitted a "Sha Sha" sound.

Furthermore, it seemed this notebook had been used for several times and there were obvious traces of being turned over on the cover.

On the other side, Wu Hai truly didn't have lunch although he wailed at noon that he was gonna starve. After lying in his art studio and doing nothing for a whole afternoon, he rushed downstairs hurriedly in the evening to see if the door is open. With the manner, he appeared to be like the dog Broth asking for food by playing cute.

When he saw the door still shut, however, he gradually went back to the art studio, with the mustache on his mouth flapping down listlessly.

Wu Hai typically suffered from hypotension. Once he didn't eat regularly, he would suffer from low blood pressure, hypoglycaemia and then a depressed mood. That was why his broker Zheng Jiawei always asked him to eat by all kinds of means.

Having eaten only breakfast all day long, Wu Hai sat in boredom in front of the drawing board. The only accomplishment was that he left a little more work to Zheng Jiawei, who was to come today to do the cleaning.

"Why am I so restless with anxiety today?" After he crushed up the artwork again, Wu Hai gave up continuing with the work. Instead, he stood up and walked to the window, preparing to let some air in.

Of course, Wu Hai had already got used to opening the window in the face of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"What the hell is that?" Once he opened the window, Wu Hai was immediately startled.

He turned the head and looked at the big clock hanging on the wall, which clearly showed 5:36.

"What's the matter? It's really unscientific," it appeared that Wu Hai just couldn't believe it.

At the time, it was exactly Yuan Zhou who appeared downstairs.

Chapter 184: Apology

Ever since Yuan Zhou was beaten at night that day, he became fully aware of the necessity of exercise. As a to-be Master Chef, he must have a robust physique to handle any kind of challenge.

Yuan Zhou's choice was first to get used to getting up at 5:20 and exercising for one hour. The remaining time would still be sufficient for him to prepare the complicated breakfast.

The form of exercise would naturally be the simplest jogging, which could result in improvement of the endurance and physical strength. As for other functions, he needed some more time, step by step.

"Boss Yuan?" Standing on the second floor, Wu Hai shouted loudly.

"Um, good morning," Yuan Zhou slightly raised the head and said.

"Are you jogging?" Wu Hai was fairly surprised.

But Yuan Zhou didn't stop to answer him after the greeting. He straightforwardly ran away slowly at his normal speed. As for Wu Hai's question, Yuan Zhou didn't actually answer him.

"Damn it," seeing Yuan Zhou running away gradually, Wu Hai felt a little incredible.

He took out the phone at first instance, entered the Wechat group and started to send messages.

[Boss Yuan is crazy. He is jogging right now. I just saw him running away from me.], from Hungry Brother Wu.

Only after a long while did someone reply him.

[You must have gotten the wrong person by mistake. How could Boss Yuan be outside at this time of the day?], from Yin Ya Working Overtime.

[Hi, beauty, you get up so early. But I'm serious. We even greeted each other.], from Hungry Brother Wu.

[Beauty requires a cost. Contrarily, I feel you must be crazy by saying that.], said Yin Ya Working Overtime straightforwardly.

[You don't even believe the truth, do you? Let me send a picture to prove.], from Hungry Brother Wu.

[I'm waiting.], from Yin Ya Working Overtime.

Then the group became silent. It was so early that basically, nobody got up at the time.

Yuan Zhou spent three days freely like that. On the third day,

however, the panda eye still didn't disappear. As a result, he had only to continue resting.

During the period, Mu Xiaoyun came once specifically to bring some medicines for Yuan Zhou.

The effect of the medicines was not bad. Yuan Zhou then kept it to use later.

The four people, who had beaten Yuan Zhou that night, nevertheless could no longer play dumb anymore. Therefore, the tall man summoned the rest three together.

"Did we beat Boss Yuan too severely? The restaurant has been closed for four days," the tall man said worriedly.

"Fatty, did you beat hard on him?" The short guy looked toward the fat man who first started the fight.

"No, I have a good sense of propriety. There are few flesh wounds on Boss Yuan's body, except the bruise on the face," the fat man frowned with puzzlement.

"Then what's the problem?" the slim guy looked at the other three people and became more puzzled.

"Let's go to apologize to Boss Yuan, otherwise he is not likely to open the door," the tall man thought for a while and said.

"He doesn't even open the door. How do we apologize to him?"
The slim guy agreed first.

"I agree with him," then the short man.

"It's not unacceptable, after all we did that to eat," the fat guy grumbled in the end.

"Ok, let's go to knock the door directly," the tall man made the final decision.

After they reached an agreement, they got out of the door together. Of course, the place where they discussed was the fat man's home that was very close to Yuan Zhou's restaurant. If not so close, how could they manage to wait for Yuan Zhou so precisely last time?

It was naturally impossible for them to knock the door specifically for apology in public. Therefore the several people arrived at the back door of Yuan Zhou's restaurant from the back alley.

It was 6:50, ten minutes before 7:00 in the afternoon. They naturally came to discuss that after they got off from work.

"Boss Yuan, Boss Yuan, please open the door," the tall man took a deep breath and shouted loudly.

Meanwhile, the fat guy knocked heavily on the door, with the loud noise of "Dong Dong Dong Dong" echoing without end.

With the sound proof system provided by the system, Yuan Zhou could hardly hear the noises outside, even if people had a plaza dance outside his restaurant. Coincidentally, Yuan Zhou was preparing dinner for himself in the kitchen. Therefore, he still captured the slight vibration of the back door.

He frowned and didn't intend to open the door.

Five minutes later, the people outside were still persistently patting on the door and shouting. For fear of affecting the neighborhoods, Yuan Zhou went up and opened the door.

As soon as the door was open, Yuan Zhou changed a serious expression and became alert.

The four people were fairly easy to be recognized. Even if it was dark and one can hardly see clearly, Yuan Zhou's five senses had already been superior to ordinary persons and hence he still recognized them easily. These few people actually bit the hook even before Yuan Zhou looked for them to make trouble.

Yuan Zhou's strategy was to take no action. He just frowned and remained solemn, with a serious expression.

"Sorry!" The tall man turned the head and gave the other three a wink. Then, all of them made a bow neatly and then said loudly.

"Oh, for what?" Yuan Zhou crossed his arms against the chest and felt slightly relieved before raising his eyebrows and asking.

"For the fight at night several days ago. Anyhow, it's my fault. Boss Yuan, please open the restaurant. Please," as the tall man was the one who offered the proposal, he took all the responsibility and brought out his fault at one go.

"Humm, got it," Yuan Zhou didn't really want to talk more with them.

"Boss Yuan, please tell us what conditions you have to forgive us," the tall man said hurriedly when he realized that Yuan Zhou wanted to close the door.

"I heard from you that it is because my business time is too short?" Seeing that the several people had some sincerity, Yuan Zhou spoke of something more.

"No, it's good," the slim guy said shamelessly.

"Is it because I'm such a scam?" Yuan Zhou raised his eyebrows and said with an indifferent tone.

"No, Boss Yuan is very nice. We all admire you," the short man also wittily chimed in with them.

"Then it's because my dishes are too little to eat your fill," what Yuan Zhou was saying right now was spoken by these people personally before.

"Of course not. The dishes of Boss Yuan are actually as much as those served outside. It's only that they are too delicious. But the amount is truly not less," the tall guy echoed.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou answered indifferently with a word. It was really not bad to see people eat their words

"What do you think if we apologize to you in front of the public, Boss Yuan? Tomorrow, ok?" The person was very eager to see Yuan Zhou open the restaurant tomorrow.

"Oh," Yuan Zhou didn't really intend to accept their apology.

"I have noticed there is always a long line of customers outside Boss Yuan's restaurant. We can be the greeters, free of charge, and help to maintain order. What do you think?" When the tall man found Yuan Zhou had no intention to accept their proposal, he provided another condition.

"Ok. But I won't do business with you guys in recent days and also don't ask when you can eat my dishes. If you agree, you come tomorrow," during the fight in the alley, Yuan Zhou wasn't actually beaten much, not to mention the dog Broth also helped him.

Consequently, Yuan Zhou didn't treat them too severely, but forgiveness was certainly not that easy. As for their wish to eat his dishes, he wouldn't accept that.

Yuan Zhou was a mere nobody and certainly, he didn't understand generosity.

"That's awesome. Thank you, Boss Yuan. We'll come early in the morning tomorrow," the tall man said happily.

"Um," Yuan Zhou straightforwardly shut the back door.

"It's finally solved. But when can we eat the tasty dishes? It seems that we have to think of other means," the several people discussed other means by which they could eat dishes in Yuan Zhou's restaurant while walking.

Nevertheless, they thoroughly failed in noticing an inconspicuous white van was parking at the entrance of the alley and right blocking the way.

"Who parks the van here? We can't even get out easily," the fat man who was taking the lead made a complaint and then prepared to lean to one side and pass through.

At that time, the door of the van was quickly opened with a sound of "Zi". From the van came out several well-built fellows, who directly got off the van and pushed all the four people into the van without saying a word.

They covered the mouths of the four people all the way and drove far away quietly.

Chapter 185: Lotus Root Starch

The four people were quickly captured into the van with lightning speed. At first, they struggled violently with a "Wu Wu Wu" sound being emitted from their mouth, attempting to look for help or escape.

However, the several big fellows didn't cover their faces all the way. Except for the solemn expression on their swarthy faces, they didn't have other reaction. However hard they struggled, the big fellows' hands were like the iron hoops firmly holding the several people, making them unable to move or worse, make any sound.

Gradually they accepted the situation and started to guess about the various possibilities they were going to face in a while.

Luckily, the van didn't go on for long. In about twenty minutes, the van directly went into a large courtyard. Having entered the front courtyard, the big fellows got off the van and brought the four people out of the van without uttering any word.

In the spacious courtyard stood dozens of people. Several girls seemed to be the leader. While standing in the middle, Jiang Changxi was wearing a red one-piece dress with a silt at the side up to the thigh, revealing her white skin. Her wavy hair was tied in a bun formally and a checkered shawl was unfolding over her shoulders. Her entire person looked aggressively beautiful.

Beside her was Yin Ya, who was even more beautiful. Her graceful body was wrapped in the overskirt and her face was

covered with an extraordinarily serious expression.

Another girl was Man Man. She appeared to be warm and friendly. However, there was no smile on her small face, but only an especially earnest manner.

The others besides the three girls were, in sequence, Wu Hai, Ling Hong, Wu Zhou and the grandpa as well as those who they had met in Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"Release them," Jiang Changxi waved her hand and said coolly. Her tone was devoid of her usual teasing manner.

The well-built fellows escorted them to the four chairs in the front quietly and then went back to Chen Wei's back, just standing there.

The four guys, however, were breathing heavily, like fish that had just got ashore.

"Ah, it's you guys," the tall guy first calmed down and got the strength to speak.

"Right, it's us. Don't be so eager to speak now," Jiang Changxi straightforwardly said with a strict manner of interrogation.

"What you guys did at night three days ago needn't be mentioned in details again, right?" She questioned them severely.

"We have already known about the reason why you guys beat Boss Yuan. But it's absolutely ridiculous and extremely foolish," Jiang Changxi spoke relentlessly.

"That is Intended Assault Crime. According to the 234th clause of Criminal Law, those who were accused of Intended Assault Crime would be sentenced to three years' imprisonment, criminal detention or public surveillance," Yin Ya reported out the several guys' crimes calmly at the side.

"No, no. We just wanted to frighten Boss Yuan to open the restaurant longer. Don't you also want it?" The slim guy said emotionally. He didn't think he was fault at all.

"Ho Ho," after a cold smile, Man Man said, "According to your logic, if Boss Yuan doesn't make dishes for you, you can beat him with a sneak attack; if the teacher leaves more homework, you can beat your teacher; if the doctor can't cure you, you can beat the doctor; If your parents don't give you money, then you can also beat your parents, right?"

"Pa Pa Pa", Man Man clapped and continued, "Such logic is really moving. I wonder how you guys grew up with that logic."

"If I don't feel good with you guys right now, then I can also maim you, right? After all, you made me annoyed with you," Ling Hong interjected from behind.

"But I'm a humanitarian. So don't worry, I will be responsible for

"your medical costs," on Ling Hong's handsome face, a faint smile was revealed. One could not tell if what he said was real or not.

"Of course I can also pay for the disability pension, like a sort of donation," Wu Hai stroked his small mustache and appeared as if he were thinking about the feasibility of the idea.

Chen Wei and the well-built fellows behind him, nevertheless, showed their robust muscles, indicating that the idea was totally possible to come true.

Only then did the four guys stop finding excuses and complaining.

It was quite difficult to think of others while putting oneself in another's condition, except when they also encountered the same dilemma.

Now, they really did encounter the same situation. It was they themselves who were kidnapped here and trampled upon by others with the reason that they didn't feel good about them.

Only then did they realize what they had stupidly done that day. Just because Yuan Zhou cooked well, they beat him for the sake of their own selfish desires.

"Sorry, we get your point now." They were all adults and hence had the courage to admit mistakes. All the four guys stood up and sincerely apologized for their wrong deeds.

"Tsk... it's really not funny. You guys unexpectedly realized your faults so soon," Jiang Chang ridiculed them regrettably.

"Are you sure you have realized your fault?" Man Man did not believe them.

"I can help to send for a good lawyer for Boss Yuan," Yin Yi revealed a pretty but icy face.

"We have truly realized that it's all our faults. We'll make a sincere apology to him," the four guys looked at each other and said with one voice.

"That's so awesome! I have never expected you guys beat Boss Yuan. Tsk-tsk, you guys are really so capable as to beat others." Stroking his small mustache, Wu Hai looked at the few people in disgust.

"Let me tell you. It's me who gave the order to catch you fellows here. I think you should have known the reason. Call me if you want to find me," Ling Hong took out a name card of his and straightforwardly put it in front of the tall man.

With indifference all over his face, he appeared rather unperturbed.

"Although I couldn't accept the way you deal with this matter, I still want to thank you," the tall man didn't refuse. He picked up

the name card and yet said that.

"Then can Boss Yuan accept the specific way of yours?" Yin Yi still felt angry and thus said behind her companions.

"We'll go and apologize to him," after hesitating for a little while, the tall man said with a firm tone.

"Is that all? I haven't used my way yet." Jiang Changxi watched the four people leave regrettably.

"What? Do you really intend to meet violence with violence?" Chen Wei said disapprovingly.

"Humm," Jiang Changxi let out a hump, neither admitting nor denying.

"If you do so, it'll do no good to Boss Yuan. After all, we did that in his name," Chen Wei said with a frown.

"Just trust me. I will definitely handle this matter properly," Jiang Changxi turned the head and glanced at Chen Wei. After that, she quickened her footsteps and left.

All these people were the regular customers who had quite different reasons to like Yuan Zhou's restaurant. For the actions this time, Wu Hai proposed, Ling Hong implemented, Jiang Changxi controlled the scene and the other two girls Yin Ya and Man Man preached.

Girls were good at handling such things, after all they wouldn't think of using any heavy handed methods.

Yuan Zhou nevertheless didn't know someone else helped him to vent his anger. He only thought that he would not accept the reluctant apologies of the four people. However, it seemed that there was quite a lot of good news today.

For example, the Han Chinese Clothing he ordered from the online shopping by express service arrived.

This was the last object required by the mission.

The menu had already been painted. With the complete painting of fish swimming among the lotus flowers painted on the wall, the names of the dishes and the price appeared conspicuously and were not easily missed.

Other decorations had also been well placed. The blossoming pink lotus flowers were revealing their beauty and charm while other lotus flower pattern bulbs were also decorating the bamboo forests.

At that time, the reminder of the system came.

[Side Mission] Please furnish the restaurant with 10 different ornaments related to lotus flowers. (Completed)

(Mission Tips: As a Master Chef restaurant that took the lotus flower as its restaurant flower, how could it not have ornaments of lotus flowers? Go and buy them lavishly now, young man.)

[Mission Reward] Lotus Root Starch (Available to be received)

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Chapter 186: Making Lotus Root Starch

"System, do I need to make preparations for the Lotus Root Starch dish myself?" Yuan Zhou took a look and decided to make things clear first.

Yuan Zhou knew a little about the method of making Lotus Root Starch. For example, the Lotus Root Starch was basically considered to be artificial unless somebody actually witnessed the whole process. The ingredients sold on the market were actually all fakes with tapioca starch.

The tapioca starch was originally white and would become transparent after being soaked in hot water. The genuine Lotus Root Starch, nevertheless, would have a beautiful light pink color. Although the fragrance was not strong, it would linger on.

The reason why it appeared to be light pink was that the genuine Lotus Root Starch contained much iron and low sugar. After it came in contact with air, it would oxidize.

The system displayed, "Host, you can check on your own."

"It seems that I have to receive it first if I want to know," Yuan Zhou muttered to himself.

He tapped to receive the reward. Then all the skills streamed into Yuan Zhou's mind in just a little while.

Then, Yuan Zhou found that he still underestimated the system. This simple Lotus Root Starch was far more detailed than what it was supposed to be. He was really a green hand.

It had strict requirements and criteria on selecting lotus seeds to grow, blossoming, and bearing the lotus root.

Currently, Yuan Zhou had an extraordinary enthusiasm toward new dishes.

Yuan Zhou spent all night long grinding Lotus Root Starch. He needed to grind the Lotus Root Starch with the stone mill as required by the system.

Even if he had the system to back him up, Yuan Zhou still failed in making much.

According to the number of visitors entering Yuan Zhou's restaurant, however, the amount was only sufficient for two days. Every time when he laboriously cooked the tasty dishes, yz would eat two extra bowls as his reward. This time was no exception.

Having busied himself for a whole night, Yuan Zhou opened the door spiritedly, following a sound of "Hua La".

"Boss, morning," while entering the restaurant, Mu Xiaoyun watched Yuan Zhou's face curiously.

"Um, your medicine have a good effect," Yuan Zhou had a

relatively mild look today and his panda eye had basically disappeared.

"Boss Yuan, good morning. We will start now," after the four guys went up and greeted Yuan Zhou, they started to diligently do the work that they had agreed on yesterday. They didn't make any more apologies. After all, it mattered more to do the work well.

"Humm," the four guys didn't leave Yuan Zhou any good impression; therefore, Yuan Zhou's expression seemed to be rather formulated.

"It's so rare, Boss Yuan. You are finally willing to open the restaurant," Ling Hong gnashed the teeth in anger before saying that.

"It's been a long time since I saw you last time," Yuan Zhou was anyhow quite enthusiastic towards his regular customers.

"Ho Ho. You rested so many days just for the bruise?" Ling Hong straightforwardly complained.

"Yes. I'm not like you. I live off my capabilities and my face," Yuan Zhou primly spoke of words that made Ling Hong speechless.

"Huh, huh. You live off your face? You'd better live off your culinary skills," Ling Hong was quite speechless toward Yuan Zhou's mysterious confidence.

"Yes. As well as my craftsmanship in cooking," Yuan Zhou nodded shamelessly, not revealing any bit of flush.

Speaking of the most handsome face or anything else, he was probably not number 1. But on the aspect of cooking, he was definitely the first and best.

Yuan Zhou always believed he was number 1 on cooking and number 2 in being good-looking.

"If you don't order dishes, please make way for others," from behind of Ling Hong came a resentful voice.

"I'm startled. You don't eat much recently," Ling Hong said affirmatively.

"I'm not like you," Wu Hai's expression of contempt was beyond what words could describe. He just didn't express directly that Ling Hong was like a pig, eating everything.

"Boss Yuan, what delicious dishes are you serving this morning?" To Wu Hai, the best way to take revenge was to disregard him and order dishes first to make him envious.

"I am providing Lotus Root Starch this morning. Nothing more," Yuan Zhou pointed at the new price list and then said.

"So that's why you painted the lotus flower over here?" Ling Hong felt slightly speechless when he saw lotus flowers all over the

wall incomprehensibly.

"Not really. This is the restaurant's flower," Yuan Zhou answered primly.

When Ling Hong heard Yuan Zhou answer that way, he instantly didn't want to know about the restaurant flower anymore and decisively started to order his dishes.

"I haven't eaten the snacks of the southern region for long. So serve me one bowl of that," Ling Hong often went to the south of Yangtze River.

In that region, there was warm water and tender girls as well as mild streets and people.

More importantly, there were various exquisite snacks there.

"I also want one serving," Wu Hai said immediately.

"One moment, please," Yuan Zhou answered after a nod. Then he took up the Lotus Root Starch that had been prepared last night and prepared to soak it.

It was yet easy for senior foodies to distinguish the Lotus Root Starch.

"It seems Boss Yuan also uses the West Lake lotus root," looking

at the quality of the Lotus Root Starch, Wu Hai said.

"What Boss Yuan uses is definitely the lotus root reaped in Sanjia Village. The texture is fine and smooth while the color is white with a hint of red," Ling Hong brought out which place it was from more confidently.

Yuan Zhou didn't answer him in words but just nodded to confirm that Ling Hong was right. The only difference, however, was that the lotus root selected by Yuan Zhou was not only from Sanjia Village but also the best one among the produce.

The ingredients provided by the system would naturally match his status.

The lotus root produced from the pointy white lotus had small holes, thick flesh, sweet and mellow taste.

Others would definitely use the old lotus root to make the starch. That way, they can get more starch and the fragrance would also be stronger. However, things were different for Yuan Zhou. He liked to use the fresh lotus root; moreover, he used only the third node in the middle.

The Lotus Root Starch made out of the node had a pleasant white color with a tinge of faint red; the texture was fine and smooth; moreover, it was clean and fragrant.

It was different from the sweet fragrance of the old lotus root.

The scent of fresh lotus root was, nevertheless, light and lingered at the nose with an air of freshness.

"Boss Yuan, what kind of water is it? It does not seem to be cold water." With his sharp eyes, Ling Hong immediately observed Yuan Zhou pouring a different type of water.

"Central lotus leaf dew," as long as Yuan Zhou prepared the dish, he would always wear a mask. There were no exceptions this time.

"Do you mean the dew of the lotus leaf?" Ling Hong looked at it and asked.

Yuan Zhou didn't answer him this time. He was pouring the cold water into the lotus leaf starch attentively and, meanwhile, stirring quite carefully, without a single tremble of his hands.

Seeing Yuan Zhou doing the work so earnestly, Ling Hong restrained his curiosity and watched carefully.

This time, Yuan Zhou used the lotus leaf bowl in dark green color, which seemed to be made of lotus leaves. The lotus-leaf-edge-alike bow edges and the patterns reaching the bottom of the bowl were like the veins of the lotus leaf.

After being soaked in the cold water, the Lotus Root Starch wasn't really sticky and dense, nor did it have clear pink color.

"Hua Hua"

At that time, Yuan Zhou poured hot water into the bowl. The water to brew the Lotus Root Starch cannot be boiling water. For that, Yuan Zhou had to command the temperature well.

Of course, that amount of water was just right. The Lotus Root Starch was then filled 80% of the lotus leaf bowl.

The dark green lotus leaf bowl matched the pink color while the steam dissipating above the bowl made it appear as if a pink white lotus flower was being served.

"Please enjoy your meal," Yuan Zhou carried two servings of the dish to them at a time and then said.

"A mere bowl of Lotus Root Starch can be made so exquisite. Boss Yuan's reputation is well deserved," only after quite a while did the hungry Wu Hai say that.

"Even this little thing was produce that was formerly used as a tribute in ancient times. Of course it's exquisite," Ling Hong despised Wu Hai's knowledge again.

Nevertheless, Wu Hai didn't debate over that with Ling Hong. He straightforwardly scooped up a spoonful of the Lotus Root Starch and started to eat. The spoon used to eat the dish was made of fragrance-free wood. After the spoon was polished, it didn't have any peculiar smells and moreover, emitted a faint fragrance in the mouth.

The Lotus Root Starch appeared more crystal and clear on the brown wooden spoon. He swallowed it up at one gulp and felt it was extremely mellow, smooth and without any sharp taste. Furthermore, it emitted a light scent in the mouth.

The warmth of the dish was just right. After Wu Hai gulped it down, the fragrance of the lotus flower surprisingly started to burst out from the throat as if he had eaten not only a gulp of Lotus Root Starch, but also a petal of the lotus flower. Naturally, the lotus leaf bowl in his hands also contributed to bringing out the best of this delicacy.

Chapter 187: Losing And Winning

"Boss Yuan, is it the lotus root harvested from Sanjia Village? With only the delicate fragrance, it doesn't have any other smell," having sipped the Lotus Root Starch in the mouth meticulously, Ling Hong said affirmatively.

"Yes. Only the fresh lotus root can meet the requirements of the Lotus Root Starch," Yuan Zhou brought out his standard of the lotus root.

"Others always choose old lotus root. It turns out that only the fresh lotus roots have such a nice taste," Ling Hong had always eaten old lotus root formerly and believed it was more flavorful.

As a matter of fact, Ling Hong was not the only person who believed that. It was a common recognition that old lotus root should be used to make the Lotus Root Starch. It was only Yuan Mei, the well-known gourmet in Qing Dynasty, who ate fresh lotus root. Ling Hong had never expected that he could witness the particular ingredient in Yuan Zhou's small restaurant.

Ling Hong, again, was conquered by Yuan Zhou's craftsmanship.

"You'll know if you taste it carefully," Wu Hai interrupted at the side.

The Lotus Root Starch was flavorful only if one carefully savored it. Wu Hai ate quite slowly this time, therefore his empty stomach was slowly filled up with the warm Lotus Root Starch.

The Lotus Root Starch was extremely rich in nutrition and also had a history of being eaten for as long as thousands of years. As a result, it naturally received great popularity from the literati and poet.

Even if Wu Hai didn't originally like eating sweet and sticky stuff, he started to love the faintly sweet taste now.

"Boss Yuan, you probably didn't add sugar inside," Wu Hai said with certainty.

"No need," Yuan Zhou nodded and said affirmatively.

"It's great. It's just good," Wu Hai said after gulping down the last mouthful of the Lotus Root Starch.

"Indeed just good. But I'm getting a better appetite after eating it and don't have a full stomach at all. Boss Yuan, you are not honest and kind by providing only a single dish," Ling Hong's lotus leaf bowl was scraped clean by the wooden spoon. No wonder he always thought of Yuan Zhou's restaurant even when he was on business trips, Yuan Zhou's dishes were truly delicious.

"Yeah, you are right. After eating the Lotus Root Starch, I feel I can eat another two bowls of Egg Fried Rice," Wu Hai let out a sigh of relief and immediately chimed in with Ling Hong.

"Humm, this is only to clear your stomach. If you want more,

please go outside to eat something," Yuan Zhou said seriously.

"Ho Ho. You must be kidding. You want me to eat other food immediately after I've just finished this yummy dish?" In Ling Hong's opinion, he wouldn't go to eat far inferior dishes right away after he had just eaten the tasty ones, even if he was not picky about foods.

"I think Boss Yuan should be responsible for the current situation," Wu Hai said affirmatively.

"Yes, he should be responsible," having just finished their breakfast, other customers all started to echo.

"Only one dish is provided for breakfast for now. This is the rule," Yuan Zhou said earnestly while carrying the Lotus Root Starch ordered by others.

"It's the same answer every time. He really deserves the nickname of Compass," Ling Hong grumbled speechlessly.

"Thank you for your compliment," Yuan Zhou accepted it readily. To him, it was a compliment.

"Boss Yuan's comprehension is always refreshing," Ling Hong sighed with emotion and said.

"Indeed." Other customers beside him also nodded with deep experience.

"Sometimes I wish you can find a girlfriend. Who knows if you would still be so principled," Ling Hong said curiously suddenly.

"Yes, absolutely." With a frown, Yuan Zhou considered for a while and then nodded.

"What if she wants to eat two servings? Will you give her or not?" the customers instantly showed interest.

"I will give mine to her," Yuan Zhou said with certainty.

"What if she insists that you cook another serving for her?" Ling Hong had deep experience with girls being unreasonable sometimes.

"That won't happen. She loves me," Yuan Zhou answered confidently.

"So I'll just wait to see you refuse her. But the precondition is that you have a girlfriend first," Ling Hong revealed a cunning smile.

That was completely impossible. Since Yuan Zhou was not an eloquent person, how could he possibly outspeak the girls, let alone that lovers were usually unreasonable.

Ling Hong felt that Yuan Zhou was much too naïve.

"Um, I will have one," Yuan Zhou had sufficient confidence all along in his charisma. After all, he was quite a very extremely handsome young man.

Daytime soon passed. The four guys who had beaten Yuan Zhou days ago were also doing their work as promised. Although they didn't look for Yuan Zhou to apologize again, they were now quite willing to do the agreed work.

They were actually paying the bill for what they had impulsively done.

However, Yuan Zhou didn't really know about that. He just did his own work earnestly. As for when he would cook for them, it was still early to talk about that.

At 7:40 in the evening, the man with wounds all over his face came to the restaurant again.

"Boss Yuan, a serving of Egg Fried Rice," he said vaguely while covering his right cheek.

Yuan Zhou had a pair of sharp eyes. He took out a towel printed with lotus flower pattern and wrapped something before handing it to the man.

"Take it," Yuan Zhou didn't say much.

"Thank you," the man reached out his left hand and felt it for a while. After that, he let go of his right hand and pressed the towel on his cheek.

Only when the man moved his right hand away did the customers notice that his right face apparently swelled up and one corner of his mouth had ruptured and bled. The wounds looked fairly severe.

At that time, Yuan Zhou carried the Egg Fried Rice to him, "Your Egg Fried Rice. Please enjoy."

"Thank you," the man first expressed his gratitude and then halted for a moment and said, "I was defeated."

"I got it," Yuan Zhou said with a peaceful tone. He neither felt regretful nor got surprised, not even asking about the wounds on his face.

Meanwhile, the man had also been accustomed to Yuan Zhou's answer. After he finished speaking, he lowered the head and started to eat the Egg Fried Rice.

Hearing the weird dialogue between the two persons, a regular customer couldn't help asking.

It was Chen Wei who seldom came to have meals. He recognized the wounds and then asked about it, "Your face..."

"Are you asking about the wounds?" The man didn't seem to be used to communicating with others, hence said slowly. But he appeared to be quite surprised while looking at Chen Wei.

"Hum. The wounds seem to result from being beaten. Every time they are alike," Chen Wei said with certainty.

"Yes, it is a result from being beaten. Indeed," the man didn't speak long sentences fluently.

"Is it convenient for you to tell the reason?" Chen Wei frowned. As an instructor of martial arts, he naturally knew the wounds could be considered quite severe. With the frown, he looked rather majestic.

"It doesn't matter. Don't worry," the man wanted to smile but slightly pulled the corner of his mouth, which made his expression look weirder.

"Can't be told?" Chen Wei frowned. The sturdy appearance looked a little scary.

"No. I'm an amateur boxer. I'm not a professional," with short intervals, the man didn't speak fluently. Every time he talked, he would pull the corner of his mouth and would inevitably make himself feel pain.

"Are you well acquainted with Boss Yuan?" Chen Wei became more puzzled.

If he was a boxer, it was then understandable for him to have the severe wounds as well as to have wins or losses. However, why did he tell the results to Boss Yuan every time?

"Not really," the boxer was a little hungry, therefore he first gulped down a spoonful of the fried rice and then answered him.

"Then why do you tell him every time? You don't come frequently," Chen Wei directly pointed out that he was not a regular customer.

"No, I don't. I only come after I finish a match." The boxer set down the spoon.

"Why is that?" Chen Wei wanted to know the answer very much.

"Because Boss Yuan is always here," the boxer said softly.

"Humm," Chen Wei understood a little.

Unknowingly, Boss Yuan had become the boxer's tree hole.

For example, when you told a secret to a tree hole, although it didn't answer you, it would definitely listen to you.

Chen Wei had decent martial arts. He knew a little bit about the boxing industry and also knew the money that an amateur boxer

could get was not really a lot.

That can also be explained why he only came after finishing a match.

Having turned the head and took a look at Yuan Zhou, Chen Wei revealed a faint smile on the face and appeared fairly happy.

Thereafter, the boxer still maintained the habit of coming to Yuan Zhou's restaurant after matches.

Yet, by then, people would ask him about the result of the match, win or lose, even before he said by himself...

Chapter 188: Steamed Assorted Vegetable Buns

"Why does this picture look so fake?" After taking a bath, with a little water still dripping from his hair, Yuan Zhou went to the computer directly and grumbled while checking it.

On the webpage in front of him were contents about his restaurant, from forums, webpages, Wechat moments and microblogs. Yuan Zhou read each of them one by one with an earnest manner.

Yuan Zhou liked Meng Meng's recommendation more.

[This is the Lotus Root Starch from Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Don't you guys find it crystal clear and translucent? Besides, it also has a very nice taste. It is definitely the authentic Lotus Root Starch produced in Sanjia Village and has effects on maintaining beauty and staying youthful. I have decided to order one bowl of this dish every two days from now on so that I can live off my face.]

The pictures under the comment were naturally group photos of Meng Meng herself and the dish Lotus Root Starch, in various poses.

The replies following that were also compliments. For example, [Meng Meng, you originally lived off your cute face.]

Yuan Zhou turned over another two pages filled with the comments and basically, it was all about compliments like these.

"These are sure loyal, anyhow," Yuan Zhou said with a serious and seemingly just manner.

On this side, Yuan Zhou was reading the comments quite earnestly. He believed the complimentary comments could help him get more inspiration and cook better.

On the other side, Lee Yanyi was looking for tasty dishes everywhere as he wanted a change.

Although he loved eating and was a reserved person, he looked for dishes casually. He liked to go with the flow and didn't appear to be incisive like when he commented on the dishes.

"Yan Jia, do you have any recommendation?" Having failed in finding an attractive restaurant, he decided to directly ask a person. That was his assistant.

"Professor, what about Century? You said it was nice last time," On Yan Jia's mild face revealed a habitual smile.

"Change another one," Lee Yanyi refused straightforwardly.

"Then let's go to Yi Mu Restaurant in Zhonghe Street. What do you think?" Yan Jia was already used to the personality of his professor and thus recommended again.

"Choose a restaurant that I haven't been to." Lee Yanyi frowned discontentedly, with some vertical wrinkles between the eyebrows.

"There was a really nice restaurant recently, which the teacher Wang Shuyuan has been to once and recommended to you. Do you want to go for a try?" Yan Jia looked at the notebook in his phone and recommended Yuan Zhou's restaurant first.

"If Wang Shuyuan has been there, we can go and have a taste," Lee Yanyi considered for 3 seconds and then agreed readily.

"Ok, professor. Do you need me to arrange the visit?" Yan Jia asked meticulously.

He knew well of his professor's habits. The professor didn't like to be accompanied when he went to such small restaurants.

"No need. I'm gonna hang up." After that, Lee Yanyi hung off the phone before Yan Jia had time to say good-bye.

At the other end of the phone, Yan Jia put down his phone naturally. He appeared to be accustomed to his professor's style. Then he added a schedule in the notebook in his phone.

He checked the notebook roughly, which was all about the schedules of Lee Yanyi. He crossed out those matters that had been completed and left the unfinished schedules in red font, appearing

extraordinarily conspicuous.

"It seems I truly ought to go and have a look," Lee Yanyi knew well of the internet. He especially liked to surf through gourmet websites and forums.

He easily caught sight of the post that Sun Ming had released previously. Currently, the post was still marked as a pinned post and was set to the very top of the page. One could imagine how popular it was among the visitors.

Wang Shuyuan's recommendation was something that could be relied on. Plus with the seemingly wonderful reputation, he felt it indeed deserved a try.

On the other side, Yuan Zhou was very satisfied with the compliments and thus decided to serve another new dish in the morning.

As the fourth one of the Eight Unique of the Qinhuai Snacks, Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cake had been irresistible to the customers. As another of the unique dishes, the Steamed Assorted Vegetable Buns were no worse than the fourth one.

"There are so many meat dishes. So this time I made a vegetable dish." While stroking the forehead with one hand, Yuan Zhou looked to be quite considerate towards his customers based on his expressions.

After considering for quite a while, Yuan Zhou felt this idea made sense; therefore he decided to make a different dish.

After that, he received the reward of steamed buns. However, there was a surprise waiting for Yuan Zhou.

Moreover, the surprise came from the system.

As a proud gourmet reviewer with a bad temper, Lee Yanyi certainly wouldn't run to wait outside Yuan Zhou's restaurant as per the instructions of Sun Ming in his posting.

Consequently, there had already been a very long line of customers waiting in front of him when he arrived at No.14 of Taoxi Road.

"Are you here to have breakfast? Come here and line up, please." The nimble but short man out of the four guys came to in front of Lee Yanyi quickly.

"Wait, wait. Is this place Yuan Zhou's restaurant?" Looking at the long line of customers, Lee Yanyi had wished that the man could answer "No", but the short man's answer let him down.

"It's indeed Yuan Zhou's restaurant. There's still one hour before the opening hours start. According to the usual speed, there should be no problem for you to get a seat."

"Good," Lee Yanyi took a look at the sun overhead and got a little

depressed. The vertical wrinkles between his eyebrows became tighter.

"Please wait patiently. Let me go to greet other customers first," the short man turned around and ran away quickly to continue maintaining order.

Actually, customers of Yuan Zhou's restaurant were quite well-behaved and seldom cut in line. The exception was those who came for the very first time and needed to inquire about the dining hours and the rules.

"A small restaurant, yet so many people!" Unable to tolerate the heat, the aged man Lee Yanyi raised his head again and looked at the sky.

The burning sun made the city, Chengdu, seem like a baking tray. The people walking in streets were nevertheless like streaky pork that ran about and was well roasted in color, fragrance, and taste.

Fortunately, the side street where Yuan Zhou's restaurant was located couldn't get direct sunshine. It could only reach the door. The remaining areas were all sheltered by the tall buildings at the back and in front.

It was one of the reasons, since the side street couldn't get direct sunlight, that the lighting was not good. Although it was not so hot in summer, it was very gloomy and cold in winter. Nonetheless, ever since Yuan Zhou's restaurant was opened, the side street

became much noisier than before.

Following the sound of "Shua", Lee Yanyi flipped open a big folding fan brought along with him and started to wave. Immediately, a content expression revealed on his skinny face. He was quite satisfied with his foresight of bringing the fan.

"Hello, what do you eat?" Mu Xiaoyun said to Lee Yanyi who had just entered the restaurant.

"Um?" Lee Yanyi looked at Mu Xiaoyun with puzzlement and then started to order dishes.

"Little girl, are you taking care of the orders?" Lee Yanyi rarely asked about that.

"Yes. What do you eat?" When Mu Xiaoyun realized that Lee Yanyi was an aged man, she used a more respectful way of address.

"One serving of Egg Fried Rice Set and Phoenix-Tail Prawns," after checking the menu, Lee Yanyi bluntly ordered the dishes that his old friend Wang Shuyuan had eaten.

"Ok, please wait for a moment," Mu Xiaoyun then reported the name of the dishes to Yuan Zhou.

Yuan Zhou turned the head and took a look before starting to prepare the dishes.

Seven minutes later, Yuan Zhou carried the two dishes to Lee Yanyi.

"Please take your time and enjoy," Yuan Zhou signaled to him that he could start now.

"It indeed has the artistic conception of a phoenix inhabiting the phoenix tree," Lee Yanyi had strict requirements of this chef that was said to be awesome

Furthermore, Yuan Zhou happened to be recommended by his old friend, therefore he was pickier towards him.

"Thank you," Yuan Zhou looked more solemn than Lee Yanyi.

In response to Yuan Zhou's gratitude, Lee Yanyi only let out a "Humph". After that, he started to eat.

Despite his high requirements and standards, Lee Yanyi was quite satisfied this time.

He had a very sensitive tongue. Even if the chef had touched any other taste that did not belong to this particular dish while cooking, he could likewise distinguish it.

Nevertheless, the two dishes he had ordered were free from these concerns as they had only the intrinsic taste of the food.

However...

Chapter 189: Best Combination Of Vegetables

Lee Yanyi felt he had ordered the too many dishes. Never had he expected the amount to be so big.

After he drank a gulp of soup, a blast of refreshing flavor instantly swept across his throat. It couldn't be a better time to eat the pickled radish.

"Ka Ca," the crispness of the pickled radish along with the delicious taste of the Seaweed Soup formed a wonderful experience. The two different flavors merged into each other and yet, remained independent.

"Nice," Rarely did Lee Yanyi utter a word during meals. Moreover it was a compliment.

Twenty minutes later, Lee Yanyi had eaten half of the Egg Fried Rice dish and all side dishes, Seaweed Soup and Pickled Radishes. As for the Phoenix-Tail Prawns, there was only one prawn left and the untouched matching dish.

He touched his belly and felt he was fairly full, hence couldn't eat anymore.

"Truly fantastic skills." Lee Yanyi was quite satisfied with this trip of looking for delicacies this time.

He let out a sigh contentedly and revealed a satisfied expression on his skinny face.

With a soft sound of "Peng", Lee Yanyi set the chopsticks down and then stood up, preparing to leave.

When he walked to the entrance in a few steps, Yuan Zhou suddenly began to speak.

"Excuse me, are you leaving?" Yuan Zhou asked politely and alertly.

"Why? Didn't I pay you?" Lee Yanyi had never been an aged man who spoke in a polite way. Otherwise he wouldn't have the nickname of Yan Viper.

"Yes, you have paid me. But you'd better read the rules on the wall now. If you leave now, I would have to do as the rules tell me," Yuan Zhou took no notice of the bad temper of the aged man. He just signaled him to look at the wall with his usual indifferent tone.

"What rules?" Lee Yanyi only ordered the dishes and didn't actually notice those messy words.

In his opinion, what were usually written on the wall were either caring words to ingratiate the customers or some witty remarks to amuse them. There was no need to read them.

Now that he was requested by the chef, Lee Yanyi would for sure

like to check.

The key point was because Yuan Zhou's skills were pretty good.

"What does the word 'blacklist' mean?" Lee Yanyi asked with a solemn expression.

"It means he will never be admitted into my restaurant. There has only one customer blacklisted so far since the restaurant was opened," Yuan Zhou answered politely whenever asked, which was nevertheless not liked by Lee Yanyi.

"If this old man does not finish the dishes, are you preparing to prevent me from coming to eat again?" Lee Yan felt this rule was quite unreasonable. Until now, there had been no one who refused him yet. Instead, it was him who always refused others.

"I'll do as what the rule says," Yuan Zhou said with a quite serious manner.

"If I want to eat here, I would like to see how you are going to stop me," Lee Yanyi said rascally.

"I'm the chef and I cook," Yuan Zhou directly hit the nail on the head.

That's true. If he didn't want to cook, Lee Yanyi naturally couldn't think of other solutions in a short time. It had to be known that even if he had a meal in Huong River Michelin

Restaurant, he likewise couldn't finish all the dishes.

His slogan was just that eating was for filling the stomach while savoring delicacies was only for trying the taste. Eating a little of those dishes was sufficient for that purpose.

Lee Yanyi, who had always been flattered by other people despite his ever odd temperament, started to talk and swear, "Why the hell does this store have such an inexplicable rule? It has really widened my knowledge."

He stayed put for quite a while and eventually returned to his position while swearing. It seemed that he intended to finish the remaining dishes.

Seeing him do so, Yuan Zhou then turned around and went to prepare other dishes. It was still fairly busy at the end of the opening hours.

"I won't come again next time. It's really a clip joint."

Before he ate again, he even defined Yuan Zhou's restaurant as a clip joint indignantly. Only after that did he begin to eat unwillingly. He was not the kind of person who had never been scolded before and would then think Yuan Zhou was special once he scolded him. After all, he was not a masochist.

He mumbled and spluttered something randomly in his mouth and revealed a discontented look. His actions, nevertheless, were

quick. Lee Yanyi was very proud of his fondness for delicacies.

It seemed that scolding and anger could help with digestion. Having just said that he couldn't eat up all the dishes, Lee Yanyi nonetheless ate quickly now until the plate was very clean.

This time, however, Lee Yanyi left immediately without any hesitation as soon as he got the plate clean and appeared to truly not return again.

On the next day, Yuan Zhou got up at 5:30 as usual and jogged an hour for exercise. After that, he returned to the restaurant, cleaned himself and prepared to make the Steamed Assorted Vegetable Buns.

As if it had confirmed Yuan Zhou's route yesterday, the dog Broth also started to follow him to jog. No matter how long Yuan Zhou ran, it just followed.

When Yuan Zhou went back to his restaurant from the back door, Broth likewise returned to its doghouse, not intending to go inside with Yuan Zhou.

Similarly, Yuan Zhou didn't want to let Broth in. He just slowed his pace while jogging.

After he washed out the sweat and cleaned himself, Yuan Zhou changed the Han Chinese clothing with lotus flower design and walked downstairs, preparing to make a new dish today, the

Steamed Assorted Vegetable Buns.

There were various ways of making this dish. The simplest was the vegetable stuffing and meat stuffing, with various other stuffing mixed in it.

As usual, he kneaded the dough first and then waited it to rise. As the required time was a little long, Yuan Zhou started to process the stuffing first.

This time, he chose fresh lentinus edodes, carrots, dried white tofu, Chinese flat cabbage and a little lotus root as well as some dried sergestes and used these ingredients for the stuffing. Of course, the prepared beaten egg was the best bonding agent to get these different ingredients together.

"Duk Duk Duk", the touch of the chopping knife and wooden cutting board constantly emitted melodious and pleasant sound.

Yuan Zhou liked doing the preparation work of the stuffing by hand, even if the system had already provided him with an electric blender to shred these vegetables.

However, Yuan Zhou believed that he would have more control over the stuffing preparations and would suit his intentions if they were shredded by hand.

"It seems my obsessive compulsive disorder cannot be cured," wearing a face mask, Yuan Zhou muttered to himself.

Then, he began to process every vegetable.

Even the dried sergestes were baked on the spot. Sergestes were originally an extremely fresh and delicious shrimp. In Japan, it was used in many dishes as ornaments due to its magnificent colors and that it could be eaten fresh at the end. That way, there would be quite a fresh and palatable taste, which was said to give off extreme freshness and sweetness.

As the yield of the sergestes was limited and it was difficult for this creature to live through means of artificial breeding, the dried sergestes therefore came into being. However, baking them would inevitably take away the slight special fragrance, which was only reserved in the just baked sergestes.

This was the very fragrance that Yuan Zhou intended to obtain.

Along with the sound of flowing water of "Hua Hua", the lentinus edodes in Yuan Zhou's hands were cleaned well.

The fresh lentinus edodes originally had the name of "King of Mountain Delicacies" due to its fresh and tastiness along with its very high nutritive value.

Yuan Zhou washed them clean and chopped them into small granules. He then left them at the side along with other prepared ingredients.

At that time, there was only Chinese flat cabbage left unprocessed. The color of the vegetable was dark green, but after stir-frying, it became emerald green.

When the vegetable was cooked to a medium-rare, it tasted crisp and tender. Meanwhile, it also could be used for vegetable congee. When it was thoroughly cooked, the cabbage leaves emitted strong delicate fragrance. This vegetable was very practical.

After the hard veins were removed, only the fresh leaves and crisp stalk were left. Rather than chopping, he cut the cabbage up in order to prevent the juice of the cabbages from coming out and to maintain the freshness and tastiness of the leaves.

While Yuan Zhou was busy cooking in the kitchen, customers started to line up outside the restaurant for breakfast.

However, there was one person who attracted Mu Xiaoyun's attention in the line this time.

It was Lee Yanyi. He had just said yesterday that he would never come again, yet he came to line up outside the restaurant today. He broke his promise.

The first blacklisted person was a business partner of Ling Hong. Ever since he was told not ever to be welcomed, he truly hadn't appeared once more.

Lee Yanyi, however, thought silently in his heart, "Anyway, he

has only a few dishes. I surely won't come again after I savor all of them."

And, "If there are delicious dishes and I don't eat them, my stomach is going to be upset. It would not do justice to the dishes I had last time as well."

Having comforted himself, Lee Yanyi arrived at Yuan Zhou's restaurant in the early morning to wait in line with a careless expression. As for Mu Xiaoyun's glance, he disregarded it automatically.

Chapter 190: Habit and Delicacies

If one pretended not to see something, he would surely ignore it. Lee Yanyi waited in line unashamedly for breakfast. At that time, a delicate fragrance of vegetables gradually drifted out of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

Meanwhile, the hawkers also started to surround the customers and shout, ""Breakfast, delicious breakfast."

"Where there's business opportunity, there will be such opportunists" having been asked consecutively for three times what he wanted to eat, Lee Yanyi sighed with emotion and then said. The opportunists spoken of by him were, nevertheless, not a derogatory term.

Yuan Zhou's restaurant brought quite a lot business to the hawkers. It could be anticipated what would happen when his reputation became more and more well-known by other people.

In the kitchen, Yuan Zhou was preparing to make the steamed buns following the regular steps.

The dried white tofu used in the stuffing was also made by Yuan Zhou himself. After he mastered how to make tofu, dried tofu was naturally not a problem for him.

Having got all the stuffing well prepared, Yuan Zhou began to cut the dough into small pieces to make the buns.

Yuan Zhou then used the rolling pin expertly. While the rolling pin emitted a sound of "HuHu", a dough wrapping was done in a little while. Different from that of the Soup Dumplings requiring thinness, transparency and toughness, the dough wrapping for the steamed buns required the middle part to be slightly thicker. That way, the steamed buns would have more texture and would taste sweeter and more fragrant.

After he poured hot water in the steamer and put the uncooked buns into the bamboo steamer, the customers waiting outside the restaurant then smelled the faint wheat fragrance and refreshing vegetable flavor.

"Gu Dong", the sounds of gulping down saliva increased.

The hawkers shouted louder at the side. There were always people who couldn't resist the temptation and ate other foods while smelling the fragrance from Yuan Zhou's restaurant. Of course, when the hawkers talked, they also had lots of saliva in their mouth and had to swallow it up before they spoke in case it went directly onto the other's face.

"It's really fragrant. The vegetable flavor reminds me of the vegetables that we ate during childhood. No wonder so many people are waiting in line," a hawkers thought of that while smelling the fragrance.

"You are right. It's like the flavor of vegetables nipped by frost with the delicate fragrance," it turned out that the hawker spoke

the words out unconsciously and afterward, Lee Yanyi answered him when he heard that.

"It is even more fragrant than that," the hawker added and then continued to peddle his breakfast.

At that time, the door was opened. Yuan Zhou was not surprised at all when he saw the customers more than usual. Naturally, Mu Xiaoyun was still the first one.

"Good morning, boss," Mu Xiaoyun greeted Yuan Zhou delightedly.

"Humm, your brother has recovered, hasn't he?" Yuan Zhou asked her suddenly.

"Yes, but how do you know?" A slight puzzlement, but more of happiness, appeared on her innocent small face.

"I guessed." After that, Yuan Zhou went back to the kitchen.

"Boss knows everything. So awesome," Mu Xiaoyun said happily. Nevertheless, she didn't forget her own work and hence started to greet the customers, letting them enter the restaurant.

"Boss Yuan, you have a new dish, right?" a regular customer asked.

What a joke! He claimed that he had eaten every dish in Yuan Zhou's restaurant. With the name of Zhida, specifically Ma Zhida, he was the one who had once gambled at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant. The name definitely had a deep meaning.

The meaningful name indicated that he had a broad ambition which could be achieved in no time. Of course, it was good.

"Humm, they are all on the price list," Yuan Zhou gestured to him the new dish written on the regular place.

"There is Lotus Root Starch now. It seems that Boss Yuan has served new dishes quickly recently. There are even two new dishes that I haven't eaten." Every time there was a new dish, Ma Zhida would come to eat it at first instance. If there were more than one, he would only come when he had earned extra income.

"Do you want the new dish, as usual?" Yuan Zhou knew his habit well.

"I'm still considering which new dish I shall start with," The usually careless and casual Ma Zhidao said with an extraordinarily serious manner as if he were considering a very important matter.

"From today on, the Lotus Root Starch will be served for breakfast every morning," Yuan Zhou brought out the surprising news calmly.

Being hesitant like Ma Zhida, the customers who had been noisy

turned the head and looked at Yuan Zhou instantly.

"Boss Yuan, have you gotten a bad fever?" Wu Hai blurted that out. His hand touching the mustache slipped.

"Boss Yuan, please go to a doctor later. Don't tire yourself. We will control the sound volume when you open the door at noon," said Ma Zhida, who believed himself to be quite considerate.

"Don't hold on firmly when you are sick. Just a few new dishes are ok for this aged man for lunch," Lee Yanyi echoed.

"I'm quite healthy and will definitely go to rest if I catch a cold in case I get you guys infected," based on the principle of hurting each other, Yuan Zhou also said with a seemingly considerate tone.

"Actually, I feel Boss Yuan is still vigorous despite the age. Let's order the dish now," Ma Zhida reversed his comments first. It was so quick that he even uttered ahead of Wu Hai, who had no principles at all.

"Young people always misuse Chinese idioms. How could 'vigorous despite the age' be used on this fellow? It should be 'old but still vigorous in mind and body'," Wu Hai said earnestly while stroking his mustache.

"I don't know what you guys are talking about. But it's all nonsense," Lee Yanyi was more cultured. He directly spoke out two idioms.

Yuan Zhou nevertheless watched the scene indifferently at the side and didn't intend to join them. Even if he was the leading role, he didn't show any interest.

"Everybody, shall we start to order? There's not much time," it was Mu Xiaoyun who wittily mentioned the time. Only after that did the customers stop arguing and started to order the dishes as usual.

"How many steamed buns are there in one serving?" Lee Yanyi didn't want to be stopped again. Of course, it wasn't for fear of the blacklist issue. He just felt it was embarrassing to be stopped as an aged man.

"One for one serving," Yuan Zhou pointed at the carefully high-stacked bamboo steamers and answered.

"What kind of bamboo is that to have such green color?" As soon as Lee Yanyi turned the head, he saw the emerald green bamboo and couldn't help asking.

"Square bamboo," Yuan Zhou answered with a calm manner.

"A bowl of Lotus Root Starch," in any case, Lee Yanyi was a learned person. For this particular bamboo that had apparently already died out, he definitely wouldn't believe him. Therefore, he chose the Lotus Root Starch decisively.

"Ok, one moment, please," the Lotus Root Starch had already been grounded. What Yuan Zhou needed to do now was just to pour the water inside and let it dissolve, without even needing to add sugar separately. For that, only 30 seconds were needed. This was the results of Yuan Zhou brewing the Lotus Root Starch in an elegant way.

"Lotus Root Starch and Steamed Assorted Vegetable Buns, one serving each," Ma Zhida continued to order his dishes.

"Humm," Yuan Zhou answered and then he took out the steamed buns and the brewed Lotus Root Starch and handed them to him.

"Two different dishes for breakfast at one time is really a blessing in my life," Ma Zhida smelled this one and then the other one contentedly.

Laid in front of Ma Zhida were the two dishes, the transparent and pink Lotus Root Starch and the white and fragrant steamed bun.

While watching the scene at the side, Lee Yanyi suddenly said, "I also want a steamed bun."

"Got it. You can get it soon," Mu Xiaoyun answered and then reported to Yuan Zhou.

"This aged man would like to see if the green bamboo is covered with paint." As soon as Lee Yanyi received the bamboo steamer, he

observed it quite carefully and completely neglected the delicate fragrance emitted from the bamboo.

Covered on the bamboo steamer was a green leaf rather than an ordinary cloth. The bamboo steamer was perfectly covered with the leaf, which had a smooth surface and a dark green color along with delicate fragrance if one smelled it carefully. Any water droplets condensed from the hot water vapor would flow out of the bamboo steamer into the plate under the steamer.

The steamed bun that fully filled the steamer looked white, plump and cute. The folds at the mouth of the bun could clearly be seen and were 16 in all; each of them was identical in size. With the steam curling up, it was like a refined photo of delicacy in any way.

It wasn't only humans that could be described as being a feast for eyes.

Lee Yanyi picked up the chopsticks and reached for the white bun. And the bun obediently got picked up. With a simple bite, Lee Yanyi became surprised instantly....

Chapter 191: Imperceptible Influence

Despite the big size, the steamed bun was nevertheless very easy to pick up. Lee Yanyi only used a little strength to loosely pick up the steamed bun using chopsticks. The brownish red chopsticks and the white steamed bun formed a marked contrast, making the steamed bun seem even whiter and plumper, looking better.

With a bite, Lee Yanyi found the inside of the bun was surprisingly very dry and had no broth at all. He felt greatly astounded.

Normally, there were two different ways to make the stuffing of vegetable buns. One was to squeeze out the water content contained in the vegetables and added the sesame oil inside to increase the taste and texture.

The other way was to add no sesame oil and preserve the moisture. That way, there would be broth in the vegetable buns after steaming. In spite of that, the broth would be scattered all over the stuffing and hence had a disorderly texture. If the chef didn't master the craftsmanship properly, the steamed buns would be inferior to those cooked in the first way.

After biting open the vegetable bun, however, it surprisingly had neither redundant broth at all nor the particular strong scent of the sesame oil.

With the sound of "Ka Cha, Ka Cha", the vegetable leaves and stalks, as well as crisp and tender diced lotus roots in his mouth,

allowed the vegetable bun to create a very extraordinary texture.

Only when Lee Yanyi started to chew did the broth contained inside of the stuffing burst out. Instantly, the boiling hot broth burst out along with the strong and refreshing taste in the mouth.

"It's really a terrific idea. Good, very good." A satisfactory smile appeared on the face of Lee Yanyi.

Because of the soft dough wrapping, the crisp vegetables, a little white tofu of medium hardness with fragrance and the delicious broth, Lee Yanyi was reluctant to put down the chopsticks and just carefully nibbled the steamed bun.

In the end, Lee Yanyi straightforwardly placed his chopsticks down and took up the steamed bun with his two hands and then began to savor it meticulously. For every bite, there was definitely a full circle of dough wrapping and the perfect amount of good stuffing as if their amount had been precisely calculated. In one word, the dough wrapping and the stuffing were exactly well matched.

For a while, almost all customers basically made a sound of "Gee" when they bit open the steamed bun. At the next moment, however, they gasped in admiration with a satisfactory and clear expression.

"So delicious!"

As the broth was perfectly wrapped inside of the vegetables, the stuffing and dough wrapping merged well together, interacting with each other, yet, staying independent. It skillfully combined the fantastic taste of the two ingredients.

The result was that the customers became used to it. Every time they ate Yuan Zhou's dishes, there were surprises concerning the taste. A mere steamed bun could actually have such a nice taste.

Having eaten the steamed bun, Lee Yanyi was still lingering in the aftertaste of the delicacy and no longer wanted to eat the Lotus Root Starch when he saw it. In his impression, if the brewed Lotus Root Starch hadn't been eaten up soon, it would change into a state in which the starch and water would separate and become extremely distasteful.

This was the opinion of Lee Yanyi toward Lotus Root Starch that had untouched for a long time. He didn't have any appetite to eat it.

With a tight frown on his forehead, Lee Yanyi habitually reached his hands out and stirred the spoon. He then found a problem. Just like how it looked when it was just served, this bowl of Lotus Root Starch was still viscous and transparent with a slightly pink color and some fragrance as well as the steam curling upward.

"Is it still good after such a long time?" Lee Yanyi looked at the inside of the bowl with puzzlement.

After that, he found the bowl of Lotus Root Starch was still as

same as how it looked when it had been just served. Of course, it made sense that he should eat it up. And again, it was unexpectedly palatable.

"This boss really cooks well despite his bad temperament," Lee Yanyi surprisingly dared to comment on another's temperament to be bad.

As he felt he had stuffed himself, Lee Yanyi rested for 5 minutes in the seat before he stood up.

Lee Yanyi had already stopped eating so much due to his constant dish tasting. As he was getting older, he ate much less.

Feeling quite satisfied now, however, he touched his belly without a trace and stood up, preparing to leave.

"Old grandpa, didn't you say yesterday that you wouldn't come again?" Mu Xiaoyun said with a smile.

It was, naturally, because she didn't like Lee Yanyi that Mu Xiaoyun uttered that in the moment. When she was here the day before, Lee Yanyi kept scolding and cursing at the end. Of course she didn't like him, not to mention that he spoke such bad words.

Witty as Mu Xiaoyun was, she asked that purposely after Lee Yanyi finished the meal. Anyway, he had already paid for it.

"When? This old man doesn't have a good memory," Lee Yanyi

grunted and then denied.

"You said yesterday that this was a clip joint and you would never come again." While speaking of that, Mu Xiaoyun was still of grievance.

"Little girl, you must have misheard my words," Lee Yanyi denied bluntly. Seeing Mu Xiaoyun intend to say something more, he immediately continued to talk, "I don't want to talk with a person who can't even afford a meal."

It was truly a critical strike to her. Instantly, Mu Xiaoyun was rendered speechless and didn't know what to answer.

It was indeed as he said. Recently, Mu Xiaoyun had frequently drooled while smelling the fragrance of the delicacies, secretly of course. As a thin-skinned little girl, she would still feel bashful.

"Never mind. Let me treat you to a bowl of Lotus Root Starch," Wu Hai suddenly uttered.

"Thank you, Uncle Wu. But it's not necessary. I will be able to come to eat soon," Mu Xiaoyun said with a blush on her face.

"You are welcome," Wu Hai didn't insist when he saw Mu Xiaoyun refuse his proposal.

Lee Yanyi cared little about that. While walking out of the restaurant with vigorous strides, he thought rascally, "I come

today and will come tomorrow. I'm rich and hence capricious."

Consequently, Lee Yanyi came as long as he had time. With the thought that he would never come again after he had savored all the new dishes here, he started to try every dish of the restaurant slowly.

"Talented culinary skills, but inapt EQ," at last, Lee Yanyi concluded his remarks about Yuan Zhou.

As for the thing of EQ, Lee Yanyi was probably unqualified to comment Yuan Zhou. He was no better than Yuan Zhou at all.

Last time, the boss of Lotus Restaurant almost fainted when he saw Lee Yanyi's remarks. On the first opening day, he always felt that the customers were less than expected and the number couldn't compare with those of other restaurants, not knowing if it was his own psychological effect or if Lee Yanyi's comments had taken effect.

Only after more than half a month until now did the boss finally witness the power of Lee Yanyi's remarks. Public praise turned out to be both an intangible and visible publicity. Due to Lee Yanyi's unfavorable remarks, not one of the Gourmet Reviewer had recommended his restaurant. Therefore, his business had been affected to some extent.

"This stupid stubborn fellow, Yan Viper. He's so vicious," standing upstairs, the boss looked at the sparse customers below in the main hall worriedly and scolded Lee Yanyi bitterly, not

revealing any manner of a big boss.

The slang of "Whoever got benefits from others should speak highly of them" didn't apply to Lee Yanyi at all.

Luckily, it was not so exaggerated as to lose income by a decent percentage. Otherwise, he would probably go to battle with Lee Yanyi. Manager Gou, who was counting the business downstairs, thought that with a headache.

For the past more than half a month, Lee Yanyi had not accepted any other restaurant's invitation to go and savor their dishes until his assistant called him.

"Professor, are you busy now?" The voice of Yan Jia came from the other end of the phone.

"What's the matter?" Lee Yanyi was eating the last bite of a dish and only spoke after swallowing it and savoring the aftertaste for a while.

It lasted at least two minutes. Yan Jia, nevertheless, just waited for him and didn't urge him at all.

This was just the temperament of Lee Yanyi. Answering the phone meant that he would talk with you. With the pause like that, he was either savoring tasty dishes or having some important affairs. He answering the phone at that time indicated that they must have an intimate relationship.

"At noon tomorrow, we need to go to Caihe Restaurant to savor their dishes, which you have promised to go one month ago. I'm going to pick you up at 10:30 in the morning. What do you think?" Yan Jia told him briefly and to the point.

"Humm, got it," Lee Yanyi answered.

"The menu will be sent to you immediately," Yan Jia sent the menu to him while speaking.

Eight hot dishes and six cold dishes with three servings of soup and five servings of snacks, all with simple names.

Creamed Asparagus Stir-fried with Beef and Rice Chilli, Coffee Yogurt and Hot Watermelon and Pitaya. Lee Yanyi immediately got irritated with the weird names.

"I simply don't know what they are talking about. They bring forth new ideas without logic and don't even have better names." Having complained for a while, he went out of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

Chapter 192: Receiving the Reward

Such weird and illogical names of the dishes immediately made Le Yanyi lose any appetite to eat them. However, Lee Yanyi wouldn't eat his words as to the matter that he had promised others.

At 10:00 the next morning, Yan Jia arrived below the apartment building of Lee Yanyi. Lee Yanyi was also clear with his assistant's temperament, thus he started to head down before 10:20.

"Good morning, Professor. There's tea here. You can drink it," Yan Jia got off the car and opened the door for Lee Yanyi and then told him with a smile.

"Got it. Where's this Caihe Restaurant?" Lee Yanyi didn't actually know where the restaurant was. It was Yan Jia who was basically in charge of the acceptance of invitations.

Yan Jia was only responsible for the initial screening. After that, he would let Lee Yanyi decide whether to go or not. This time, the Caihe Restaurant was recommended by his wife.

"Professor, this restaurant is very close to us, at Panda Road. We are arriving in 5 minutes," when they were waiting for the green light, Yan Jia turned the head and said.

"It's really close," Lee Yanyi grumbled.

"Yes," while they were talking, Yan Jia arrived at the destination steadily.

"Professor, it's this restaurant," Yan Jia straightforwardly parked the car at the entrance of the restaurant, where there were specially prepared parking lots.

"Ok, got it," Lee Yanyi didn't show much enthusiasm in the dish tasting now, but he still maintained his usual seriousness after getting off the car.

"This one must be Brother Yanyi. I'm the manager of Caihe Restaurant, Lee Mei. This way, please, this way," there were three people who were standing at the door. Among them, a seemingly capable and experienced woman went up to them first.

Wearing a taut business suit, the woman had a curvy figure and revealed a decent smile.

"Humm," Lee Yanyi nodded solemnly. His look didn't become more relieved just because he was greeted by a beautiful woman.

"This one must be Brother Yanyi's assistant Yan Jia. This way, please," the woman didn't follow Lee Yanyi inside, but let the other two people lead the way for him. She continued to wait for Yan Jia at the door.

She was a smart woman.

"Humm, let's go inside. Don't make the professor wait," Yan Jia said friendly with a gentle smile on his face.

"Don't worry. Brother Yanyi is just a few steps ahead. The woman walked beside Yan Jia and then quickened her steps.

When they were arriving at the entrance, the woman walked in front of him and personally opened the door.

"This lotus fragrance is specially prepared. If you have any dissatisfaction, please tell us so we can improve on it," Lee Mei opened the door.

The interior surrounding was elegant and natural. With the decorations of an artificial hill with gurgling water flowing down, it gave an extraordinarily refined sight.

"Ok, that's enough. I'm not here to eat the environment," Lee Yanyi went ahead and got seated.

He spoke with a natural tone and had completely forgotten how he ridiculed the decorations at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

"Mr. Yanyi is so easy-going. This is the menu of all dishes today. Please check if there's any dish that you don't like," Lee Mei smiled faintly and then handed the menu to him.

The dishes on the menu were the same ones that Yan Jia had sent

to him last night. More than thirty dishes almost covered all the specialties. Lee Yanyi roughly scanned it and then put it down.

"Don't serve all other dishes except the appetizer Braised Beef with Celery and Broccoli, a main dish Steamed Tilefish with Lemon and Bamboo Shoots in Spring and finally, the snack, Coffee Yogurt and Hot Watermelon and Pitaya," Lee Yanyi read out three dishes calmly.

"Three dishes are too little. What about serving a full set?" Lee Mei was a little embarrassed, hence said tentatively.

"No need. Three dishes are sufficient for me," Lee Yanyi said with a frown.

"Ok. You go to the kitchen and tell them to prepare the dishes as per Brother Yanyi's requirements," Lee Mei first agreed to the requirements of Lee Yanyi and then turned the head to instruct the attendant who was waiting beside her.

While they were waiting for the dishes, Lee Mei constantly made witty remarks and soon livened up the atmosphere.

When she discovered Lee Yanyi's expression became a little relaxed, Lee Mei asked euphemistically, "Brother Yanyi, are there any dish that you dislike?"

"No, none," Lee Yanyi answered affirmatively.

"Then I can serve all of them to you. Please give me face and savor them," Lee Mei said smilingly.

"I can't finish so many dishes myself," Lee Yanyi answered casually. As soon as he stopped talking, he felt a little surprised. Since he had said that, however, he didn't correct himself and just waited for the dishes frankly.

Yan Jia, at the side, instantly gave a look at his professor in surprise.

After all, he was quite clear with the rules of his professor. Every time they went out for dish tasting, the professor would order all dish on the menu and savor them one by one. Then he would give his grading. This time, the professor surprisingly said that it would be a waste to serve so many dishes. It was really weird.

As a qualified assistant, Yan Jia yet didn't say anything, merely standing beside him quietly.

It was Lee Mei who was most surprised as she had already enquired about Lee Yanyi's preferences. Although it didn't conform to his usual habit now, she said nothing and just secretly instructed the chefs to make the best of their state.

After Lee Yanyi ate up the dishes served, his assistant immediately became dumbfounded. Did that mean the dishes were very delicious? He unexpectedly ate them all of them. It was known that he only ate only one or two gulps for each dish.

After the meal, Lee Yanyi went back home with a stuffed stomach. While stroking the chin and pondering, Lee Yanyi was also a little puzzled. Why did he have the strange thought that the dishes shouldn't be served if he couldn't finish the current ones?

Until evening came,

Only when he went to Yuan Zhou's restaurant for dinner did he realize the problem.

"This fellow has surprisingly changed the dining habits of this aged man. He's so hateful," Lee Yanyi grumbled indignantly. When he saw Yuan Zhou, he scowled at him to express his dissatisfaction.

As for Yuan Zhou, he just reacted like "Something is wrong with this old guy." As he had already got used to Lee Yanyi's scolding after eating each time, he just muttered in the heart and went to prepare the dishes.

Lee Yanyi had never cared about how he was judged by others, therefore he scolded again as usual after he finished the dinner.

One week later, he was invited by another wild vegetable restaurant to savor the dishes and still reacted the same as last time when he saw the menu.

"Are you feeding a pig with so many dishes? Just serve me two specialties out of all the dishes," Lee Yanyi said with a tone of disgust.

Having done the same for two or three times, Lee Yanyi was basically known by the gourmet circle that his habits had changed.

As a result, when they invited him again, they would do their best to serve their own specialties, wishing that they could get favorable comments from him.

Yuan Zhou, nevertheless, was continually playing with the kitchen knife provided by the system, like a kid who had gotten his anticipated toys.

Yes, the side mission of Yuan Zhou was finally completed.

[Side Mission] Get up early in the morning and exercise for one hour every day. The specific way of exercise is up to you. (Completed)

(Mission tips: As a Master Chef, even if you are a green hand, you can't be beaten by others. Do exercises and run to the sun, young man.)

[Mission Reward] Superb Knife Skills (Received)

(Reward tips: With the super knife skills, your mom won't worry about you cutting vegetables.)

The system displayed, "A practice kitchen knife is hereby

provided. Host, you can practice your knife skills with it."

"You are so humanistic this time. Are there any other requirements?" Yuan Zhou asked alertly.

The system had scammed him for so many times that he was quite experienced now.

The system displayed, "No extra requirement."

"That's great." Only then did Yuan Zhou pick up the kitchen knife on the countertop and play with it in his hand.

Chinese cuisine should be the only one that required the least kinds of knives. Basically, one single kitchen knife could handle all the ingredients, unlike French cuisine for which every dish requires a different knife.

Now that Yuan Zhou had obtained this knife along with the reward, he started playing with the knife while pondering about something.

He practiced over and over, from the initial state of being unfamiliar to the subsequent proficiency. Then, he directly let out a sigh with emotion, "I could even go to perform acrobatics with the knife and the skill."

Yuan Zhou was fairly proud of that. He had used the knife to its utmost perfection.

At that time, the system suddenly released a serial mission...

Chapter 193: Sculpting Radishes with the Kitchen Knife

The system displayed, "Follow-up of the side mission has been released."

[2nd Side Mission] Make an artwork out of sculpting with a full score

(Mission Tips: As a to-be Master Chef, sculpting with kitchen knife is a piece of cake. I think highly of you, young man. Move, move.)

[Mission Reward] A piece of the Master Chef Set

(Reward Tips: if you can gather all the pieces of the Master Chef Set, you might be able to summon a grand prize.)

"Ho Ho. Is the grand prize a magic dragon?" Yuan Zhou supported his forehead and felt quite speechless.

The system displayed, "Host, please don't make any unrealistic speculations."

"It's mainly because the system is much too scheming. What's the Master Chef Set this time?" The expectations of Yuan Zhou were not high. After all, kitchenware like spoon or chopsticks didn't conform to his expectations at all although they were quite

good.

"Is it a hat? The chef's hat?" Yuan Zhou thought for a while and asked.

The system displayed, "The reward of Master Chef Set is a Miracle Kitchen Knife."

"It turned out to be true. But what does 'miracle' mean?" Yuan Zhou revealed an expression of "It really is". Yet, when he looked at it carefully, the Miracle Kitchen Knife was slightly different from what he had imagined. Therefore, he asked curiously.

The system displayed, "It is temporarily unknown."

"I have no comment," Yuan Zhou, who was attentively waiting for the answer, became instantly speechless.

It was just like what the Hong Kong police would answer when they were asked by the journalists about any criminal cases in the plot of Hong Kong movies.

The response of the system made Yuan Zhou recall those classic words instantly.

However, the system didn't have any reaction. There was only silence.

"Forget it. It's supposed to be known after I complete the mission," Yuan Zhou felt he had practiced the sculpting skills to the utmost perfection previously and this mission was definitely to be accomplished within only a few minutes.

Although there wasn't any introduction to the specific functions of the kitchen knife provided by the system, but the word 'miracle' could definitely bring a taste-free effect to the knife. That way, the dishes served could be improved by one point, which was really not too little.

After all, Yuan Zhou's culinary skills were originally at a supreme level; therefore, it was really difficult for him to further improve.

It was like that a Kungfu Master who had practiced a martial art to its utmost perfection and could hardly improve it anymore.

Yuan Zhou began to play with the kitchen knife to get used to the knife provided by the system.

The system suddenly uttered something when Yuan Zhou took out the radish and prepared to practice his sculpting skills with the kitchen knife.

The system displayed, "The ingredients have been provided. Host, you can check and use them in the kitchen."

To Yuan Zhou who was right in the kitchen, he just needed to turn his head and have a look.

Having turned around, however, Yuan Zhou was immediately severely scared.

"Is this the radish you provide? Can this even be still called radish?" Yuan Zhou calmed down first and then asked.

The system displayed, "Host, you are required to complete the sculpture of ten points with the ingredients provided by the system. You can take it out of the restaurant, yet only within the scope of 1 meter around."

"You might as well tell me directly that it can be placed at the door only," Yuan Zhou speechlessly looked at the big thing in his sight.

Yes, the big thing was a radish. It was just that the radish itself exceeded Yuan Zhou's height and reached almost 2m. With the leaves of the radish, it could be at least 3m.

Now Yuan Zhou only wanted to say, "It isn't a radish, but is a radish spirit."

"System, didn't the authority regulate no spirits are allowed to come into existence after the republic was founded? Is it really alright to get such a big radish?" Yuan Zhou couldn't help grumbling and didn't know at all where this big thing came from.

Luckily, the radish was white and tender all over and looked

well-moisturized, seemingly easy to be sculpted. Otherwise, Yuan Zhou would have become quite speechless.

The system displayed, "Host, please complete the mission earnestly."

"Sorry, I have never seen such a big radish," Yuan Zhou grumbled while looking at the radish in front of him expressionlessly.

Yuan Zhou started to walk in circles surrounding the radish. He was very curious how this radish stood upright as the lower part was pointed.

Then, he witnessed the resourcefulness of the system.

The big radish was inserted in a perfectly-sized hole and had a round base outside. Fixed in that way, it wouldn't fall.

He looked at the time. It was 2:40 p.m. and there were still a few hours before he opened the restaurant for dinner. Yuan Zhou wanted to complete the mission immediately during the period of time.

Yuan Zhou was fairly confident about making a sculpture of ten points, even if he had to use a kitchen knife.

"Hu," having taken a deep breath and exhaled, Yuan Zhou took up the kitchen knife and started to wave it.

With the "Hua Hua" sound lingering in his ears, the radish chips fell continually onto the ground beside his feet. Yuan Zhou wasn't actually distracted by that and just concentrated on the sculpting.

The volume of the radish was indeed too big. Only after forty minutes did Yuan Zhou finish the work.

Since it was taller than a person and, moreover, was a slender radish, being wide at the upper part and thin at the lower part, it was just perfect for sculpting a phoenix tree.

Yuan Zhou had abundant experiences in sculpting the phoenix tree. It was also him who thought of sculpting a radish of a phoenix dwelling in a phoenix tree in the dish Phoenix Tail Prawns.

As time went by, a phoenix tree full of leaves and branches came into being under Yuan Zhou's diligent work while crawling up and down.

"It looks fairly nice. There should be no more problem," Yuan Zhou set down the kitchen knife and swung his arms as he said confidently.

After resting for a while, Yuan Zhou said, "System, you can score it now."

The system displayed, "The overall rating was 3 points."

"You must be mistaken. What the hell do you mean three points?" Yuan Zhou stared at the score for three minutes before he asked.

The system displayed, "The full score is 12 points. Host, you get three points for the sculpture this time."

Fearing that Yuan Zhou couldn't understand, the score of three points were made in bold font when it was shown.

"I can't say my sculpture deserves twelve points, but 10 points shouldn't be a problem," as a chef who had his own pride, Yuan Zhou definitely had his air of arrogance.

The system displayed, "Host, please watch it carefully and then give an objective mark."

After that, the system further presented a three-dimensional picture of Yuan Zhou's sculpture so that he could observe it more carefully.

The proverb of "being unable to see the wood for the trees" applied to Yuan Zhou well. The radish was truly too big and Yuan Zhou couldn't see all the parts at the same time. Therefore, he always had a feeling that he did a good work. When he saw the panorama, however, Yuan Zhou instantly wilted.

When he watched the seemingly bright and limpid phoenix tree

carefully and closely, Yuan Zhou found the distribution of the branches wasn't good enough. The main branch was even thinner than some lateral branches. As for the allocation of the leaves, it also appeared to be messy now.

Even the root hairs below were not allocated well. Due to the size of the kitchen knife, the veins in the leaf were likewise not exquisite.

For the work of sculpture, it was not the smaller, the harder. Identically, the bigger, the tougher. After all, it was difficult for him to take care of the tiny parts.

With the appearance, the phoenix tree was sculpted as if it was poorly developed. Even he himself was unable to see it directly. His work really deserved the three points.

"Is there any specific score?" after quite a while, Yuan Zhou asked while looking at the radish of phoenix tree in front of him.

The system displayed, "The frequent carving methods include rilievo, round carving, engraving carving, shadow engraving, hollow engraving and openwork carving, etc. Every carving method required some sculpting techniques, which could only be achieved through long-term training.

"Host, you get no points on aspects of compositions, proportion and color matching."

"Composition, proportion... Come on, I'm not an Arts and Crafts Master," Yuan Zhou sighed helplessly.

Yuan Zhou was quite confident about the simple collocations, but his level of appreciation was merely ordinary.

On aspects of things related to the genuine arts, he was, nevertheless, a layman.

"It seems I need to find a teacher to learn something about it." Looking at the disastrous work of sculpture in front of him, Yuan Zhou suddenly thought of Wu Hai.

He was a painter as well as an artist. There should be no problem to learn from him.

Eventually, Yuan Zhou made up his mind and prepared to ask him.

However, it was yet a problem whether or not Wu Hai would teach him...

Chapter 194: Wu Hai's Petty Scheme

Following the sound of "Pi Li Pa La", Yuan Zhou cleared up the stuff for a while until the floor was cleaned up. Since he started working as a chef, Yuan Zhou could no longer recover from the obsessive-compulsive disorder.

"Looks great," Yuan Zhou looked at the clean ground satisfactorily. Only the failed radish was left there now.

"When could this huge thing be cleared away?" Yuan Zhou indicated that he didn't want to see it.

The system displayed, "It will be cleared away 10 minutes later."

Looking at the radish in front of him, Yuan Zhou let out a large sigh with emotion. Even if the system provided him with the knife skills, he still needed to work hard continually by himself. This failed radish was the best evidence to prove that.

"System, could you make the radish into a specimen? But it's better to make it smaller," having considered for quite a while, Yuan Zhou suddenly said.

The system displayed, "Ok, one moment, please."

After saying that, in just the time to turn around, the big radish in the kitchen disappeared like a magic show. Naturally, this kind of "magic show" happened only when there was nobody else.

After that, he prepared to leave with excitement.

With a sound of "Hua La", he shut the door and walked to the street. Then, he suddenly realized one thing.

He raised his hand and checked the time. It was 4:00 p.m. And the weather was fine and sunny.

"Where does Wu Hai live?" Yuan Zhou stood at the door of the restaurant and thought about it seriously.

Afterwards, he took out the phone quietly, preparing to call him to come over here.

After sliding the contacts repeatedly, Yuan Zhou couldn't help grumbling, "What's the phone number of this fellow?"

Yes, Yuan Zhou only knew that Wu Hai lived on the second floor across the way and had also seen him walk down from the upstairs. Yet, he didn't know which room Wu Hai specifically lived in.

With his character, how was it possible for him to knock on doors one after another and ask randomly? As for the phone number, of course he didn't have it.

The reason was simple. He didn't save Wu Hai's phone number for fear that Wu Hai would also ask for his and then disturb his

sweet dreams every morning, like a clock.

As he didn't have the phone number and the address, Yuan Zhou had only to turn around and return to his restaurant quietly.

After a sound of "Peng", Yuan Zhou shut the back door. He then stood in the kitchen and talked to himself, "I might as well go to look up some information on the computer."

After that, Yuan Zhou nodded in approval and thought, "It's really a good idea." Then he walked upstairs with a sound of "Duk Duk Duk."

During the opening hours in the evening, Yuan Zhou didn't actually mention the matter that he needed Wu Hai's help.

It was Yuan Zhou's own principle that he didn't talk about other affairs within his business hours.

The next morning, Yuan Zhou prepared Soup Dumplings.

"How rare! Boss Yuan surprisingly made Soup Dumplings again." A customer who liked to eat the dish sighed with emotion at the side.

"That's true. The piping hot soup and the delicious meat stuffing were simply a blessing to those who prefer to eat meat. Serve me one, please," Ling Hong got seated and immediately started to order the dishes.

"One serving of Soup Dumplings and Lotus Root Starch," Wu Hai stroked his small mustaches happily.

"One moment, please," Yuan Zhou then returned to the kitchen and carried the dishes out to them.

When he set down the dishes on Wu Hai's table, Yuan Zhou said to him all of a sudden, "Wu Hai, please stay for a while after your finish the breakfast. I have something to talk to you."

"Pardon? What do you mean?" Wu Hai had expectantly picked up the chopsticks and prepared to eat. But when he heard Yuan Zhou's words, he raised his head in surprise.

"Eat first, otherwise it's going to be cold," Yuan Zhou said with a solemn expression.

"Yeah, yeah, right. Let me eat first and talk to you later," when Wu Hai recalled the tasty dishes on the table, he suddenly had no other thoughts and immediately picked up the chopsticks to eat.

He lightly bit through the dough skin of a Soup Dumpling and took in the soup with a slurp. Instantly, the steaming hot soup flooded into his mouth with a hint of delicious texture.

The fresh and sweet taste carried some faint scent. Furthermore, it wasn't greasy at all. Wu Hai felt as if he had drunk a mouthful of the gravy soup. A bit of spiciness contained therein slightly

stimulated his tongue and enabled him to savor the delicacy even more clearly.

With the elastic dough skin, the soft pork stuffing and the vinegar taste, Wu Hai ate up the entire soup dumpling with only one bite.

"So delicious," Wu Hai gulped down the final lingering taste in his mouth and then said.

The taste of the Lotus Root Starch was mild with a slight hint of sweetness, which was tasty and refreshing. It was truly happy to be served with such warm food in the morning.

Then, Wu Hai completely recovered himself right away and realized that Yuan Zhou had something to talk to him about.

"Boss Yuan, why are you looking for me?" Wu Hai was fairly curious.

What a joke. When would Yuan Zhou ever say something like that to him? Usually, it was only Wu Hai who went to talk to Yuan Zhou. Of course, that normally happened during meal times when he had to eat.

"It's still business hours. I will talk to you later," Yuan Zhou turned the head and said, but he didn't answer Wu Hai's query.

"You can tell me a little bit so that I know what to answer later,"

Wu Hai felt if Yuan Zhou had just told him earlier, he wouldn't need to ask about it anymore now.

This time, Yuan Zhou directly ignored him. Only after a while did he answer, "I will have to trouble you to wait for a moment."

Yuan Zhou answered earnestly with courtesy; therefore, Wu Hai stopped asking and just nodded, "Ok, I will wait for you."

There was only a one-hour business time during the morning. Wu Hai then began to study the furnishings in the restaurant.

Lotus flowers were painted on the wall. Even the flower vase on the long table was likewise painted with the lotus flower pattern.

"Why are there suddenly so many things related to lotus flowers?" Wu Hai said with puzzlement.

"This is the restaurant flower of Boss Yuan," Ling Hong suddenly answered him from the side.

"Why are you still here?" Wu Hai continued to count the lotus flowers.

"I want to see why Boss Yuan is looking you?" Ling Hong shrugged and said. He had been free recently.

"Why not have a guess?" Wu Hai stood up and said mysteriously

while stroking his mustache.

"You don't even know if I'm right or wrong?" Ling Hong wasn't a person who was easily cheated.

"We'll know in a while," Seeing Ling Hong not bite the hook, Wu Hai looked at the time and said indifferently.

"The breakfast hours end now. Please come earlier next time," the habitual words from Yuan Zhou indicated the opening hours for breakfast had ended. After he parted with Mu Xiaoyun, the restaurant was vacant.

"Please tell me what you made me stay for?" Wu Hai said first ahead of Yuan Zhou. Ling Hong, nevertheless, crossed his arms over the chest and just waited to watch the scene.

"You are a painter. Do you know picture composition?" Yuan Zhou pondered for a while and decided to ask him tactfully.

"So you want to learn the composition skills?" Wu Hai saw through his intention. Painters were usually smart.

"Um. Do you have time?" Having thought for a while, Yuan Zhou nodded and said with a reserved manner.

"Boss Yuan is so frank. Yes, I have time, but not much, only twenty minutes every day," Wu Hai considered for a while and then said while stroking his small mustache.

"No, I am tactful. It's you who have guessed it." Yuan Zhou frowned.

Then, Wu Hai didn't know how to reply. He paused a moment and then said, "Forget about it. I have some requirements."

Speaking of the requirements, Wu Hai revealed a standard cunning smile.

"What requirements?" Yuan Zhou revealed an alert manner.

"Let's talk about it later. Have you learned any basic knowledge for picture composition?" Wu Hai took a glance at Ling Hong and apparently intended to make a deal with Yuan Zhou privately, hence turned to ask something else.

"Nope," Yuan Zhou said frankly.

"You should know something about the basic proportions and structures of a figure or scenery, shouldn't you?" Wu Hai asked some most basic questions.

"No, I don't. I'm a chef," Yuan Zhou further explained to him his occupation.

"You don't know none of the basic skills and, yet, want to learn the composition from me in one step. You are definitely asking for

the moon," Wu Hai straightforwardly neglected the last sentence of Yuan Zhou and questioned him loudly and discontentedly.

"You are simply the worst student that I have ever encountered," having failed in venting, Wu Hai added.

Yuan Zhou was made quite speechless by Wu Hai. With his character, he wouldn't ask much if he learned from Wu Hai, but this fellow had really a bad temper.

Standing at the side, Ling Hong watched the whole scene. When he saw Yuan Zhou being criticized like a pupil, he couldn't help bursting into a laugh.

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Chapter 195: Counterattack Arriving So Quickly

Yuan Zhou held his breath and earnestly listened to Wu Hai's chatter until he finished.

"I have never thought that you would be so wordy," Yuan Zhou heaved a sigh and said helplessly.

"I'm wordy? It's because you understand nothing," Wu Hai said bluntly.

"Um. Now, how can I learn it? How would you arrange the time?" Yuan Zhou automatically neglected Wu Hai's ridicule.

"Puff," Ling Hong couldn't help giggling.

"What are you laughing at? Do you understand?" Wu Hai got irritated even before Yuan Zhou said anything.

"Never mind. You guys continue. Of course I don't understand..." In the face of the earnest manner from Wu Hai, Ling Hong straightforwardly covered his own mouth and took one step back.

"Good that you know your limitations. Leave this majesty alone now," Wu Hai suddenly uttered a word that made Ling Hong unable to cry and laugh.

"Ok, I'm leaving." While saying that, Ling Hong walked out of the restaurant in quick steps. Since he had already known why Yuan Zhou was looking for Wu Hai, he surely wouldn't stay there longer.

Then a burst of laughter passed from outside, obviously from Ling Hong.

"A person with a psychological disorder," Yuan Zhou uttered.

"What disease?" Wu Hai was an old-fashioned elderly teen who seldom used the internet.

"Nothing. You continue," Yuan Zhou said with a serious tone.

"Continue what? You know nothing. How can I teach you?" Wu Hai took a look at Yuan Zhou spitefully.

"But you just agreed," the way Yuan Zhou spoke was simple and straightforward. He didn't reveal any intentions of urging him.

"I never say I won't teach you," Wu Hai glanced at Yuan Zhou and suddenly took out a marker pen from the pocket of his short pants.

"Do you have a white paper? Not the kind that you used for writing your request for leave," Wu Hai specifically instructed. After all, he would probably be unable to eat well whenever he saw those kinds of A4 paper now.

He was simply allergic to that paper.

"You have a really big pocket," Yuan Zhou first looked at Wu Hai's pockets curiously before he took out a notebook from the cabinet below.

"Your cabinet is more miraculous. There's even a notebook like this," Wu Hai looked at the Winnie the Pooh pattern on the cover with a manner of dislike

"What do you want this for?" Yuan Zhou tried to change the subject to cover something. He wouldn't tell Wu Hai that his hobby was to watch the animated cartoons of animals, which didn't agree with his usual aloof and proud manner.

"I will give you a book list so you can go to buy them by yourself. Only after you read them all can I teach you. You should be able to finish reading them within three days," Wu Hai answered, with his head lowered

With the marker pen emitting a continuous sound of "Shua Shua" on the notebook, Wu Hai wrote two pages in all before he stopped.

Although the handwriting with the marker pen was a little bigger, there were still 11 books written on the two pages. It was not an easy job to read all of them in three days. It seemed that Wu Hai had calculated the time according to his reading speed.

"That's all. Go buy them," Wu Hai said bluntly and affirmatively.

Yuan Zhou received the book list and felt slightly dumbfounded. Other books like Rodin on Art, Philosophy of Art, Da Vinci's Theory of Painting, On the Art of Eternity were anyhow understandable. Yet, what the hell was with the books, Kindergarten Fine Arts Education and Kindergarten Art Handmade Text? Besides, there were five other similar books. Of course, not only for kindergarten stage, but also primary school and junior middle school.

"What books are they?" Yuan Zhou pointed at the several books and asked seriously.

"They can help you to understand the basics of painting. You cannot expect to learn to fly directly before you know how to walk, right?" Wu Hai took a look at him and said calmly.

"I'm an adult," Yuan Zhou tried to refrain himself from the desire to turn around and get a knife before saying reasonably. Of course it would be more convincing if he wasn't holding a carving knife in his hand.

"What? You don't believe me?" Wu Hai frowned and then said with a solemn expression.

As for whether or not he felt delighted inside, it was only he himself who knew that.

"Tell me your requirements," Yuan Zhou took a deep breath and said calmly.

"Speaking of which, I'm also a well-known young artist and have a decent social status. Now that I agree to teach you, I will definitely charge you a little bit. Only that way can I live up to my social status," Wu Hai deliberated for a moment and built himself up first.

"The main point is how much are you charging?" Yuan Zhou wasn't short of money at all.

"What should I ask for money for? I don't mean that," Wu Hai said coldly.

With his social status, he could easily earn millions of RMB with any of his artwork. When he got wonderful inspirations occasionally, the artwork would be worth more than tens of millions of RMB.

"Then what do you exactly want?" Yuan Zhou asked.

"The only thing equivalent to my painting craftsmanship is your culinary skills. Let's do this. I teach you painting and you teach me cooking. Only then can the balance between us two be maintained," Wu Hai revealed a manner that Yuan Zhou had taken advantage of him.

In the heart, however, he was perturbed.

Even if Yuan Zhou didn't come to find him to learn painting voluntarily, he would still make the request sooner or later. Therefore, it fitted in exactly with his wishes, but he just couldn't reveal his intentions to others.

"I won't accept it," Yuan Zhou refused flatly.

Although his culinary skills were directly passed on to him by the system, just like the internal strength and movements of martial arts which could directly be used, one still needed abundant practice before being able to cook proficiently and perfectly. A grand master of course had no problem teaching others, but a grand master who cooked only dozens of dishes was nevertheless rare.

"Why?" Wu Hai was slightly astounded, however, this result was already in his expectations.

"What I want to learn is only the composition," Yuan Zhou pointed it out plainly that the trade was completely unfair and unreasonable.

"But the composition is the basic of painting. Without the composition, you can paint nothing well. It's a very fair trade," Wu Hai took advantage of Yuan Zhou's innocence and hence said that, pretending to be serious.

"What do you learn to cook dishes for?" With a frown, Yuan Zhou didn't contradict him.

"I will be out for a few days. As the art exhibition is going to start, I won't come back in at least one month," Wu Hai heaved a sigh and said with a quite helpless tone.

"Really?" Yuan Zhou was a little surprised. It was the first time that he had heard Wu Hai would have an art exhibition.

"Yes. But you don't sell take-out dishes, otherwise, I would rather buy a helicopter so that I can eat your food even in Beijing," Wu Hai stroked his small mustache as if he were considering the feasibility of this idea.

"Take-out dishes are not allowed," Yuan Zhou point-blank broke the expectations of Wu Hai and thus successfully obtained his contempt.

"Just tell me directly if you want to trade or not. Although I don't know what you learn the composition for, I am considered to be the best one in the field of painting among my peers," Wu hai was fairly confident.

He was like Yuan Zhou in that sense. They were both confident.

"Ok. But you have to totally follow my instructions and I can only teach you for three days," Yuan Zhou stroked his forehead and agreed when he saw the seemingly indifferent but actually very nervous manner on Wu Hai's face.

"No problem. You call the shots on teaching culinary skills," Wu Hai let out a sigh of relief privately and agreed readily.

"So let's talk about the matter of learning to cook dishes. Do you have any cooking basis?" Yuan Zhou said flatly.

"No, but I can cook the instant noodles. Does that count?" Wu Hai thought about his craftsmanship for a while. It seemed that he could only cook the instant noodles.

"How much do you know about the basic heat control, knife skills, seasoning, making starch paste moderate and uniform, correctly recognizing and mastering the oil temperature, concise and timely feed in, slicing technique, spoon technique, flour paste coating and meat processing?" Without any joking manner on his solemn face, Yuan Zhou directly uttered a long list of nouns slowly and clearly to ensure that he could be clearly heard by Wu Hai.

"Why do I feel that your words are a little familiar? Is it a misconception?" Wu Hai looked upward at Yuan Zhou and murmured in a low voice.

Although Yuan Zhou remained serious on his face, there was nevertheless a little person in his heart who roared into the air and raised his head, looking at the sky. Who in the world could escape from the God's punishment?

Chapter 196: Leguminous Plant

Yuan Zhou felt the best payback towards Wu Hai was to deal with him as how he dealt with Yuan Zhou. Like right now, he began to take revenge

"I know none of them at all. I'm just a painter and of course have no idea of these things," Wu Hai said boldly.

"Since you don't know anything about cooking and are definitely a layman, it's really an unrealistic idea to directly learn from me how to cook. That is absolutely idiotic nonsense," Yuan Zhou said earnestly with a serious expression on the face.

"Of course, you are likewise the worst apprentice that I have ever seen," Yuan Zhou gave an additional remark unhurriedly.

Yuan Zhou let out a long sigh of relief in the heart and then felt much comfortable. Finally, he had avenged the humiliation from Wu Hai. As for the subsequent humiliation, he would take his time.

"Wait. Your words seemed to be copied from mine indiscriminately," when Wu Hai heard the last sentence, he immediately realized the problem and then said discontentedly.

"It just fit perfectly in the context of our conversation," Yuan Zhou admitted frankly.

"Boss Yuan, you are so narrow-minded," Wu Hai said, without knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"It just perfectly applies to the situation just now," Yuan Zhou continued to speak primly.

"Fine, let's stop it. Just tell me, how do you intend to teach me?" Wu Hai waved his hand and disregarded the argument with a seemingly generous manner.

"Since you know nothing about cooking, you must start from reading books. Of course, the reading time won't be calculated in the three days of teaching," Yuan Zhou said lavishly.

Wu Hai suspiciously took a glimpse at Yuan Zhou while Yuan Zhou just generously accepted his glance. After he saw Yuan Zhou's earnest look as usual, Wu Hai said, "What kind of books?"

"You read these books first," Yuan Zhou took Wu Hai's marker pen and also started to write on the paper. There were totally 13 books, including The Elements of Cooking, Chef Training Text, Detailed Explanation of Knife Skills, Food Sanitation and Safety, Learning Cooking from the Beginning, Public Skills of Household Cooking, etc.

"Do I also need to finish all in three days?" Wu Hai looked at the book list first and then at Yuan Zhou with a manner of belief.

"Humm, three days are sufficient," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"How dare you say you are not narrow-minded? What's the matter with the book of Public Skills of Household Cooking? Another book of Learning Cooking from the Beginning is also about the skills of household cooking. Don't you think I know that?" While stroking his small mustache, Wu Hai showed the whites of his eyes ungracefully and believed firmly in his heart that Yuan Zhou must be taking revenge on him.

"As you have no basics, this book could enable a green hand to understand cooking easily and quickly. You'll understand as long as you read," Yuan Zhou pointed at the last few books about household cooking and said seriously.

"Do you mean it?" Wu Hai was still a little suspicious.

"Many advanced books are out of your reach and would merely help to increase your knowledge. Only these books are helpful to you," Yuan Zhou pointed at the books about cutting techniques and said.

"You seem to be right," Wu Hai had never been in touch with these things before and hence felt them to be formidable when he read the names, even if he understood nothing.

Having carefully checked the book one after another, Wu Hai thought in the heart with puzzlement, "He didn't really want to take revenge on me?"

"It's late. See you three days later. I will notify you about the

specific time then," Yuan Zhou looked at the outside and began to drive him out.

"Thank you, Boss Yuan," after Wu Hai felt that he had made it clear, he expressed the gratitude.

"No need. Goodbye," Yuan Zhou pointed at the outside of the restaurant.

"Um, ok. See you then," Wu Hai then left, with the book list being held in his hand.

After Wu Hai left, Yuan Zhou likewise picked up his book list quietly and went upstairs to buy those books from the online bookstore. As for the books of household cooking, he definitely didn't cheat Wu Hai.

After all, a just and kind person like him would never cheat, which is well known by God.

It was indeed because these books were easier to understand and the content was simpler to master that he recommended them to Wu Hai. While Yuan Zhou was buying the books, he thought shamelessly.

Having bought all the required books, Yuan Zhou stretched himself and began to consider increasing another dish.

Yuan Zhou was so busy in recent days that he forgot to ask the

system about one thing.

"System, you said the escalation in level would result in a reward of matching snacks. Then why are there only four unique Qinhuai snacks? What about the other four unique and the matching snack?" Yuan Zhou asked in the heart.

The system displayed, "The matching snacks have been rewarded."

"I know. I mean other snacks," Yuan Zhou felt fairly speechless and asked again.

The system displayed, "I didn't mention the quantity of snacks to be rewarded."

"Great. It truly conforms to your temperament," Yuan Zhou said goodbye to the system. It was more reliable to think about his new dishes.

Of Eight Unique Qinhuai snacks, four had been rewarded, but not in sequence. However, there was a snack suitable for eating with wine. Although it was unavailable during the pub time at night, he was quite interested in trying it.

It was the dish of Spiced Beans.

People used soy beans to make spiced beans in some places. However, the dish prepared by Yuan Zhou was made with faba

beans.

Following a sound of "Dong Dong Dong", Yuan Zhou walked down the stairway in quick steps and came into the kitchen, looking for the ingredients of spiced beans.

After he strolled around in the kitchen, he found the ingredient of faba beans in a small square. He dragged the metal pulling ring on the square and directly drew it out with a sound of "Zi". Then a long box appeared in front of Yuan Zhou.

The frontal surface of the box was wood while the lateral sides and the back surface were something like glass, which looked clear and transparent. The faba beans inside were all laid out neatly, with the intact crust which appeared to be tender blue and bright. They were very beautiful, like the verdant agates.

"What kind of faba beans are they?" Yuan Zhou took the long box and looked carefully at the faba beans, but didn't touch them with the hands.

The system displayed, "This breed is the improved Huangyuan Horse Teeth, which has a long history and a remarkable ability to adapt to different environments. The particles are big and plump; the shape is like the tooth of a horse; the color is like an emerald. The content of vitamins is also fairly high. Apart from the highest content of phosphorus and potassium among all vitamins, it also contains multiple mineral substances of protein, carbohydrate, crude fire, phospholipid, choline, niacin, calcium and iron, etc."

"In the traditional Chinese medicines, this particular bean is sweet with a hint of bitterness and is good for the spleen and stomach. It has functions of curing the diseases of unhealthy spleen, stomach, and edema, etc. "

"The system selects the optimal breed and plants it for a full year according to its growth characteristics. Of no more than 7 bean pods on each plant, only the faba beans that have the plumpest shape and grow the best in the middle of the bean pods are taken. The remaining ones will be used as the organic fertilizer, which is to be used after the scientific compounding."

"It feels that every time I ask about one thing, I will be surprised with it. System, you are most awesome," Yuan Zhou carefully checked the introduction and stroked his forehead, indicating that he had a headache.

After relieving for quite a while, Yuan Zhou suddenly said, "The delicious taste of the faba beans lies right in its freshness and the best way to eat it is to eat it simultaneously while picking. What do you think of that, system?"

The system displayed, "A total of ten minutes have just passed from being picked to right now. After the box is opened, you have only ten minutes left to cook it."

"Good. It's so advanced and so awesome," Yuan Zhou felt it lucky that the box was tightly closed and he hadn't opened it. Otherwise, it was simply sinful to waste a box of such top-notch ingredients."

The most important thing of the spiced beans was, of course, making the five spice powder. Every chef had his own understanding of making the five spice powder. What Yuan Zhou mastered was just the most appropriate way of making it. It would be much too fragrant if one more part was added and much too bland if there was one part missing. Right now, he didn't have other means to improve it, but just made the best of it at the moment and would improve and make it better later on.

The condiments in the small box on the table were increasing and every grid was clearly marked with the names of the condiments.

After opening the box, Yuan Zhou took out the condiments of fructus amomi, sygium aromaticum, amomum kravanh, cassiabarktree and resurrection lily rhizome, etc. and started to make the five spice powder...

Chapter 197: Attraction of Spiced Beans

Having chosen all the ingredients, Yuan Zhou put on the face mask and carried a small stone mill out from the cabinet, preparing to grind the Five Spice Powder.

Yuan Zhou preferred grinding these ingredients by hand, believing that only in that way could the fragrance of the ingredients be best utilized and the quintessence be distilled.

The stone mill then emitted a sound of "Zhi Ya, Zhi Ya". Yuan Zhou had a good command of moving on to the next sequence. As the powder slowly came out from the mill, the fragrance of the Five Spice Powder also became more and more fragrant.

Yuan Zhou stopped after he had gotten a small bowl of the Five Spice Powder.

He then took out the box that contained the Faba beans, opened the cover and poured the beans out of it. Afterward, he started to add water to the beans and stirred them with a transparent stick that looked like a crystal.

This way, it could avoid damaging the skin of the beans to the utmost extent and then he wash them clean with the centrifugal force of the whirling water.

At last, Yuan Zhou reached out his hands to wash the tiny parts of the beans one by one and added water to wash them again before pouring them all into the thin bamboo woven strips to be

filtered.

Subsequently, he put all the flavorings into a big copper pot and added water until the faba beans were submerged by a length of a finger. Following that, he boiled the beans with high heat and turned the flame down to simmer them for one hour until they became soft. Then, the dish of Spiced Beans was ready.

During the process, the fragrance of the Five Spice Powder slowly diffused into the beans and brought about an abundant aroma.

The fragrance of the spiced beans could not be contained. Without the system's support, the aroma basically aroused everyone's appetite.

"This guy always makes tasty dishes whenever I'm not there." Wu Hai ran downstairs swiftly and arrived at the entrance of Yuan Zhou's restaurant.

Wu Hai went up to knock on the door with a sound of "Peng Peng", disregarding that the door was still closed.

Others beside him nevertheless started to make a commotion, "Boss Yuan is so hateful. Every time he cooks delicious dishes, the door was always closed. Whoever eats alone has no girlfriend."

"Come on. The way you talk indicates as if he could get a girlfriend if he doesn't eat alone. But, it's truly so fragrant though."

"Exactly. I almost starved to death due to the fragrance." A customer patted his belly helplessly.

"Knock the door with greater strength. I think Boss Yuan hasn't heard us yet." Another one directly instigated Wu Hai to knock the door even more heavily as if to smash it.

"Aren't you guys curious what fragrance it is?" suddenly, a person asked.

After a short while of silence, Wu Hai said spitefully, "We'll know that after the door is opened."

"You are right. Then you continue." Then the person made a gesture of "please continue."

"Aren't you guys going to knock on the door with me?" Wu Hai looked at other customers waiting in line behind and said helplessly.

"Wu Hai, you are tougher than us. You do it," all the customers said so one after another.

"I won't. Xiaoyun is coming," Wu Hai stopped and watched Mu Xiaoyun walk up to him.

"What's the matter?" When Mu Xiaoyun saw all the customers

outside the door looking at her, she felt a little puzzled.

"Never mind. Your boss should open the door now," Wu Hai said primly.

"Um. Just wait another five minutes," Mu Xiaoyun nodded. She had already gotten used to the scene that the customers all waited at the door every day.

Sometimes, one minute went by too fast, and sometimes it went by too slowly, making people suffer. Like right now.

During those five minutes, the customers just stood there while smelling the fragrance of the Spiced Beans, which let everybody drool quickly.

Finally, five minutes passed and the door was opened following a sound of "Hua La".

At that time, the positioning of these customers was clearly seen. Just after Mu Xiaoyun, Wu Hai crowded in the restaurant flexibly and occupied the middle position of the long curved table.

The one that waited after Wu Hai was the one who had felt curious about what tasty dishes Yuan Zhou cooked just now. Wearing a suit, he didn't do any worse in grabbing a seat and got seated in the wake of Wu Hai.

The customers all liked sitting at the long curved table exactly

facing the kitchen so they could watch the whole cooking process, which was fairly spectacular.

They acted unhurriedly but swiftly with a quick and neat manner, without any wasted movements. If anybody ordered the dish of Phoenix-Tail Prawns, they could even watch Yuan Zhou sculpt the radish flowers on site. With his fingers flying up and down, the flowers of the phoenix tree would come into being soon.

The marvelous process was almost as good as watching Teppanyaki being made.

Therefore, the seat right in front of Yuan Zhou was always the first to be grabbed, then the seats at both sides of the long curved table, and the two seats at the small table at the door in the end.

"Serve me with one serving of the new dish." Wu Hai was always like that, never asking about the price before ordering the dish.

"Ok, 148 RMB in all. Please wait a moment." Yuan Zhou nodded.

After Wu Hai handed the money over, Yuan Zhou turned around and went to carry the dish to him.

In a little while, Yuan Zhou straightforwardly carried a strange stuff on the table.

It was a #-shaped frame. Inside of it hung a fish-mouth-alike bag, swaying slightly due to the motion of placing it down. The bag was

thin and appeared to be semitransparent, with the dark green faba beans contained inside.

The entire frame was placed in a dark brown plate. With the emerald green frame and the brown plate, the dish was like a piece of refreshing artwork.

"What's this?" Wu Hai tried to smell the flavor, but nothing leaked out. He then poked the bag with the chopsticks and then asked.

"Spiced Beans. 148 RMB for each serving," Yuan Zhou said in detail.

"Spiced Beans? How to eat it?" For the first time, the big foodie of Wu Hai encountered a dish that he didn't know how to eat and hence asked with interest.

"Use the chopsticks to pick it up directly," Yuan Zhou took a glance at Wu Hai. The mere glance contained many things, of which the most was probably the word "stupid".

"Bullshit. I mean where should I reach out with the chopsticks?" Wu Hai obviously read out the meaning that Yuan Zhou wanted to express in his eyes and then said quickly.

"Just pick the beans up from the fish mouth. This bag is also eatable," Yuan Zhou added.

"Well, that's interesting." Wu Hai took the chopsticks and prepared to pick up the beans.

The end of the chopsticks prepared by Yuan Zhou this time wasn't so pointed for fear it would puncture the bag, which appeared quite soft.

The chopsticks went into the fish mouth easily, but how to take the beans out became a little difficult, as the fish mouth was not really wide.

After quite a while, Wu Hai managed to pick one up and then his former complaining mood vanished instantly as what came along with the faba bean was the fragrance that had attracted the customers for so long. He couldn't wait to stuff the bean into the mouth and started to eat.

The skin of the faba beans was originally not tasty and moreover carried slight astringent taste. However, the one in his mouth didn't have such a feeling at all.

The instant he stuffed the bean into his mouth, he felt that the skin was very thin and the flesh was soft with a slight hint of a sweet and soft texture. Along with the chewing, the fragrant taste constantly stimulated his taste buds.

After eating up the first one, Wu Hai couldn't wait to reach out the chopsticks again and pick up the second bean. This time, the faba bean nevertheless carried a hint of stiffness in its soft texture and sweetness in its savory texture. The more he chewed, the more

fragrant it became. It made people unable to resist the temptation to eat another one.

People tended to make mistakes when they were hurried. Like right now, Wu Hai was unable to pick up the third bean no matter how hard he tried. He was just a few steps away from ripping open the fish mouth, which would be uninteresting.

"What kind of blo*dy bag is this! It simply makes me unable to pick up the beans. Do you know how eager I am to eat a bean?" Wu Hai grumbled bluntly.

"Be patient. Delicious foods are never easily achieved," standing at the side, Yuan Zhou said calmly.

"Isn't it easily achieved with such a price? Are you saying that on purpose?" Looking at the floppy bag, Wu Hai felt rather speechless.

"It naturally has its own use. You'll know it after eating." Yuan Zhou didn't really like to explain these things.

"I feel that Boss Yuan is right. He has decent reasons to fill the beans like that," the man wearing the suit beside him suddenly uttered.

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Chapter 198: One Point Less

After observing for quite a while, the man in a suit at the side suddenly uttered, "I feel Boss Yuan has decent reasons to fill the bag like that."

"What? You feel that you can pick the beans up easily?" Wu Hai turned the head and looked at the man in a suit, saying with an impolite tone.

"No, not really," the man in a suit shrugged, indicating he wasn't able to pick up the beans smoothly either.

"Then why did you interrupt?" Wu Hai felt speechless.

"Because I know why Boss Yuan filled the bag like that," the man in a suit said affirmatively.

"Say it," Wu Hai revealed a manner of "say it".

"This dish is Spiced Beans, isn't it?" The man in a suit appeared to be one that enjoyed leaving others in suspense.

However, Wu Hai didn't give him the opportunity. He said impatiently, "You are speaking nonsense. We all know that."

The man in a suit nevertheless didn't mind Wu Hai's bad temper. He just shrugged and continued to say, "With the faba beans and

the strong scent of the five spice powder, you can think of the consequences by yourself. What will happen if they are filled in an open plate or bowl."

"To prevent the fragrance from leaking out?" Wu Hai soon realized that the fragrance of the spiced beans would all emit from the plate or bowl."

"Yes, right. If the fragrance was all contained in the beans, you will be able to have the best experience when you eat it," the man in a suit said with a quite affirmative tone.

"That does make sense," Wu Hai considered for a while and then agreed with the man in a suit.

However, he poked the soft bag again and asked curiously, "What's it used for?"

"For that, I don't know. You have to ask Boss Yuan," the man in a suit spread out his hands, indicating he had no idea of that.

"Boss Yuan, tell me what it is," Wu Hai asked without courtesy.

"It is edible. You'll know what it is after you eat it," Yuan Zhou said frankly.

"You are leaving me in suspense again. I don't want to guess anymore. I'll know after eating it," Wu Hai's temper appeared and didn't want to ask anymore.

"Please enjoy," Yuan Zhou reached out his hand and made a gesture of "please". After that, he didn't speak to him anymore and directly left to prepare the dishes for others.

Wu Hai then started to practice the special technique of picking up the beans, making up his mind to pick all the beans out.

Ten minutes later, Wu Hai finally ate up the spiced beans in the soft bag. It was probably the only time that he had eaten with so much difficulty.

The feeling of eating it, however, was really great. Every time he picked up a bean, he felt quite satisfied. Also, it tasted especially luscious when he had the bean in his mouth.

"Where has the broth inside the bag gone?" Suddenly, Wu Hai found that the warm broth formerly contained in the soft bag had disappeared while the beans were being eaten up.

Wu Hai turned the plate in a circle and didn't find any soup dripping onto the plate. Nevertheless, after careful observation, he discovered the color of the soft bag turning darker.

The broth had apparently been absorbed by the soft bag.

"This thing is pretty interesting," Wu Hai poked the bag again and then said.

He tried to pick up the soft bag with his chopsticks and then found it was very easily picked up.

It seemed to be a design of being easy to take up but difficult to fall off.

Since Yuan Zhou said it was edible, it definitely could be eaten. However, before eating, Wu Hai still took a poke at the bag.

He then bit it from the fish mouth.

When Wu Hai bit it, it tasted like well-cooked beef tendons. There was a hint of stickiness in the softness. With a little chewing, it melted in his mouth.

"This is really like the stewed beef tendon, isn't it?" Wu Hai said after swallowing it.

"It's indeed so," the man in a suit at the side also nodded approvingly.

"But it shouldn't be the beef tendon as the texture is different. Boss Yuan, what exactly is it?" After another bite, Wu Hai asked vaguely.

Yuan Zhou didn't answer him but just silently uncovered a cauldron. Inside, some animal skin was being stewed and rolling along with the creamy broth. It could be seen clearly that the skin inside was processed cleanly and neatly.

It was completely free from any fat. There was also no hair at all on the skin.

"Is it made from collagen?" Wu Hai said incredulously.

"Yes. The fat has been removed; hence, it is good for health," with a nod, Yuan Zhou said, pretending to be serious.

"Indeed. But it requires great effort and work to make it into such a form. It's actually the edible gelatin, right?" Wu Hai considered for an instant and then said.

That's true. This kind of edible gelatin was made entirely from the collagen extracted from fresh animal skin and bones. To girls, the collagen was not only the delicacy but also good for beautifying.

"It's easy to be absorbed," Yuan Zhou nodded.

"For sure it is. Besides, the texture is not bad since it has absorbed the fragrance and broth of the Spiced Beans and had a similar texture to the stewed beef tendon. This is also a top-notch delicacy," Wu Hai said generously.

Eventually, Wu Hai got to know the purpose of filling the beans like that. The fish mouth opening could best prevent the fragrance from leaking. This guaranteed that it penetrated the Spiced Beans thoroughly as well as the spiced bag outside.

The vanished broth was absorbed by the spiced bag, therefore it was a dish of the two ingredients supplementing each other.

Nothing could be better than it to be eaten with wine.

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Time was like the flowing water and never came back.

After Yuan Zhou finished reading all those seemingly childish books, he also learned composition from Wu Hai for ten days. During that period, only Yuan Zhou was learning. As for Wu Hai, he hadn't even started to learn cooking.

However, Wu Hai truly satisfied his craving for teaching others during the period. Every day, he ordered Yuan Zhou freely about.

As he wanted to accomplish the mission earnestly, Yuan Zhou met all the expectations of Wu Hai.

Adhering to the principle of reciprocity, Yuan Zhou intended to teach Wu Hai earnestly, seriously and wholeheartedly when he learned cooking from him and made sure that he could master it.

Luckily, Yuan Zhou had absorbed the god-tier cutting techniques himself, which could be mastered quickly.

"You have understood most of the composition skills. Now you can practice by yourself. If you have any problems later, you can ask me," after the last lesson, Wu Hai said bitterly.

"Humm, thank you," Yuan Zhou gathered his stuff and said as he walked to the door.

"Never mind. It's just an equivalent exchange," Wu Hai waved his hand smartly.

"Dong Dong Dong"

Yuan Zhou returned to his restaurant in quick steps. It was the time to examine his accomplishments.

"System, I need to practice the knife skills," Yuan Zhou said.

The system displayed, "It's ready."

Afterwards, a big radish with a height of a man suddenly appeared in the kitchen of Yuan Zhou's restaurant, standing upright there.

When he caught sight of the radish, Yuan Zhou first washed his hands and wiped the knife before starting to observe it in a very careful manner, including the texture of the radish.

Half an hour later, Yuan Zhou started to take up the menu and

prepared to move the knife.

Accompanied by the sound of "Shua Shua Shua", the pieces of radish skin flew all over the place and the translucent flesh was then revealed. The big radish started to take shape slowly in Yuan Zhou's hands.

After two hours, Yuan Zhou finally stopped.

"Hu", Yuan Zhou let out a long sigh of relief and put the knife down and then he started to observe his work.

In almost three hours, Yuan Zhou had carved an extremely beautiful court lady who was dressed in Chinese Han clothing of Tang dynasty with the kitchen knife.

"System, please give a mark," Yuan Zhou felt satisfied and started to let the system to score.

The system displayed, "The score is 11. Congratulations, you have completed the mission."

"Isn't it full score?" Yuan Zhou felt he had basically used his best technique and mind in the three hours.

This time, however, the system didn't mention where he had lost the marks.

Now that he had come so far for the mission, he had a stronger reason to make it better.

Yuan Zhou's target was to get the full score. He started to check what exactly the problem was with the radish sculpture before he even had time to receive the reward...

Chapter 199: Each Has Its Merits

After a long observation, Yuan Zhou came to a conclusion. "As expected of my sculpting, it is so perfect."

"System, what's the problem this time?" Yuan Zhou straightforwardly asked.

However, the system still remained silent to his query.

After observing the sculpture of the court lady again for half an hour, Yuan Zhou heaved a sigh helplessly.

"Let me put it outside first. Maybe I can find the problem after a while."

The sculpted radish weighed much less. Yuan Zhou carried up the base of the sculpture carefully and opened the door following a sound of "Hua La".

"Peng", Yuan Zhou then set the sculpture down outside at the door.

He didn't mean to let others praise him by putting it at the door. It was just that the sculpture took up too much space.

"Um, that's it." Looking at the beautiful sculpture of the court lady, Yuan Zhou nodded affirmatively.

He raised the wrist and checked the time. It was 4:30 in the afternoon, the time for starting the preparations for dinner.

Yuan Zhou returned to the kitchen and started to prepare the dishes.

"What's that? A real person?" A man said in surprise suddenly.

"Look carefully. That is a sculpture. Don't touch it," Wu Hai said leisurely while standing behind him.

"Aha. I just wanted to touch it to see if it's real." While saying, the man slowly put down his hand that almost reached the face of the sculpture of the court lady.

"Just look. This guy has done a good job," Wu Hai walked around the sculpture for a lap and then said contentedly while stroking his small mustache.

"Certainly his sculpting is very nice," following Wu Hai, the man also walked around the sculpture and said affirmatively.

"That's because he has obtained a good teacher." Wu Hai was so proud that his small mustache almost tilted up.

"What can you teach Boss Yuan? You don't really know cooking," obviously, the man didn't believe him. He just watched the fake

beauty with enjoyment alone.

"Even if I tell you, you won't understand." Wu Hai was reluctant to explain to those who didn't know the situation.

As more and more people came to wait for the meal, more and more noticed this sculpture. With such a big sculpture standing there, they could hardly neglect it.

"Is this Boss Yuan's new work? It's truly alike to Chang'e (a beautiful lady who lives in Guanghan Palace on the moon with a rabbit accompanying her in Chinese mythology). Her face is as beautiful as flowers and her figure as good-looking as the moon," a customer couldn't help going up to look carefully at the face of the court lady and then he sighed with emotion, saying that.

"No, no. The lady should be described as a real beauty with flesh of ice and bones of jade. Look at the transparent and white skin of hers. It's as smooth and flawless as a real person." Facing a beauty, a man would naturally look at her face first.

Yuan Zhou happened to sculpt a great beauty. Speaking of sculptures, of course one created it as beautiful as possible.

"I think the texture of the arms was sculpted extremely well." The grandpa, who hadn't been here for a long time, brought out a magnifying glass from somewhere and looked at the Chinese Han clothing over the body of the court lady carefully.

"That's true. Although the taste is of a radish, the gauze clothing, deep and shallow, layer after layer, is really like the clouds and mist." In front of a sculpture of an ancient court lady with a real person's height, the customers all became cultured and thus paid excessive attention to the wording when they spoke.

"Right, that's it." Those who didn't know how to use elegant words echoed the other's compliments while admiring the sculpture.

"Boss Yuan, you have reached the superb level of craftsmanship," the grandpa stood up and looked at Yuan Zhou who was standing at the door, and then he said admiringly.

"No, not really. I almost get there but I still need a little more effort," Yuan Zhou answered earnestly and primly.

"Boss Yuan is so modest. The current sculpture is almost as excellent as that made by a well-known sculptor." It was a customer who had experienced much of life.

"Excessive modesty equals hypocrisy," Wu Hai grumbled directly.

"Boss Yuan not only cooks well but also sculpts so nicely. But when are you going to make the Duck Oil Sesame Seed Cakes? This is the main point." It was a loyal customer of the snack.

When he realized nobody really believed in him, Yuan Zhou yet wasn't worried. Anyway, he was also trying to find out the

loophole and then receive the reward with a full score. His perfectionism was triggered.

"I don't think Boss Yuan is modest. It's true." The man in a suit appeared again in a crease-free suit.

"It's you again. You seem to be everywhere," Wu Hai turned the head immediately when he heard the familiar voice and then he grumbled with a speechless manner.

"Sorry. I also like Boss Yuan's craftsmanship," the man in a suit said without any embarrassment.

"Wait. You come here just for saying that. Who are you?" Wu Hai uttered discontentedly.

He was so ridiculous. This sculpture was carved by Yuan Zhou after he offered the instructions. Any doubt of Yuan Zhou's sculpting craftsmanship was apparently doubting his ability to instruct others, although no one really knew that Yuan Zhou had learned the composition from him.

"My name is Cao Zhaoyuan. I'm in the precise electronic instruments industry. Hello, Great Painter Wu," Cao Zhaoyuan, namely the man in a suit, smiled to Wu Hai politely and then said.

"A person of numerical controller." Since this person greeted him with courtesy, it would be rude of Wu Hai to look for trouble. He then nodded randomly and grumbled sourly.

"The distance between the two eyes is still 0.1mm away from the golden ratio and the size of the nose is bigger than the golden ratio by 0.2cm. As for the cherry lips, it's plump and with the best golden ratio," pointing at the pretty court lady, Cao Zhaoyuan spoke his opinions frankly and straightforwardly.

At last, he added, "The two points are very easy to be seen."

However, others beside him all looked at Cao Zhaoyun with a dumbfounded expression, saying in their hearts, "Are you fu*king with me? Why don't you find something else that cannot be discovered easily and show me? MDZZ."

How was it possible to discover the difference of 0.1mm with the eyes? Humans were not likely able to do that.

While the crowd was suspecting that Cao Zhaoyuan did that intentionally, Yuan Zhou stared at the sculpture for half a minute and then said, "Humm, it seems to be true now. Wait, let me mend the problems."

"Boss Yuan, do you really believe in him?" The customers asked disbelievingly.

"It's indeed the problem," Yuan Zhou nodded and affirmed Cao Zhaoyuan's words.

With heavy steps of "Dong Dong Dong", Yuan Zhou walked into

the kitchen and took out a kitchen knife before he stood in front of the sculpture of the court lady and waved it.

"What did I see? This is carved with a kitchen knife?" The customers waiting for the meal around indicated their disbelief one after another. Such an exquisite and delicate sculpture was, surprisingly, sculpted with a big kitchen knife.

"I must record it." Someone took out the phone and started to record.

While waving the kitchen knife, Yuan Zhou also discovered errors that weren't easily found and corrected it conveniently.

Usually, Yuan Zhou was definitely not worse than Cao Zhaoyuan with his strengthened five senses. Maybe this was the best explanation of onlookers seeing more than the players. Once reminded by Cao Zhaoyuan, Yuan Zhou found his own problems.

Five minutes later, Yuan Zhou took back the kitchen knife and looked at his work contentedly.

"Though I don't know where you corrected, it indeed looks more comfortable." The grandpa walked around the sculpture of the court lady and looked carefully at it.

"You are old. Naturally, you can't find it." Wu Hai looked at it carefully at the side.

"Ok, why don't you try to find some," the grandpa was happy to give this opportunity.

"Cao Zhaoyun, tell us where the problem that's hard to be found is," Wu Hai didn't find any after watching for quite a while, complaining in his heart that because this Boss Yuan moved the knife so fast, he completely couldn't see it.

Hearing Wu Hai's asking, Cao Zhaoyuan raised the head and took a look at Yuan Zhou. Smiling to one another, he then said, "I can't say."

"Damm it, you don't let him tell us," Wu Hai immediately saw the two peoples' wink and hence said discontentedly.

"The business hours will commence in 5 minutes," Yuan Zhou took no notice of Wu Hai and went back to the kitchen after saying that.

Chapter 200: Kitchen Monster

"Line up, line up," once Yuan Zhou said that, all the people started to form a line. Food was the first necessity of the people; therefore, eating is the most important.

"I'm going to eat," while saying that, Wu Hai went to the second position in the line consciously.

Seeing Cao Zhaoyun lining far behind him, he can't help grinning and appeared extraordinarily amused with his small mustache.

Cao Zhaoyun, nevertheless, had a good temperament. He didn't really get angry and just ignored Wu Hai.

"So, young man, do you recognize which part Boss Yuan has mended?" The grandpa stood a few persons behind Wu Hai and asked him jokingly.

"No, I didn't. I am just a painter and don't know much about sculpting," Wu Hai answered carelessly.

"It seems the young man's insight is not good either," the grandpa said with a smile.

"Yes, it's true. I don't have a good insight, but luckily I live close by and move quickly," Wu Hai suddenly said proudly.

"This aged man doesn't live far as well," the grandpa indicated that he also lived nearby.

While the customers were joking, five minutes soon passed. People in the front of the line swarmed into the main hall and started to eat.

At 8:30 in the evening, the amateur boxer came again with injuries. Recently, he had always wiped the bloodstains on his body before coming to have a meal. After all, the dishes wouldn't taste good if the blood dripped into them.

"You come again. That means you had a match today. Did you win?" The acquainted customer asked in a natural tone.

"No, I was defeated." The man was a little depressed.

"Never mind. Anyhow, it's not the first time and you'll get used to that." The comforting words of this customer were even worse than not saying anything.

"Don't listen to him. You'll win next time." Someone didn't feel good with the words and thus said encouragingly.

"That's ok. Boss Yuan, one serving of Egg Fried Rice," the man smiled and said carelessly.

"One moment," Yuan Zhou agreed with a nod.

In a boxing match, no matter whether the contestants won or lost, they got paid. Yet, there would be more for the winner and less for the loser. At this time, he would come here to eat the Egg Fried Rice.

Before the night pub commenced business at night, Yuan Zhou moved the sculpture of the court lady back into the small courtyard of the pub. After all, the sculpted radish flowers that he had placed at the entrance disappeared after only a few hours, let alone staying until the next day.

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Early next morning, Mu Xiaoyun started the work of the day happily. She had been quite delighted recently and presumably had some happy events.

However, she could no longer smile soon and, moreover, revealed a speechless expression on her face.

Yuan Zhou's restaurant had always enjoyed a good reputation, thus even in the morning, many customers waited to have breakfast. This time, there in the restaurant appeared a young man dressed carelessly and casually. He wore a peaked cap on the head and even had a shining ear stud on one of his ears, revealing a rather hip-hop style.

As soon as he entered, he looked at the price list and murmured, "Soup Dumplings, 66 RMB per steamer; Duck Oil Sesame Seed Oil,

68 RMB for each; Steamed Assorted Vegetable Bun, 78 RMB for each and a bowl of Lotus Root Starch, 80 RMB. Since the dishes are so expensive, one must be foolish to order any of them."

Once he uttered that, Mu Xiaoyun got irritated instantly. Just as she intended to say something, the man nevertheless made her astounded at the next moment, "Please, serve me all of the dishes, one serving for each."

Mu Xiaoyun then choked on the words and didn't recover for quite a while.

"Well, what do you mean, sir?" Mu Xiaoyun asked with great uncertainty.

"I say, please provide one serving of all the dishes that I reported just now," wearing the peaked cap in the reverse direction, the man said impatiently although he looked to be a delicate and pretty man.

"Didn't you say the dishes were expensive just now?" Mu Xiaoyun was unable to understand him now.

"Money is a son of a bi*ch. I will earn more after spending it all," the man sat down and said deservedly.

"I'm sorry. We only provide Steamed Assorted Vegetable Buns and Lotus Root Starch this morning," Mu Xiaoyun pulled herself together and answered him.

"Ok. One serving for each," the man didn't really care about that, but he still murmured that the restaurant was a scam. It was truly weird of him to scold while eating. Could that make his appetite better?

When the breakfast time ended, Wu Hai was told to stay alone again.

"I'm going to start teaching you cooking today. Have you finished the books?" Yuan Zhou asked in an obvious manner.

"Bullsh*t, of course. Shall we start here?" Wu Hai looked at the clean kitchen behind Yuan Zhou and said, itching for a try.

"No, let's go to your house. You are supposed to have a kitchen, right?" Yuan Zhou took a look at Wu Hai suspiciously.

"Yes. But I don't have the ingredients," Wu Hai looked again at Yuan Zhou's kitchen unwillingly and tried to persuade Yuan Zhou with this excuse.

"Never mind. You can go and buy them," Yuan Zhou said with an inconsiderate tone.

"Can't we use the ingredients in your kitchen?" Wu Hai had to take the second best choice. It would be wonderful if he could get Yuan Zhou's ingredients, as they were definitely quite good.

"No, we can't. You have to prepare by yourself," Yuan Zhou coldly refused Wu Hai's proposal.

"Ok. I will let someone send the ingredients to my home," Wu Hai shrugged and then took out the phone, starting to call his broker.

While watching Wu Hai carefully, Yuan Zhou concluded in the heart, "This guy harbors malicious intentions. He undoubtedly wants to cheat me out of my ingredients and then won't come to eat anymore to lessen my income."

Seeing Wu Hai turn his head, Yuan Zhou appeared more serious.

"It's all about learning to cook. Why are you so serious?" Wu Hai suddenly turned the head and got frightened when he saw Yuan Zhou standing right behind him with an expression of being owed for millions of RMB.

"Culinary skills have to be treated earnestly," Yuan Zhou said with solemnity. What he thought in the heart, however, was to let Wu Hai practice hard. Of course, it was not for revenge as he was originally an earnest and charming man.

"Zheng Jiawei said he would come in a moment and bring the ingredients for some home dishes. Are they enough?" Wu Hai asked straightforwardly.

"As far as your culinary skills are concerned, it's hard to say," Yuan Zhou started to give him a blow to his heart.

"Then why did you say that?" Wu Hai said angrily.

"We can go to your kitchen now. You can practice first," Yuan Zhou proposed on his own to start.

"Are you going to teach me like that based on your promise to teach me for three days?" Wu Hai asked curiously.

"If you are dissatisfied, I can teach you on a full-time basis," Yuan Zhou walked following him and supplemented after thinking for a while, "But I will tell others clearly that I'm going to teach you to cook."

"What the fu*k. It's a scam. If you do that, something serious will happen," Wu Hai immediately turned his head and said discontentedly.

"No, not me. You said it yourself," Yuan Zhou said with a show of seriousness.

"I'm just asking. You might as well teach me when you have time like right now," Wu Hai indicated that Yuan Zhou was much too evil-minded.

"Humm, I also think it's better this way," with a nod, Yuan Zhou agreed to Wu Hai's words.

"Good my ass," Wu Hai said discontentedly.

"That way, you can compare the dishes cooked by me and those cooked by you and feel the differences," Yuan Zhou said quite wittily.

"So do you mean you won't demonstrate the cooking process personally?" Only after quite a while did Wu Hai recover from Yuan Zhou's contempt.

"No need. You can get the right answer from the comparison," Yuan Zhou waved his hand and said boldly.

"What are you preparing to teach me?" Wu Hai asked while he was leading Yuan Zhou going upstairs.

"I will cook several dishes shortly and then you choose some of them that you are good at. After that, I will offer you guidance throughout the process," Yuan Zhou thought for a while and felt that teaching was supposed to be like that.

As he had superb culinary skills and felt he himself was quite capable to teach others, Yuan Zhou copied the teaching method of the former 3-star hotel where he worked. Such a method could only take effect when it was used by Yuan Zhou as his five senses were fairly sensitive. A candidate of the Master Chef was nothing to laugh about. Naturally, there was no problem for him to see the merits and demerits of the dish and then pointed them out.